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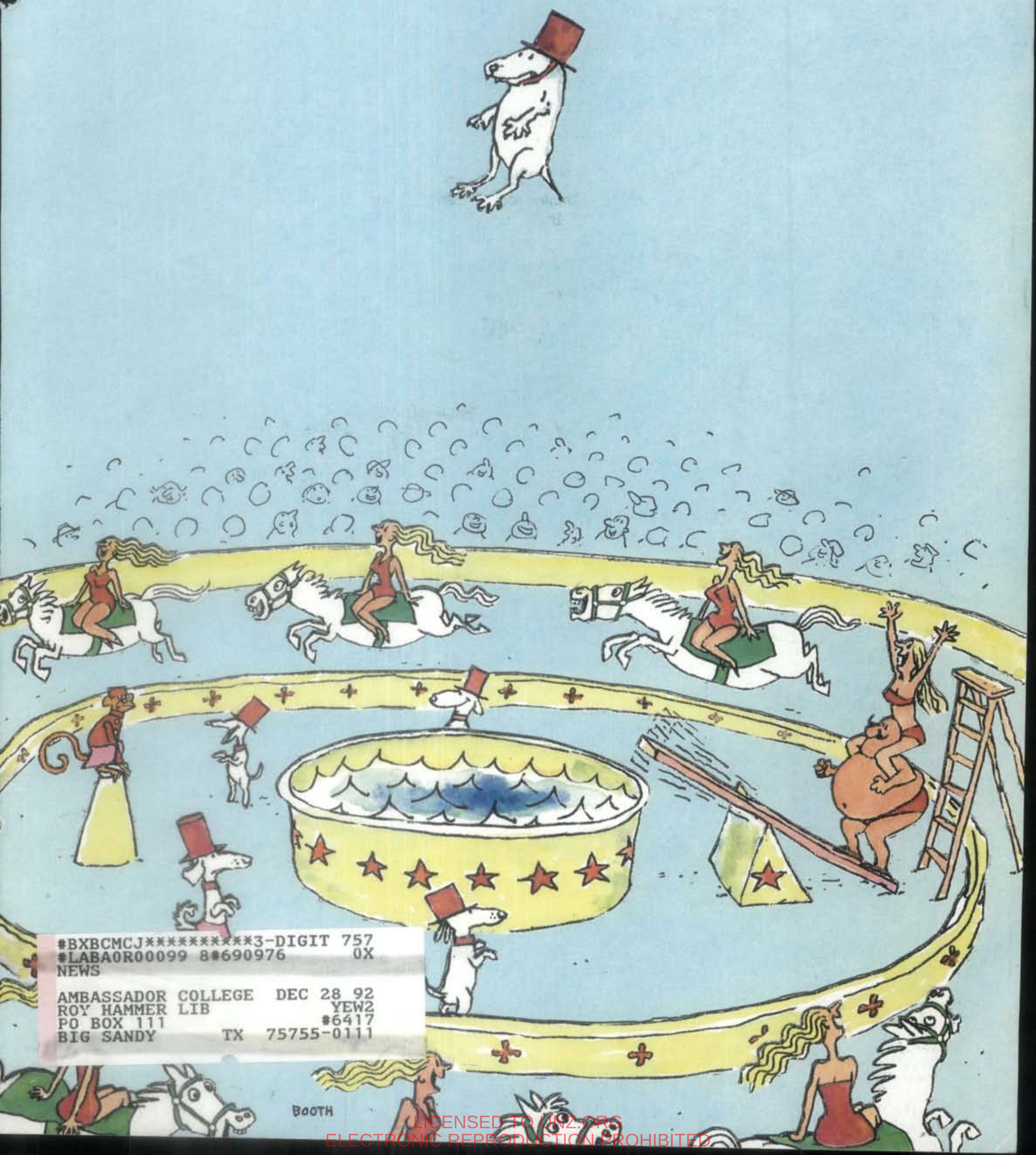

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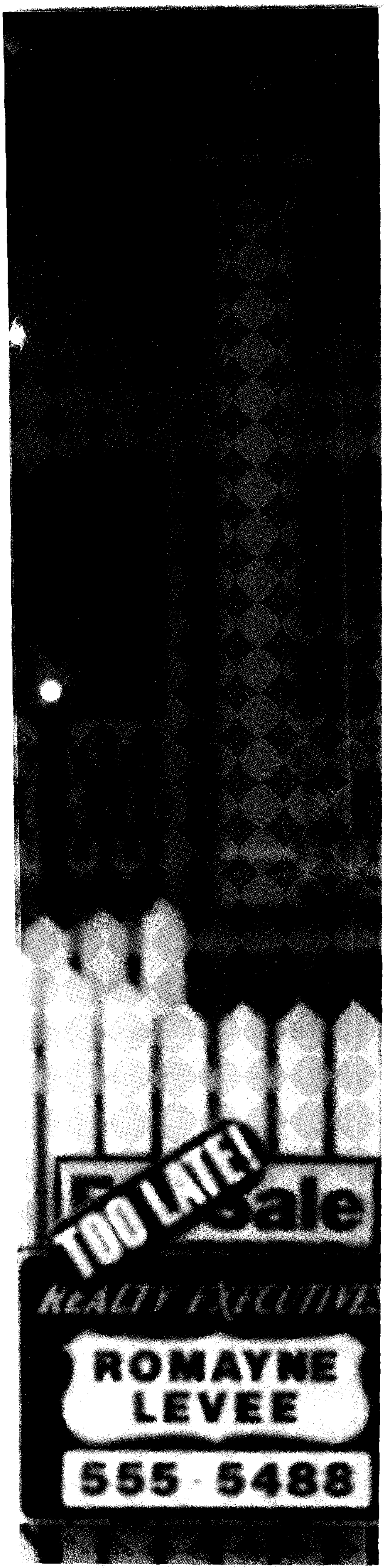

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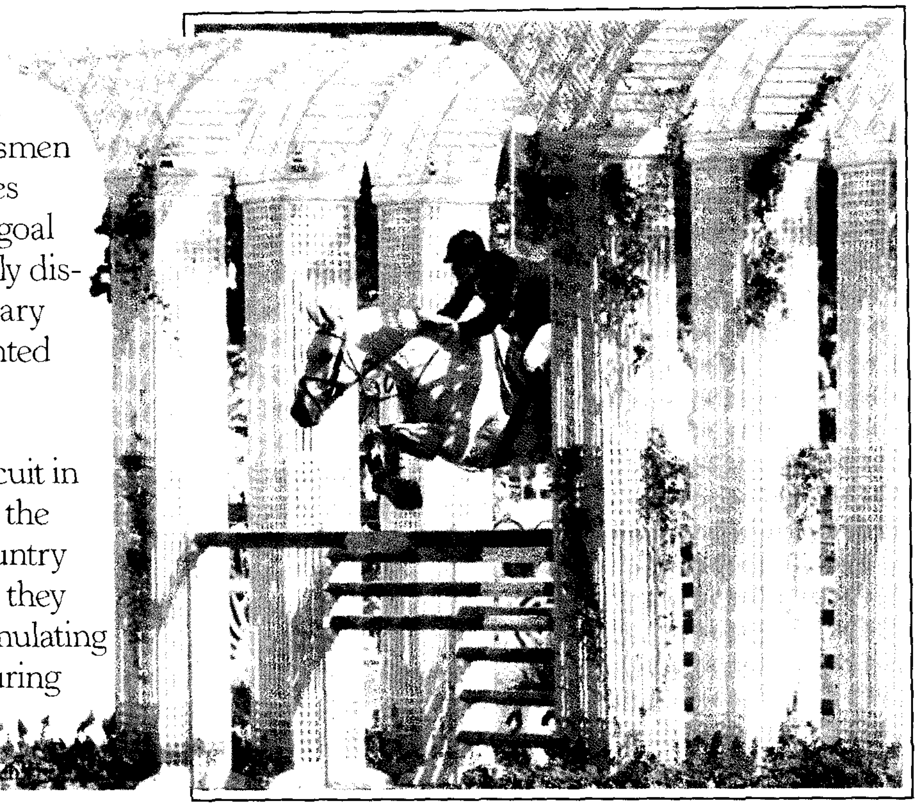

Greg Best and Gem Twist, Olympic individual Silver Medal winners.

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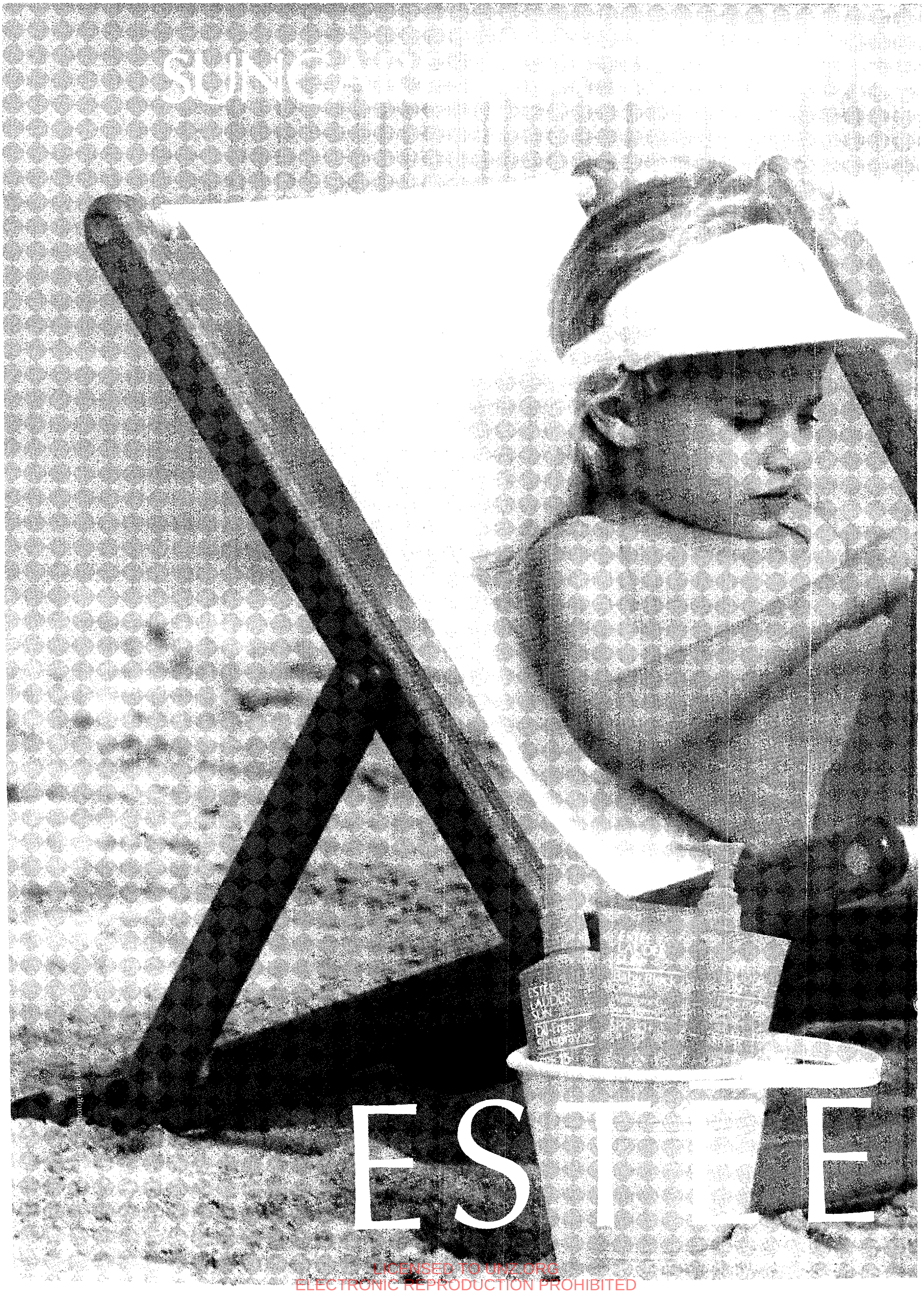
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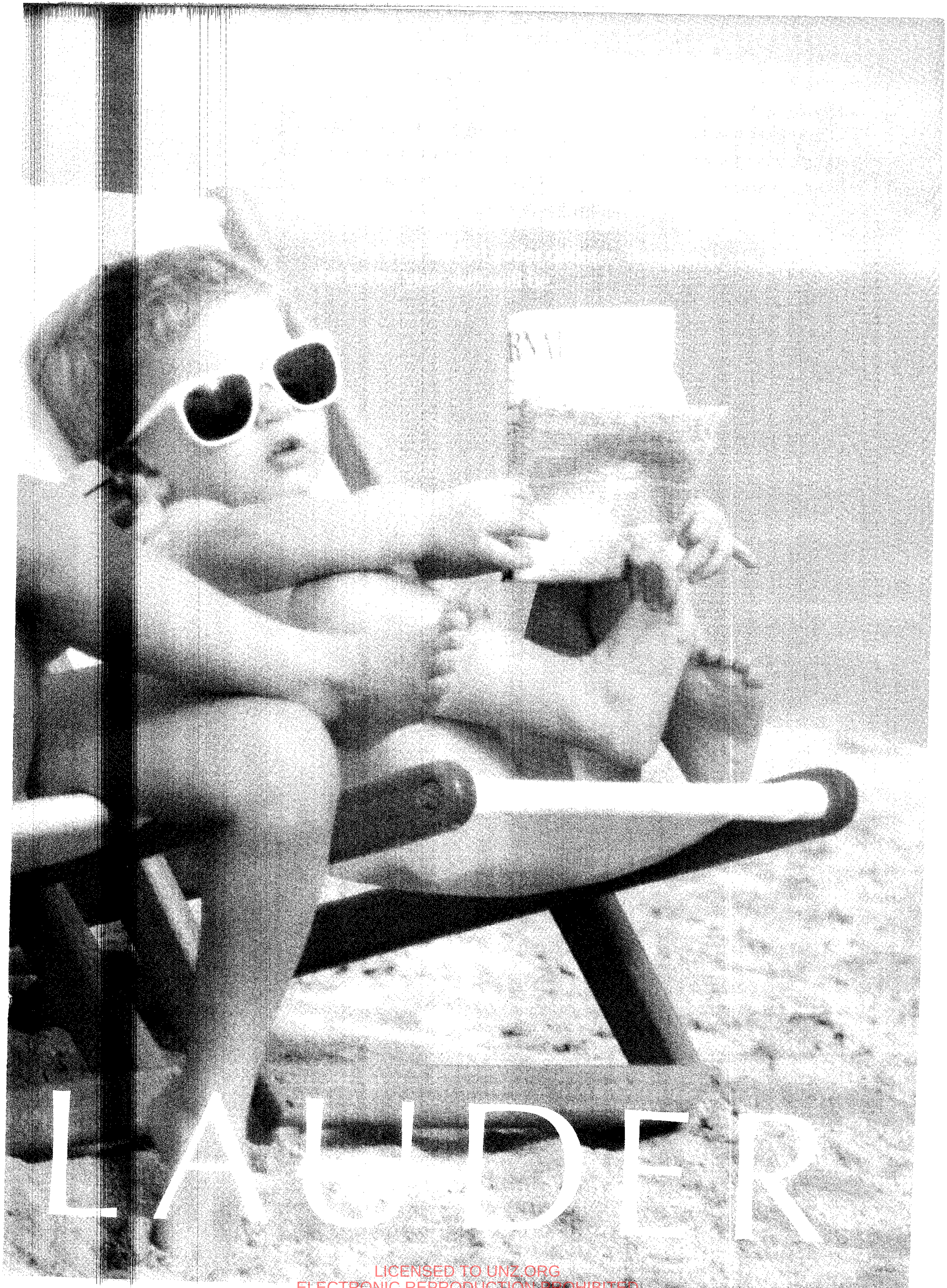
LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE East Village landmark that formally goes by the name of La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—and that longtime habitués call Café La Mama—won't be closing its doors this spring after all, and welcome news that is. Earlier this year, Ellen Stewart—the theatre's founder and director—let it be known that La Mama was in desperate shape financially, and since then artists and La Mama devotees have been sending in contributions and staging benefits in support. A recent story in *Newsday* noted that La Mama is still shy of all the funds it needs to get through the season but that recovery is foreseeable, at least. This is more than one can say for a few other downtown cultural institutions, like the Museum of Holography, which has recently gone completely—and irreparably—dark. We confess that this museum wasn't one of our regular stops, but we're affected by its disappearance anyway: we resent losing even the possibility of expanding our consciousness in a given direction, should we ever wish to do so.

Café La Mama is another story. Since Ms. Stewart founded it, thirty years ago, La Mama has exerted its splintery, sometimes homemade magic on a generation of theatregoers who have been willing to gamble that it's possible to be avant-garde *and* frugal *and* engaging at the same time. The greatest evening we ever spent at La Mama was in 1988, when we saw "I Shall Never Return," a dream play by the late Polish director Tadeusz Kantor. It included an apocalyptic parade of dusty ghouls who, for us, set a standard of physical discipline and emotional intensity among non-dancing actors. La Mama is one of the places we head for when we want to see actors dance and dancers act, and although on occasion such spectacles have proved to be of excruciating quality, we like to have the possibility of experiment a mere subway ride from our impulse to explore it. Among La Mama's offerings this spring are "Egypt"—an hour-and-a-half "or less" version of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," with men playing almost all the parts—and Jean Genet's "Le Balcon," in an adaptation that fuses flamenco and Butoh. Regardless of whether these classic plays prove haunting in their new guises or merely ghosts of themselves, they will be seen.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

AMBROSIO—A new play by Romulus Linney, set in Spain in 1500. Presented by the Signature Theatre Company. Opens April 24 at 8, and runs through May 17. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200.)

CANDIDE—An adaptation by Len Jenkin of the Voltaire classic. Preview on April 21. Opens April 22 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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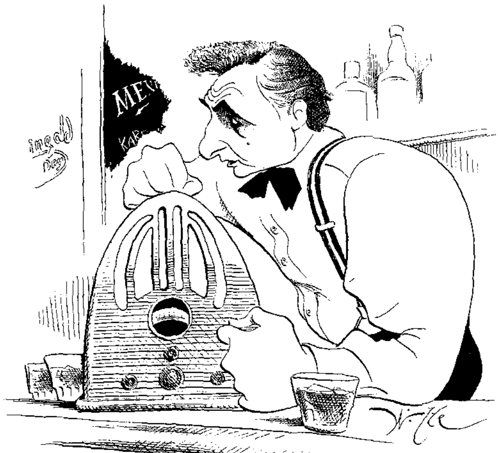
26	27	28	29			

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The final play of the season is **EMPTY HEARTS**, a courtroom drama written and directed by John Bishop. The cast includes Mel Harris and Cotter Smith. Previews begin April 22. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

EATING RAOUL—Paul Bartel wrote the book for this musical adaptation of his 1982 movie. The score is by Jed Feuer, and the lyrics are by Boyd Graham. In previews. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)



Judd Hirsch in "Conversations with My Father"

FALSETTOS—A musical conceived by William Finn and James Lapine which combines their earlier works "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland." With Michael Rupert, Stephen Bogardus, and Chip Zien. Previews through April 28. Opens April 29 at 6:45. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GYPSY PASSION—Fifteen Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians in a flamenco revue. Preview on April 21. Opens April 22 at 8, and will run through May 2. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

THE HIGH ROLLERS SOCIAL AND PLEASURE CLUB—A musical featuring Allen Toussaint, set in a New Orleans sporting club. Previews on April 20-21. Opens April 22 at 8. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—Gregory Hines has the lead in a new musical about Jelly Roll Morton. George C. Wolfe directed and wrote the book. Also with Savion Glover. Previews through April 25. Opens April 26 at 6:15. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The musical receives a twenty-fifth-anniversary production, starring Raul Julia and Sheena Easton. Previews through April 23. Opens April 24 at 6:30. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

SHIMADA—The American première of a 1987 drama by the Australian playwright Jill Shearer. Ben Gazzara, Ellen Burstyn, Mako, and Estelle Parsons are in the cast. Previews April 21-22. Opens April 23 at 6:45. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

A SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS—The American première of a play by Alan Ayckbourn. The cast includes Brian Murray, Caroline Lagerfelt, Jane Carr, and Anthony Heald. Lynne Meadow directed. Previews through April 26. Opens April 27 at 6:30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Six performances of Emmerich Kálmán's **COUNTESS MARITZA**. In English. Opens April 25 at 8, and runs through May 3. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BERNIE'S BAR MITZVAH—Written and directed by Howard Perloff, this you-are-part-of-the-show show includes an array of food (complete with a Viennese table) in the ticket price. Ian Bonds plays Bernie. (24 Karat Club, 327 W. 44th St. For information about tickets, call 1-800 231-8607.)

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's show, featuring both past highlights and new material. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/23/91.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CHEKHOV VERY FUNNY—The Pearl Theatre Company winds up its season with four short comedies by Chekhov. (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes May 2.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Lightly based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

EGYPT—David Herskovits and Douglas Langworthy's adaptation of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes May 3.)

THE END OF THE DAY—A new play by Jon Robin Baitz, the author of "The Substance of Fire." (4/20/92) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of extraordinary ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry and stimulating evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—In eleven scenes Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is

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her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Grandchild of Kings—Harold Prince's enthralling adaptation of the first two volumes of Sean O'Casey's memoirs is set—beautifully—by Eugene Lee in a square in Dublin. The performances, all of them satisfying, are by the members of the Irish Repertory Theatre Company; Padraic Moyles, Patrick Fitzgerald, and Chris O'Neill are Sean as child, young man, and old man, and the invaluable Pauline Flanagan is Sean's mother. Traditional Irish songs and dances accompany the action every inch of the way. (2/24/92) (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-7900.)

Gunmetal Blues—Scott Wentworth, Daniel Marcus, and Marion Adler give tour-de-force performances in this new small-scale musical. The show, which its creators describe as "a hard-boiled lounge act"—it concerns a Private Eye, a Piano Player, and an assortment of Blondes—has brilliantly witty lyrics, by Miss Adler; a score, by Craig Bohmler, which couldn't be more captivating or sophisticated; and a book, by Mr. Wentworth, with more twists than a Chandler simile. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. 279-4200.)

Guys and Dolls—Jerry Zaks directed this new production of the 1950 musical by Frank Loesser (score and lyrics) and Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows (book). (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Hamlet—Stephen Lang is more antic than melancholy Dane in this looselimbed, harmless production. There are good performances by Elizbaeth McGovern as Ophelia and James Cromwell as Polonius. (4/13/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes May 10.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton, Helen Shaver, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multitalented actress-comedienne-sage. She's a little like Joan Rivers, a little like Joan Collins, and a little like St. Joan. Also a little like ZaSu Pitts. Among our favorite moments in this autobiographical show are the story of events leading up to Miss Halston's tragic divorce, the visit to the breast doctor, and the ritual reading and textual analysis of the *Times* wedding announcements. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

The Lady from Havana—An encore presentation of a play by Luis Santeiro about a Cuban family in Miami. Three performances a week are in English; three are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 869-3530. Closes May 3.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Master Builder—An aimless revival of Ibsen's noble play. (4/6/92) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes April 26.)

Metro—A musical import from Warsaw, which features a cast of forty-one dancers and singers. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

The Most Happy Fella—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

COMMON DENOMINATOR

Walk into any Woolworth's, head straight to the toy section, and you'll discover paint-by-number kits—horses, kittens, clowns, the occasional moose-in-the-woods. The screenwriter Michael O'Donoghue (he was part of the original "Saturday Night Live" brain trust) has a collection of slightly more complex paint-by-number works, such as a nude, a few Gainsborough portraits, and even "The Last Supper." Mr. O'Donoghue's collection—two hundred and eight paintings, from 1952 to the present—is now on view at the Bridgewater/Lustberg gallery (529 Broadway, at Spring Street; through April 25).

Assembled over the past eleven years from flea markets and junk shops, the collection certainly contains its share of banality. Some of the paintings, however, are surprising for their stimulating color and design; taken as a whole, as Mr. O'Donoghue is wont to point out, they "reflect the collective aberration of a society." The pale, plein-air nude (the only paint-by-number one the collector has ever seen) includes an artist's easel in the lower-right-hand corner, as if to counter a Middle American prudishness. Among the few duplicates in the show are three paintings of strolling mariachi guitar players, each vividly replete with sombrero, serape, and pistol. The only difference is in the eyes: two have a placid, black-eyed gaze; the other's eyes are bugged-out and white, as if he were serenading an unseen, sexy señorita. Two large ballet tableaux face the culture/kitsch argument full on. One, of nearly twenty moonlit dancers arranged in a circle, inspires visions of "Swan Lake," à la Busby Berkeley. The other is a pas de deux in which the bodies of the dancers seem to glow, thanks to a paint-by-number approximation of artificial light. It is an eerie, surreal cartoon—disturbing and evocative.

It's fitting that a co-founder of National Lampoon *should wind up as a patron of the paint-by-number arts. "These works were painted not for money or prestige but just for the fun of it," Mr. O'Donoghue asserts. "It's all too easy to dismiss these things as kitsch. I believe paint-by-numbers to be just what they say they are on the box—art!"*

One of the All-Time Greats—A black comedy by the actor Charles Grodin. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Opal—A new musical by Robert Nassif Lindsey, presented by the Lamb's Theatre Company. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Red Diaper Baby—A one-man comedy written and performed by Josh Kornbluth. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes April 26.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—This light-minded entertainment is a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana. The show, however, has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. Closes April 26.)

Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A revival of Tennessee Williams' 1947 play. Jessica Lange is Blanche, Alec Baldwin is Stanley, Amy Madigan is Stella, and Timothy Carhart is Mitch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the original company—Patrick Breen, Maria Tucci, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Jon Tenney. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Two Trains Running—August Wilson's new play, directed by Lloyd Richards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

LONG RUNS

BREAKING LEGS: The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Karen Valentine, Ronald Maccone, and Nick Wyman. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-two in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.). . . **LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART:** Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W.

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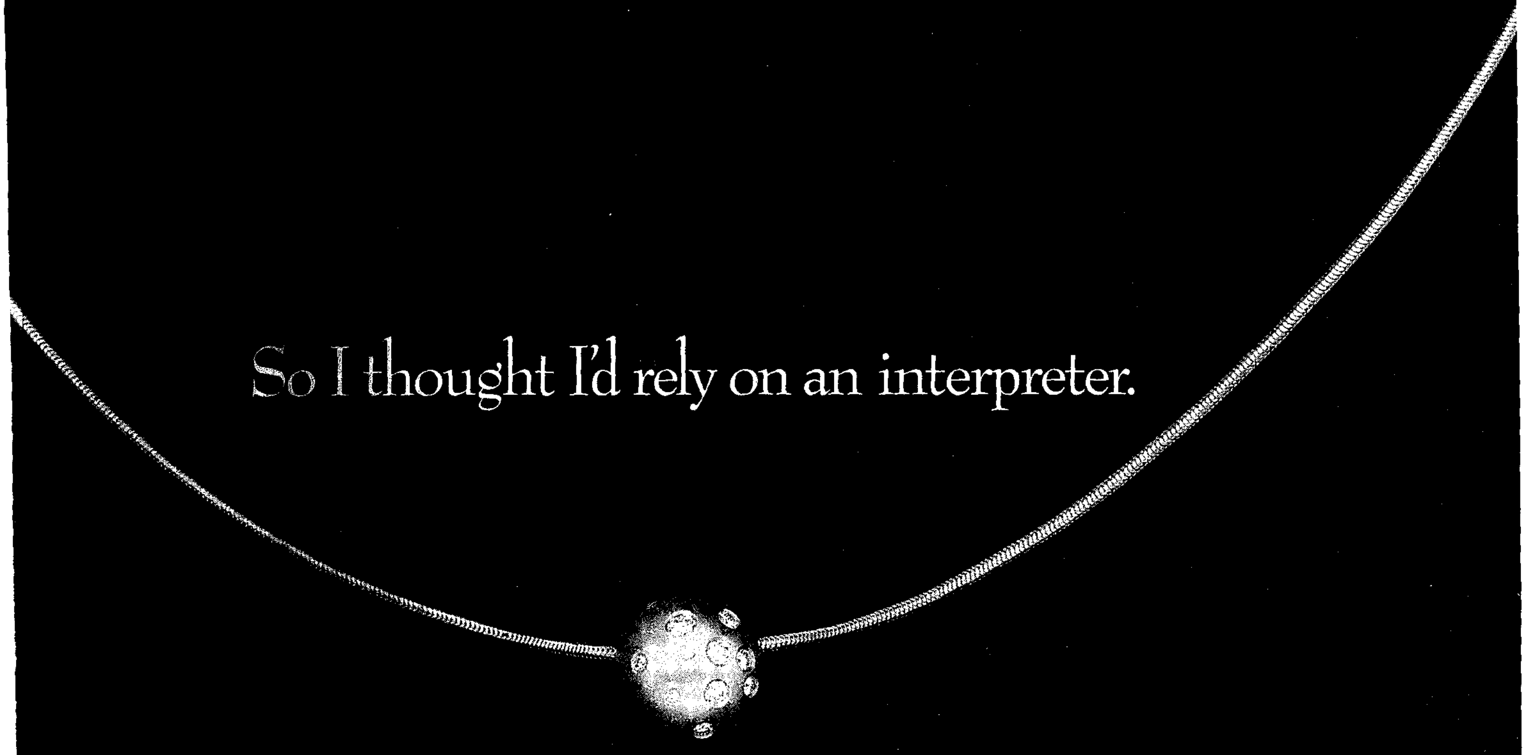

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AGS

De Beers

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

42nd St. 239-4321.)... **PAGEANT:** A musical spoof of beauty contests. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SONG OF SINGAPORE:** A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)... **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

LAST month, we dropped in at the Woodpecker Studio, in SoHo, to catch a show by two of tap's current divas: Brenda Bufalino, founder of New York's American Tap Dance Orchestra, and Lynn Dally, founder of L.A.'s Jazz Tap Ensemble. In the course of this satisfying evening, Ms. Dally performed a couple of pieces to music by Thelonius Monk. "He's my favorite," she told the audience. "If I had the money, I'd do a full concert of his work." This week, the Jazz Tap Ensemble performs at the Joyce, and when we noticed that the program contains a selection of Ms. Dally's choreography set to Thelonius Monk, we called her to find out more.

"The first time I listened to Monk, as a teen-ager, I thought he was just wonderful," she said. "He was a brilliant pianist. I loved his sound and the sense of humor, which I *heard*. As I developed in tap, I also found that I kept returning to Monk for the vitality of the rhythm. The melodies are visceral, physical. Although the music is very sophisticated, it's also open; it's an open sound. Take his 'Misterioso,' which I've set as a group work. Actually, the music has a blues structure, but it can be pulled apart into these octaves, which gives room for a dancer to do canons and fugues. Now, 'Evidence'—which Sam Weber is going to dance as a solo—has a very dramatic rhythmic structure, perfect for Sam's leaps. I get to dance the ballad ''Round Midnight.' It's very unusual for a tap dancer to do ballads—to attach large physical action and gesture to tapping. Then Sam and I will wrap up with 'Epistrophy.' I'm not sure what it means, but isn't it a great word? You know, one time I was talking with Jimmy Slyde—he's going to be our guest star at the Joyce—and he mentioned that he was a fan of Monk's. The music allows you to be compositional, intellectual, and dramatic all at once."

Ms. Dally paused, then said, "In the early days of Jazz Tap, one of my first big group pieces was set to Ellington's 'Caravan.' That dance was inspired by a recording of Monk playing Ellington. I think that the intention of the record was to show that Monk—*out* there as he was—had the credentials to play Ellington's music. He received the tradition, then moved on—really moved on—yet with the precision and taste one thinks of with Miles Davis. It's all a matter of the perfect note at the perfect time."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of the spring season, which continues through June 28. Presenting "The Sleeping Beauty," through May 10. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. April 22-24 and April 28-29 at 8, April 25 at 2 and 8, and April 26 at 1 and 7.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of the spring engagement, which will run through June 20. April 20-21 at 8 and April 22 at 2 and 8: "Peter and the Wolf," "Symphonic Variations," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ April 23-24 and April 27-28 at 8, and April 25 and April 29 at 2 and 8: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through May 10. April 28-29 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Dialogues," and "Ginastera." The performance on April 28 is a benefit; for information about tickets, call 1-718 638-8199. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

JAZZ TAP ENSEMBLE—A company of three dancers and four musicians, plus guest artist Jimmy Slyde. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 21-24 at 8, April 25 at 2 and 8, and April 26 at 2 and 7:30.)... **NOTE:** Jimmy Slyde also performs at the restaurant La Cave on First (1125 First Ave., at 62nd St., 759-4011) on Wednesdays, through July. Shows at nine and eleven.

CHEN & DANCERS—In new and repertory works. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 23-25 at 7:30 and April 26 at 3.)

NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET—Two programs: April 23-24 at 3:30 and April 25-26 at 1: "Cinderella."... ¶ April 24-26 at 8: "Cinderella," "Judgment of Paris," "Fandango," and "Little Improvisations." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)

TAMAR ROGOFF—Presenting "Sleeping Beauties," a new work that features a chorus of newborn babies (held by their parents). An offering of the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 529-2318. April 23-26 at 8:30.)

LINES CONTEMPORARY BALLET—A San Francisco-based troupe in the first two of seven performances. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 28-29 at 8. The engagement will continue through May 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

"SORRY, but we're not playing bloody 'Stonehenge' tonight."

In 1984, Rob Reiner made a film called "This Is Spinal Tap," which chronicled the career of a mythical, hilariously vile heavy-metal outfit called Spinal Tap. Reiner's parody of the music industry was pitch-perfect, and the music industry knew it. We can tell you from experience that it is impossible to interview a rock star without getting deluged with Spinal Tap jokes or hearing earnest testimonials about how the movie shook the interviewee up and, you know, made him *think*.

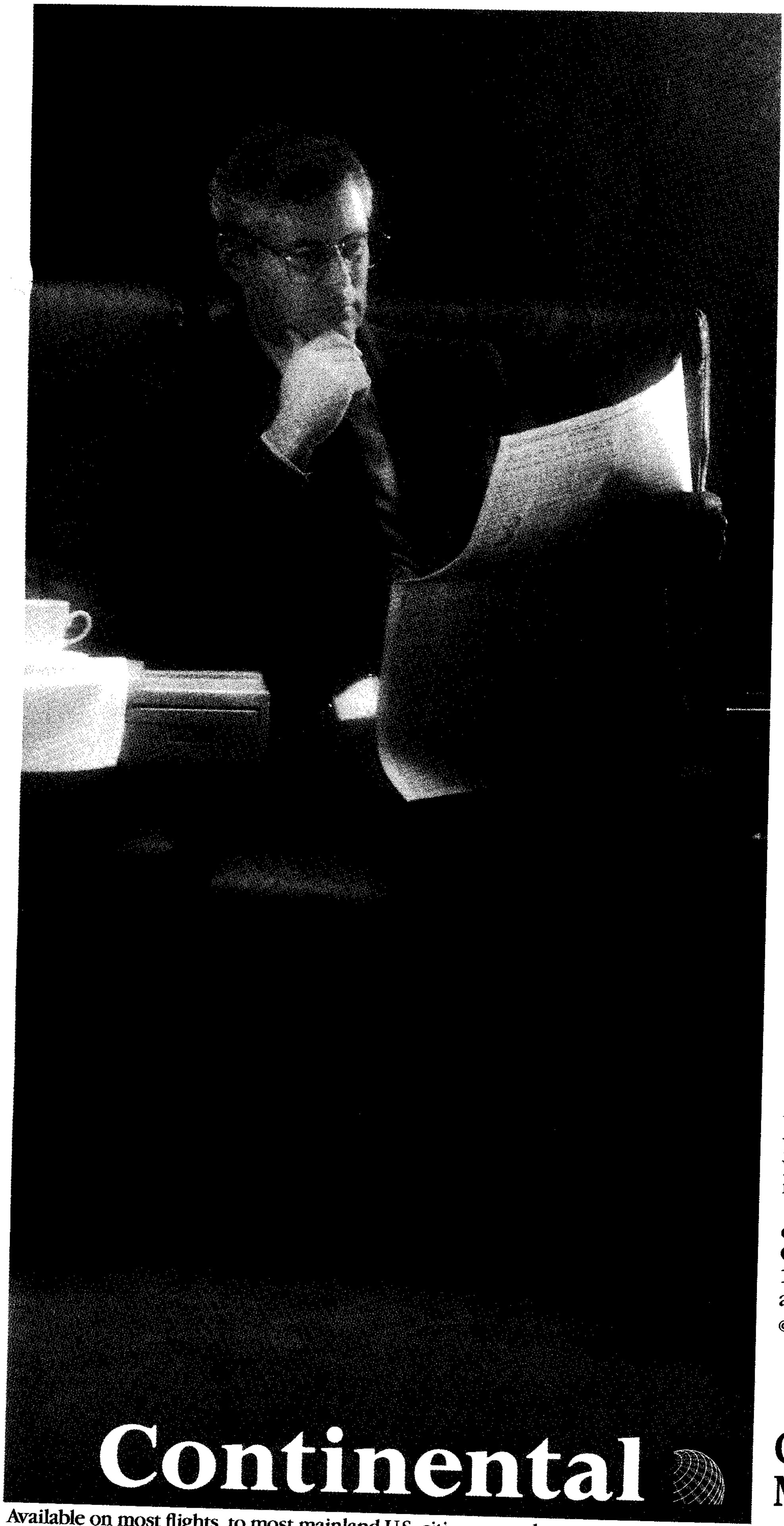
Spinal Tap—a three-man group consisting of the actors Harry Shearer, Michael McKean, and Christopher Guest—has just released a record titled "Break Like the Wind." The band, which is gearing up for a concert tour, turned up at a recent *Spy* party at CBGB, where they played a short acoustic set of old and new numbers, a set they described as "unplugged, but plugged." The members of Spinal Tap are awful guitar players—a fact that seemed less and less funny as their set wore on. Still, there were some hilarious moments, such as when Guest, aping one of those self-consciously soulful rock solos, began wincing uncontrollably and jamming to the tune of "The Little Drummer Boy." Misogyny has always been one of Spinal Tap's specialities—it takes real ingenuity to come up with something more sexist than what you see on MTV every day—and the band had fun with a tune called "Bitch School," which they recently added to a catalogue that includes anthems like "Big Bottom" and sombre piano ballads like "Lick My Love Pump."

Spinal Tap's set turned out to be a mixed bag. Their patter, in particular, was a bit lame. Watching them, we felt sure that the band had been foolish to stage this comeback—to endanger all of our perfect Spinal Tap memories with this iffy enterprise. The more we thought about it, though, the more we were convinced that the group has no choice but to plague us with reunions until the end of time. Bands like Spinal Tap, after all, don't just go away.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—On April 25, **MARY CLEERE HARAN** finishes up a month-long engagement in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Haran is presenting a new program, one that includes a segment devoted to songs by Jimmy Van Heusen and Johnny Burke. **SYLVIA SYMS** begins her own extended run on April 28. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables, and where hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Puerto Rican singer **IRIS CHACÓN** reigns over



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the stage for two weeks beginning on April 21. **FUNNY GAY MALES** take part in an AIDS benefit on April 27. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. **ARTHUR TAYLOR'S WAILERS** appear April 24-25. Taylor, a veteran drummer, has a formidable technique, but he uses it to energize his band members rather than beat them into submission. When a musician takes a solo, Taylor stays with him at every turn, commenting, challenging, embellishing. And, like a good conductor, he can keep tabs on everyone at once. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.,** is here April 21-26; **PHIL WOODS** and **LOUIS BELLSON** play in a double bill, beginning on April 28. First set at nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. A trio consisting of **SANTI DEBRIANO, KENNY DREW, JR.,** and **AKIRA TANA** performs through April 25; **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** begin a week-long stint on April 27. Music from ten. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **DIXIE CARTER,** through April 25. Carter, who's best known for playing an interior decorator on the TV series "Designing Women," is singing serious and silly numbers by Porter, Berlin, and John Wallowitch, among others. **BOBBY SHORT** settles in on April 28. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

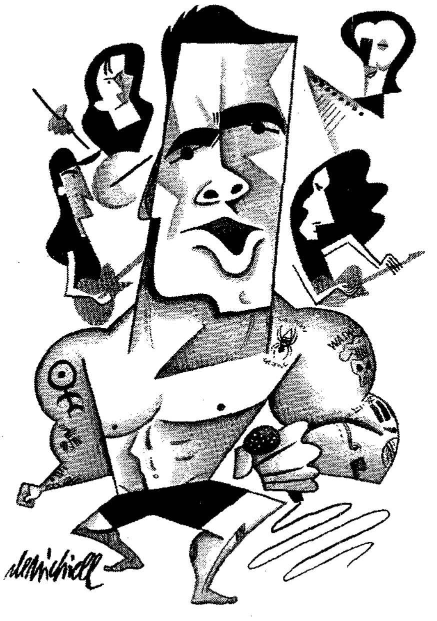
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Graffitied walls, a battered pool table, and rest rooms for the intrepid only. The **ROLLINS BAND** will perform April 24-25. The group is led by Henry Rollins, formerly the frontman for what was arguably this country's first hardcore outfit, Black Flag. Rollins cuts an imposing figure. After Black Flag broke up, he cut off most of his hair, and now, with his many tattoos and his stony, pumped-up physique, he looks like the drill sergeant of the Apocalypse. The Rollins Band's latest release, "The End of Silence," is topping the alternative-rock charts, and the group can be counted on for swift, forceful jams. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. April 24-25 belong to the **VIOLENT FEMMES.** Lead singer Gordon Gano's personal obsessions are a little less urgent than they used to be, but the band is in fine form: their last album, "Why Do Birds Sing?," is tuneful, sharp-witted, and idiosyncratic, and includes a great version of Boy George's "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?" **COBRA** comes in on April 26; **CHARLES GAYLE** appears on April 27; and the **COLLECTIVE STORE SYNDICATE BIG BAND** begins work on April 28. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. **JOAN OSBORNE,** a singer-songwriter who plays a bright, pop-inflected variety of blues, will be here on April 23. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES** claims April 25. Music after nine. Dining.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of young professionals. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. The **HOLMES BROTHERS,** who appear here April 22-23, had been toiling in obscurity until a few years ago, when critics and record-company scouts began to take notice of their propulsive blend of backwater blues, roadhouse R. & B., and gospel. The brothers have several decades of club experience under their belts, and their shows are muscular, foot-stirring displays of solid musicianship. April 24-25 belongs to **JOHNNY ALLEN.** Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—If the hero of a movie walked down this creepy, semi-deserted block, the audience would be throwing things at the screen and shouting "Turn back! Turn back!" Thanks to this fine alternative-music club, though, there's usually a fairly steady flow of traffic through these parts. **POI DOG PONDERING,** who perform on April 24, started out as a street band in Hawaii, travelled around the U.S. for a couple of years, and resettled in Austin, Texas. "Poi dog" is Hawaiian slang for a mongrel, and, indeed, this eight-piece group, which recently released a new album, "Volo Volo," has an odd pedigree: a crossbreeding of pop, folk, rock, and styles collected from around the globe. **BLUR** is here on April 25, with the Senseless Things.



The Rollins Band at CBGB

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The schedule: Helios Creed, Barbara Manning, and Codeine on April 23; the Selves, Friction Wheel, and Mother May I on April 24; **MIRACLE LEGION** and Hello Strangers on April 25. Shows at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. **VIC DAMONE,** a figure from the golden era of romantic crooners, can currently be found here, in his first New York club appearance in over a decade. Though Sinatra once called him "the singer with the best vocal equipment in the business," Damone has had a rocky career. He's been an intermittent member of the board, but has never quite made it to chairman. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, and Sundays at six-thirty. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. Rainbow & Stars is currently home to a delightful show bearing the title "'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin!" Among the performers are **JUDY BLAZER, STAN FREEMAN,** and **JO ANNE WORLEY.** Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Tuesdays and Fridays belong to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, where the late Steve Rubell's henchmen helped popularize the policy of turning away the unbeautiful. Now it's the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. **MTV'S 120 MINUTES TOUR,** which is dedicated to edgy, alternative bands both young and old, will touch down here April 21-22 and again on April 24. **B.A.D. II, LIVE, BLIND MELON,** and **PIL** will be performing. John Lydon, formerly of the Sex Pistols and currently of PiL, fronts a strangely disappointing show. The music is tight and colorful, but, where Lydon's stage persona used to drip with anger, it now drips with attitude. When Lydon insults his crowds, a favorite pastime, he comes off not as an iconoclast but as a rich, bored, aging rock star. There's no doubt that PiL is an occasionally brilliant band—their album "Compact Disc" was positively excoriating—but onstage everything seems a bit perfunctory and choreographed. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs at this landmark, currently celebrating its sixty-fifth anniversary, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. On April 26, **RITA MC KENZIE** takes over the stage with an evening of songs associated with Ethel Merman. Shows at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" The schedule: Jean Emilien on April 23; the **TABOU COMBO SUPERSTARS** on April 24; Brazilian Energy Sounds on April 25; La Tropica Orchestra on April 27; and **GATO BARBIERI** beginning April 28. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The exceedingly fine bebop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is leading a trio here just now. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." **TERENCE BLANCHARD'S** quintet is in swing April 21-26; the **MAX ROACH** quartet commences work on April 28. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

STILL can't figure out the difference between new-jack swing and deep-gospel house, between hip-hop and acid house? Don't knock yourself out, because no matter what record execs blathering in *Billboard* may tell you, all these labels are nothing but a semantic smoke screen concealing the awesome, terrifying, even-now-it-can't-be-told truth—disco is back!

Who cares about critically praised stripped-down acoustic sound or syncopated Brazilian soca rhythms of the saints when you want to blow your head off and dance? Come back to the kingdom of Barry White, where acres of string sections flourish and where the boom of a bass pedal anchors the flight of an electric piano.

The only problem with disco's resurgence is the dearth of places where one can fully take advantage of it. Granted, three trendy eateries we visited last week—Universal Grill, Jean-Claude, and Barocco—blasted Maestro White over our entrées. WKTU fuelled our seventy-m.p.h. cab ride up Eighth Avenue last Sunday (from a barren reggae night at Sweet Jane, 113 Jane Street) with Vicki Sue Robinson's classic "Turn the Beat Around" and two hits from the sorely missed trio Ecstasy, Passion & Pain. Models at Marc Jacobs', Todd Oldham's, and Anna Sui's fashion shows were disco-propelled down their runways. But not one of these places, nor any of the vest-pocket clubs that indulge in extended disco riffs, like Sweet Jane (on more crowded Fridays and Saturdays), Sound Factory Bar, or Nell's, does the genre true justice. Where disco needs to be heard to be felt in all its numbing sonic glory is in a palace—a big-enough-to-lose-your-date-in, mirror-balled, Vari-Lited, overdecorated Xanadu. Right now, there are no such pleasure domes in New York. There will be. The most reverberant proof we've yet seen of disco's regained power came from a pillbox-hatted, silver-wigged lady at the Apollo's recent diva-driven Dance Explosion, who threw her skunk coat around as if it were a giant fan, while she reeled to CeCe Peniston's disco-reborn anthem "Finally." "I hate all that rap. *This* I like." What goes around turns the beat around.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—The hundred-and-twenty-second version. (Madison Square Garden. Through May 3. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

The Easter Show—One of Radio City Music Hall's annual extravaganzas. With the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through April 23. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Karen Finley—April 22-26 at 8:30: Presenting her new play, "Lamb of God Hotel." Through May 3. . . . ¶ April 28 at 8:30: Reading from a solo work in progress. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

George Carlin—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. April 25 at 10.

P.S. 122—April 23-26 at 8: Carmelita Tropicana in "Brave New Worlds." Directed by Uzi Parnes. Through May 3. . . . ¶ April 23-26 at 9: Sara Pearson and Patrik Widrig. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

"Helter Skelter," which is in L.A., at MOCA's Temporary Contemporary, through April 26, is the perfect jolt for New Yorkers obsessed with their city's apparent state of near-collapse. It's a dementedly gleeful celebration of disaster, an apocalyptic theme park, with sixteen artists from the L.A. area and, in the show's catalogue, poetry and fiction by ten L.A.-based writers. Nancy Rubins' gargantuan, suspended "Trailers, Drawings and Hot Water Heaters," an accumulation of actual trailers, drawings, and water heaters, looms magnificently over the exhibition. While the show's overarching themes are sex, violence, and cultural psychosis, its dominant qualities are the literal and the literary. Contenders for the prize for literalism include Liz Larner's "Queenright," an encased bee colony in which live bees may be seen feeding on dead ones at the bottom of the case, and three deadpan mannequins, including a hypernormal "Self-Portrait," by Charles Ray. (Beginning this Saturday, a different version of one of these mannequins will go on display for four weeks at Feature gallery, 484 Broome Street.) But Paul McCarthy takes the prize, with "Garden," a life-size, lifelike patch of forest in which life-size, lifelike mechanical male figures may be glimpsed humping a tree and the ground.

Almost everything else in "Helter Skelter" brims with words, from Llyn Foulkes's bromides—Grant Wood-meets-Magritte—to Robert Williams's virulent comic-book paintings. Mike Kelley, Raymond Pettibon, Lari Pittman, and Jim Shaw, all of whom have recently shown work in New York, epitomize the show's literary slant. Shaw's three pieces, for instance, all of which feature text by Benjamin Weissman, are essentially storyboards for a complex thriller involving a serial killer. Pettibon's two installations of drawings pushpinned to the wall suggest the messianic rantings of a homosexual teen-age genius hermit. Pittman's beautiful, schematic paintings present a whole subversively encoded world view. And Kelley's "Proposal for the Decoration of an Island of Conference Rooms (with Copy Room) for an Advertising Agency Designed by Frank Gehry" is made up of found faxes, bathroom graffiti, pass-along office jokes, et cetera—they're of an often hilarious, usually intensely sexist or scatological nature. "If Assholes Could Fly," reads one of the milder ones, "This Place Would Be an Airport." Yeah.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, was a meeting place and inspiration for several French landscape painters in the eighteen-fifties and sixties. A large sampling of works by these artists—Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot, and others—is on view. Through May 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of black-and-white and color photographs by Helen Levitt. Through June 28. (See Photography.). . . ¶ Fifty works by William Harnett (1848-92), an Irish-American painter who was the father of the trompe-l'oeil school. Through June 14. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. . . . ¶ "American Rococo, 1750-75." Furniture, silver, paintings, engravings, ceramics, and glass made in pre-Revolutionary America. Through May 17. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." Through June 28. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Allegories of Modernism: Contemporary Drawing," two hundred works by forty American and European artists. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Photographs by Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934), including her genre scenes, allegorical compositions, and portraits of New Yorkers, Native Americans, and fellow-photographers. Starts April 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-three videotapes, mostly from the seventies, by Joan Jonas, Nam June Paik, and William Wegman. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A display of glass and ceramic tableware by Finnish designer Kaj Franck. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until late spring.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Terry Winters, who is in his early forties, is a very good, serious painter of organic forms in earthy pigments. His work develops slowly, rather ponderously at times, and might be marvellously well represented by a strictly edited, fast-paced exhibition of, say, fifteen to twenty paintings from the past decade, and a more copious array, perhaps, of works on paper. The Whitney, however, apparently in blithe ignorance of the nature of Winters' endeavor and appeal, has instead mounted a turgid exhibition of more than a hundred paintings and drawings and thirty prints. If this artist's work and reputation weren't so damn solid, this show might do him in. Through May 10. . . . ¶ A well-framed, expertly installed, compact exhibition of recent "Pastels" by Joan Mitchell. They're beautiful: vibrant, nimble, and utterly authoritative, though seemingly unfettered. Mitchell is in peak form here. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A retrospective of photographs by Paul Strand. Through May 17. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy "Destructions," "Accumulations," and "Cachets" by the inimitable French Nouveau Réaliste Arman. Through April 26. (For gallery shows of works by Arman, see Short List—57th Street Area.). . . ¶ "The New Merengue," an installation by sculptor Houston Conwill, poet•Estella Conwill Majozo, and architect Joseph De Pace. Through May 3. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Wood Sculpture" includes works by Kenji Fujita, Jane Greengold, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Streets of Dai Fau," a show of photographs by Arnold Genthe (1869-1946), which depict San Francisco's Chinatown before 1906. Through June 30. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A hundred and twenty-six photographs by the Austrian-born botanist and explorer Joseph Rock (1884-1962), who documented the cultures inhabiting the borderland between Tibet and China before the Chinese Revolution. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Bridges and Boundaries: African-Americans and American Jews." This show—comprising three hundred and fifty art works, photographs, and documents—explores the complex relationship of coöperation and tension

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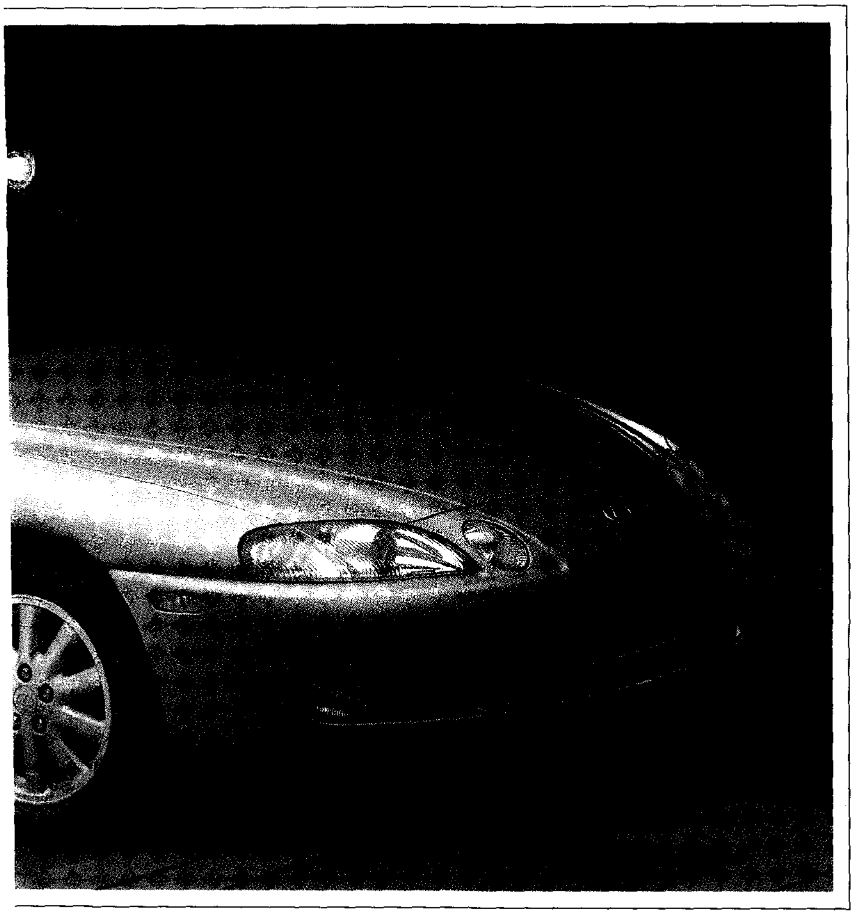

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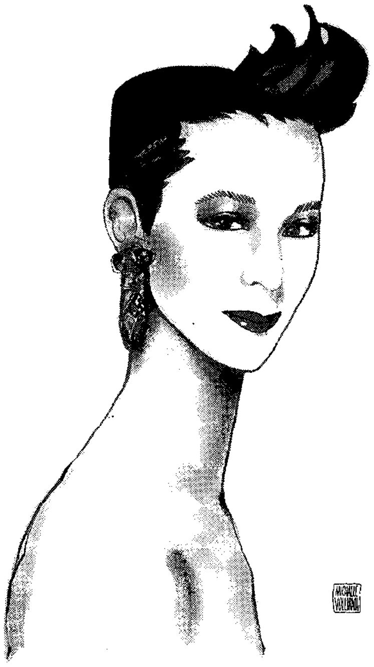


"Flair: Fashion Collected by Tina Chow"

between the two groups. Through July 19. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, except April 23, 11 to 8; Fridays, except April 24, 11 to 3. Closes at 5 on April 23.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventeenth-century Dutch drawings—of the landscape, genre, and figure variety—by Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Goltzius, and many others. Through April 26. . . . ¶ A small show of printed books and bindings produced in seventeenth-century Flanders and Holland. Through April 26. . . . ¶ Selections on view from the library's permanent collection include one of its three Gutenberg Bibles, Stevenson's autograph manuscript of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the original scores of symphonies by Brahms and Mahler. Through April 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The hundred-and-sixty-seventh annual juried exhibition includes oil paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, pastels, watercolors, and an architectural drawing. Through May 10. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—One of the more comprehensive shows in the current crop of Walt Whitman centenary celebrations is "In Life or Death Forever": a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ Percy Bysshe Shelley, gifted and influential Romantic poet, also made forays into the political arena, as evidenced in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Starts April 25. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.). . . ¶ "On the Edge" is a show of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.). . . ¶ An eclectic collection of recent acquisitions, from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Some of the works are by famous photographers, some are by unknowns; some are generic, some are gems. Through May 2. (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Short List—**GEORGE GROSZ,** Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 30); **WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (through May 30), and Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through June 5); **PETER KENNARD,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through May 29); **DAVID SALLE,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through April 25); **REEVE SCHLEY,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through May 2); **JONATHAN SILVER,** Munroe, 9 E. 84th St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, through April 25); **MICHAEL STEINER,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through April 28); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through April 25); **ADJA YUNKERS** and **HEDDA STERNE,** CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (through April 30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Don Christensen—If you have been wondering what became of all those art students in the late seventies who wouldn't be caught dead holding a paintbrush and instead became New Wave musicians but who have since faded from the club circuit, then you'll be glad to hear that this one, at least, has returned to his roots. Christensen, who has played drums with the Contortions, the Raybeats, the Bush Tetras, and Philip Glass, is having his first exhibition ever. On display are perfectly amiable nonobjective paintings on bits of aged wood. They have a cool color sense, and are reminiscent of what a lot of art students were doing before Neo-Expressionism took hold. Through April 25. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brad Davis / Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt—Several beautiful triptychs with flora in the center panel and craggy rock formations in both side panels. In the two most recent paintings, which are also the strongest, the plant life has been painted with a delicate feathery technique that suggests that Davis, like the Chinese landscape masters who have influenced him, is aiming to capture the essence of the thing being painted while at the same time somehow displaying his own state of mind. / A fresh and exuberant reconstruction of a work made in 1969-70, consisting of dozens of colored-foil chalices. Despite the work's religious subject matter, its title, "The Summer Palace of Czarina Tatlina," slyly suggests some very modern ideas about visionary art and camp. The show also includes several new painterly collages that are chock full of pictorial play. Through April 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hervé Di Rosa and **Richard Di Rosa**—Hervé Di Rosa, a French counterpart to New York's East Village artists, is showing a number of joyfully mindless paintings, in bright enamel colors, of classical subjects—Paradise, Olympia, Allah's Garden—which lack all sense of exploration, discovery, or purpose. His brother Richard is showing sculptures—a Kenny Scharf version of Mr. Potato Head, for example—that further the sense that the gallery that nurtured Mondrian, Brancusi, and Arp is falling into a cynical depression. Through April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Greene—Few other artists examine the elements of painting as thoroughly, and combine them as eccentrically, as Greene. His paintings seem to be of another time (the rococo, perhaps), and yet also contemporary. These are placid, sumptuous works in which the mind has lots of room to roam, even if it's not always quite certain where it's going. One painting shows a corridor of tall, tightly spaced trees; another shows a caucus of sails; and a third shows men in their Sunday best, and women in cat suits, crawling up a daunting triangular hillside. Greene likes to people his pictures with an assortment of oddball types: in one work there is a Scotsman in full clan dress, a mermaid in front of a target, a cardinal, various eighteenth-century street performers, a contemporary diver, a woman out of Gauguin's Tahiti, and a poodle. Sometimes the stories are less fulfilling than the sum of their parts, and yet the artist rarely leaves the viewer wanting. With his dazzling, calming technique, Greene is like a gently surrealistic Watteau. Through May 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen / Myron Stout (1908-87)—Appealing large gouaches and smaller washes of wormlike shapes in various shades of gray. / Surprisingly delicate landscape drawings, from 1953, by an otherwise emphatically abstract painter. Through May 9. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Scott (1913-89)—An attractive show of still lifes, mostly from the fifties and sixties, by a British painter little known here. The works from the early fifties have a certain pictographic mysteriousness about them. Shortly after he did them, Scott developed a more painterly composition, with modest arrangements of bowls and cups. There are also some delicate figurative drawings, from the seventies, done in blue gouache. Through April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**PAT ADAMS,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 16); **FREDERIC AMAT,** Prats, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 8); **ARMAN,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St., and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through May 2); **DOZIER BELL,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 25); **MARTIN CHIRINO,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 2); **JANE FREILICHER,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 25); **RICHARD GERSTL** and **OSKAR KOKOSCHKA,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 9); **SIDNEY GOODMAN,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 16); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 16); **RED GROOMS,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 2); **MARSDEN HARTLEY,** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 25); **BRYAN HUNT,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 25); **PHILIP WOFFORD** (through April 30) and **ROBERT ARNESON** (through May 29), Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Walter de Maria—A new sculptural orchestration of twenty-seven triads of stainless-steel rods. The rods are less than two feet long, and each group sits on a dark granite plinth, creating a kind of forest of elfin columns. The whole installation has a sort of crystalline hum. This exhibition might prompt viewers to revisit two of New York's more extraordinary permanent art works, the artist's "New York Earth Room" (141 Wooster St.) and "Broken Kilometer" (393 West Broadway). Through May 9. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Suzan Etkin—Every student of art history learns about the sexual symbolism of ceramics—the femininity of pots, say, or the metaphors of molding. In an exuberant exhibition provoking such thoughts, Etkin has installed a single snaking shelf jam-packed with dozens of hand-formed pots in what must be every form she could imagine. As a ceramist, however, the artist has yet to rise above summer-camp fare. Still, this is an amiable show, high on that now dormant East Village enthusiasm, even if low on skill. Through May 2. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Ellen Phelan—Captivating paintings of dolls, some of which seem to have gone through a lot. One group of figures looks like infantas in a sandstorm. Another could be a Nordic portrayal of death. These works have a way of slowing down even the most hurried gallery-goer. Through May 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Bill Schwarz—Found industrial items, such as an oil tank, a large wooden spool, and photos of hydraulic valves. Through April 25. (Theodore, 580 Broadway.)

Ray Smith—Smith has an extraordinary sense of myth, and his paintings are related in spirit more to the Magic Realism of Latin-American fiction than, as is frequently assumed, to the styles of European Neo-Expressionism. "The Tossing," a large painting of a few young women, a whale, and a shark, is formally unified by mesmerizing waves of water suggestive of ceremonial body-painting. The faces look like variations of the same young woman, from fair to dark (they are actually renderings inspired by the artist's wife and her sisters). Another painting, of an octopus choking itself and emanating streams of ink drawings, is a portrayal of machismo, as well as an apt image of the creative process as self-torture. A number of totemic, partially painted sculptures are well conceived and attractive—they're better than most painters' sculptures—but can't quite compete with the paintings. Through April 25. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

"Habeas Corpus"—A show of works obsessed with the body, and with alienation from it. There is some very affecting work here, including Louise Bourgeois' portrayal in bronze of a wounded self haunted by the scars of childhood; Christian Boltanski's piles of biscuit tins representing dead Swiss; Wolfgang Laib's slab of white marble with milk on it; and Andres Serrano's photographic triptych of monochrome panels—one red, one yellow, one white—each of a different bodily fluid. Curiously absent is any work that overtly considers a sense of the body with an awareness of AIDS. Through April 25. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

"Arte Povera: Early Works"—An exquisite installation of works by nine artists, ranging from the rough industrial poetry of Giovanni Anselmo, who is represented by a long neon tube encased in a block of cement, to Luciano Fabro's eccentric, massive chicken foot, whose leg of pleated silk rises to the ceiling. Somewhere in between is Jannis Kounellis's rolled-up lead sheet resting on a metal bed frame, which, in true Beuysian fashion, is both literal and metaphorical. Through May 30. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Bitter Pills—Currently, there happen to be several exhibitions in SoHo by non-Caucasian artists which sharply examine issues of racial stereotype and control. In several installation works, **RENÉE GREEN** (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.; through May 2), an African-American, looks at history as a process of European domination through subjugation. The most resonant work is about whiteness and its symbolism, as traced through numerous literary sources, principally "Moby-Dick." The piece consists of a cumbersome series of colonial clapboard walls, on which fragments of text have been written; a display of the sourcebooks for those texts, which more concisely articulates the bitter strength of the artist's ideas; and, most effective of all, a locked room with fabric walls, which is an eloquent expression of exclusion. . . . ¶ Like his Yale classmates Matthew Barney and Michael Joaquin Grey, **MICHAEL JOO** (Nordanstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St.; through May 15) makes works that seem to have been born in the biology lab. His creations, however, seethe with rage at the brutality of racial stereotyping. The exhibition is entered through a portal flanked by salt-lick posts. The heights of the posts represent the calories consumed during specific segments of notoriously typecast Asians' lives. (Ghengis Khan's is the tallest; Tokyo Rose's is the shortest.) Scattered in a furious display throughout the gallery are stainless-steel trash cans, in various shapes and sizes, and aluminum "expansion bars," running from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. These are engraved with the number of calories consumed by various activities; some are mundane, such as opening a package of nicotine gum or Bic razors, and some are filled with racism, such as drawing Godzilla or performing Occidentalizing rhinoplasty. In the most violent piece, torn sacks of MSG are heaped on the floor, along with a pair each of ben-wa balls, artificial testicles, and litchi nuts, while a tape loop of a Devo song including the phrase "Mongoloid, he was a Mongoloid" is played over and over. . . . ¶ In the seventies, **WILLIE BIRCH** (Exit Art, 578 Broadway; through April 25) abandoned his abstract painting style and began making watercolors that look toward contemporary urban murals and Nigerian figurative sculptures. In the process, he has devised a style that is appealing for its folk tendencies, though it lacks the animation of work by the African, African-American, and Chicano artists who have inspired him. There are, nonetheless, some potent works on display. In one corner is a gouache titled "A Young Woman Was Beaten and Raped Here," a haunting image of a dense forest with an orange stripe running across it which suggests a police barrier. The work's papier-mâché-and-wood frame depicts candle bearers, a white jogger, and a police car. In the opposite corner, a number of painted busts of African-Americans lie on the floor, in a manner that leaves them both vulnerable and empowered.

Self-portrait by Robert Greene

Short List—**CARL ANDRE,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through May 14); **ERIC BAINBRIDGE,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through May 16); **JAMES LEE BYARS,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through April 25); **WILLIE COLE,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through May 16); **DAVID DEUTSCH,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through May 2); **CARROLL DUNHAM,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through May 22); **KATE ERICSON AND MEL ZIEGLER,** Klein, 594 Broadway (through May 23); **JULIO GALÁN,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through April 25); **MIKE GLIER,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (open Wednesday evenings until 8, through May 16); **MICHAEL JOAQUÍN GREY,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through May 9); **DAVID HOLLOWELL,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through May 9); **GRACE KNOWLTON,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 25); **ANNETTE LEMIEUX** and **ANNETTE MESSAGER,** Baer, 476 Broome St. (through May 9); **LEONE & MACDONALD,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through May 2); **ALFRED LESLIE,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 27); **INGE MAHN,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through May 2); **MARILYN MINTER,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through May 9); **ELIZABETH MURRAY,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through April 29); **PETER NAGY** and **STEFANO ARIENTI,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through May 2); **CARL PALAZZOLO,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through May 23); **ANDREI ROITER,** Koury, 89 Greene St. (through April 29); **KEITH SONNIER,** Castelli (420 West Broadway and 578 Broadway), and 65 Thompson Street Gallery (all through April 25).

OTHER GALLERIES

"Flair: Fashion Collected by Tina Chow"—Tina Chow was a connoisseur and an extreme aesthete, not a clotheshorse. Her spectacular collection of fashion—bequeathed in part to the Fashion Institute of Technology and in part to the Kyoto Costume Institute—spans the twentieth century. Though it centers on some of the most rarefied objects ever to emerge from the cocoon of modern couture, it also includes such vernacular items as a thin white Chinese-cotton T-shirt. Chow was especially drawn to clothes with a subtle whiff of the trade winds about them, like a Balenciaga coat with a kimono-like, neck-elongating, thrown-back and rolled collar, or Fortuny's evocations of Byzantium and ancient Greece. Her rarest specimens—Dior's Watteau-inspired, draped evening wrap, for example, made from a grand and unbroken length of ice-blue satin—are without doubt among the most perfect creations in the history of the decorative arts. Through May 9. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St.)

Short List—**FAIRFIELD PORTER,** Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (opens at 1, through May 22); **ELAINE REICHEK,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through May 16).

PHOTOGRAPHY

SOME years ago, when we had just begun to try to grasp the differences between our Western perspective and the heritage of the East, a friend in Tokyo recommended "In Praise of Shadows," a concise and brilliant book written by Junichiro Tanizaki, in 1933. One of this book's insights has to do with the rich and complicated role shadows have played in the cultural history of Japan. The excitement that we experienced when we first read "In Praise of Shadows" flooded back when we saw the nineteen-thirties photographs of Shikanosuke Yagaki, at the Houk Friedman gallery (1094 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street). What marvellous photographs! What perfect examples of a sensibility in which both tradition and invention thrive!

We were unacquainted with Yagaki's photography before seeing this show, and that brought home to us how many gaps there are in the history of photography as it has been written so far. The gallery's handout on Yagaki provides biographical information, and also makes a point of his work's connection both to Western modernism and to his own Kyoto heritage, an observation borne out by the pictures. There are photographs here, like "Logs and Shadows," which are simultaneously graphic and sculptural, abstract and concrete; there are others that overwhelm you with their immediacy—photographs like "Wave," a warm-toned print that takes you into the water so convincingly that you're almost afraid you're going to drown.

The show also emphasizes the important role of camera clubs during Yagaki's career as a photographer. There's one photograph in which two club members are seen from below, standing at energetic angles to each other, and another in which only the shadows of camera-club members are revealed, projected onto a wall and onto the ground they're walking on. This image is a testament to the unexpected content that shadows can possess.

(Houk Friedman is currently offering another, smaller show of European modernist photographs from 1920 to 1939, as well as the gallery's usual back-room display of a terrific mixture of pictures. The Yagaki and modernist exhibitions come down this Saturday.)

Alice Austen (1866-1952)—Photographs of the artist's friends and family at leisure which have an intimate, unself-conscious spirit. Austen possessed a definite photographic sensibility, however modest and however buried. Through May 22. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Open 9 to 4:30, Mondays through Fridays.)

Helen Levitt—New York finally has a show of Levitt's work which is big enough to give viewers a true sense of this photographer's important contribution to the medium. Levitt's name has become virtually synonymous with New York street photography of the thirties and forties, though in fact she has stayed with this subject right up to the present—and here you can see both the changes and the continuity in her vision. Through June 28. (Metropolitan Museum. . . . ¶ A gallery show of Levitt's work can be seen at Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St., through May 16.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A hundred and thirty-four photographs spanning the artist's career, from several early New York City studies (discovered posthumously) to his final photographs, taken in Orgeval, France. Through May 17. (Whitney Museum of American Art.)

Short List—**LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through May 2); **BARBARA ESS,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through April 25); **BISON FRERES** and **RICHARD TEPE,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through May 30); **ROBERT HEINECKEN** and **GARRY WINOGRAND,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through May 2); **YOSHIHIKO ITO,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through May 16); **EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 25); **CINDY SHERMAN,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through May 9); **NICK WAPLINGTON,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through May 2); **GEORGE TICE,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through May 23); **JEFF WALL,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 16); **CARLETON WATKINS,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 2).

MUSIC

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU, reflecting on an art form to which he is devoted, once urged that younger performers make bold to "invent a new dramaturgy of the Liederabend." Musicians have been taking up that challenge ever since, and the New York Festival of Song has been doing so locally, with piquant results. Among song-minded singers, at least, NYFOS is now an acronym that can be uttered without a pause for translation. The group's artistic directors are two pianists, Michael Barrett and Steven Blier; the singers vary, though there are some regulars. The programs—most of them presented downtown, at the Greenwich House Music School—take a unifying theme (a school of artistic thought, a nation and an era, a dramatic idea, a poet, or something else) and follow it, not too didactically, through an eclectic group of songs. On April 27, NYFOS will be at Lincoln Center's little Walter Reade Theatre. The topic for the night is "Guilty Pleasures and Confessions"; each item deals with enjoying, regretting, or being forgiven for one or another of the deadly or venial sins. The composers range from Schubert to the Bobs, with Chopin, Ives, and Irving Berlin among those in between.

One assumption behind the Barrett-Blier enterprise is that musical Americans are likely to feel equally at home with classic European art songs and classic American popular songs, and that everybody might as well proceed on that basis without fuss. Can the two traditions be merged into a usable common heritage? Anyone who reflects on the history of "non-Western" influences on what we call classical music will grant that a negative answer would be superficial. Anyone who has given a voice lesson to a twenty-one-year-old whose favorite singer is Linda Ronstadt can explain why there are practical obstacles. More important is that good musical imaginations should be at work in the border region, and NYFOS is part of that effort.

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

CHINESE OPERA—Yen Lan-ching, an acclaimed diva of Chinese opera, will perform segments of "The Waterside Pavilion," in staged presentations that also include excerpts from "Asking the Woodsman" and "Journey to the Fatherland" (the latter drawing heavily on the martial arts for its staging); with assisting artists. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. April 23-25 at 7:30 and April 26 at 2.)

MESOPOTAMIAN OPERA COMPANY—The not entirely serious troupe presents selections from "The Norma," loosely derived from Bellini's corresponding opus. Sharing the program is pianist Justin Bishof, playing his own compositions. The audience should be prepared to sit on rugs and pillows. (Tribeca Rugs, 90 Hudson St. April 27 at 8. For information about tickets, call 219-1166.)

"FENNIMORE AND GERDA"—The first of three performances of Frederick Delius's rarely presented opera about a Danish poet's two love affairs—one tragic, the other consoling. Though first presented in 1919 (in its original German), the work here receives its New York première. Presented in English by the Juilliard Opera Center, with stage direction by Frank Corsaro and with Christopher Keene conducting. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. April 29 at 8. Through May 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. April 21 at 7:30: Brahms' Symphony No. 1 and Sibelius' Violin Concerto (with Nigel Kennedy). . . . ¶ April 23-25, all at 8: Mahler's Symphony No. 1 and "Songs of a Wayfarer" (with baritone Håkan Hagegård).

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. April 23 at 8: Presenting Webern's "Im Sommerwind," Varèse's "Ecuatorial," Ravel's "La Valse," and Schumann's Symphony No. 4. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: Haydn's Symphony No. 12, Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, Herbert Willi's Concerto for Orchestra (in its New York première), and Stravinsky's Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman).

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—John Daly Goodwin directs Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass," Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," and a cantata by James DeMars. (Carnegie Hall. April 24 at 8.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture, Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 (the "Italian"), and Elgar's Violin Concerto (featuring Chiyoko Noguchi). (Alice Tully Hall. April 24 at 8.)

BACH-SCHÜTZ FESTIVAL—Three concerts will illuminate a musicological conference on Heinrich Schütz and Johann Sebastian Bach underway at Columbia University. April 24 at 8: The CUNY Baroque Ensemble (directed by Raymond Erickson) performs Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto as well as his concertos for two, three, and four harpsichords. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University. Enter at Broadway and 116th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . ¶ April 25 at 8: Pomerium Musices (directed by Alexander Blachly) and the ARTEK Ensemble (led by Gwendolyn Toth) perform excerpts from Schütz's "Geistliche Chor-Musik" and several works by Bach, including his Cantata No. 198 (the "Trauer-Ode"). (St. Paul's Chapel. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.). . . ¶ April 26 at 3: Music Before 1800 presents the Choir of Corpus Christi Church in motets by Schütz and Bach, as well as in a Missa Brevis by Buxtehude. Louise Basbas directs; gambist Margaret Panofsky and organist Dongsok Shin supply the continuo. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. 666-0675)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducts Copland's "Appalachian Spring," Webern's "Langsamer Satz" (as arranged by Mr. Schwarz), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4; and Gil Shaham is the soloist in Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1. (92nd Street Y. April 25 at 8 and April 26 at 3.)

MUSICA VIVA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Walter Klauss directs music by Bach, Mozart, and Raoul Pleskow (a première), as well as an unusually scored "Messe Solennelle," for chorus and two organs, by Louis Vierne. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 535-5530. April 26 at 7.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Bass directs Bloch's "Sacred Service" and Fauré's Requiem, with soloists Heidi Skok (soprano) and Kevin McMillan (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. April 27 at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducts Bartók's "Two Pictures" (Op. 10), Lutoslawski's "Funeral Music" (written in tribute to Bartók), Paganini's rarely played Violin Concerto No. 4 (featuring Gidon Kremer), and Casella's "Paganiniana." (Avery Fisher Hall. April 29 at 8.)

DRESDEN STAATSKAPELLE—André Previn conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 39 and Brahms' Symphony No. 4. (Carnegie Hall. April 29 at 8.)

RECITALS

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—Presenting chamber works by the 1991 Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Shulamit Ran, including the New York première of "Inscription," for solo violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 21 at 8.). . . **NOTE:** Ms. Ran will be on hand for a pre-concert talk, open to ticketholders, beginning at 7:15.

NEAL RAMSAY—Saxophonist, performing works by Pierre Max Dubois, Burnet Tuthill, and others; with the assistance of pianist Ann Newton and the Nashville Children's Choir. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 21 at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—April 22 at 8: Performing an all-Mozart program: two trios and the E-Flat-Major Piano Quartet (in which violist Lawrence Dutton will assist). (Alice Tully Hall.). . . ¶ April 24-25 at 8: Trios by Haydn and Schubert, as well as Schumann's Piano Quartet (with Mr. Dutton). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

MANHATTAN CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE—Claire Heldrich directs the opening concerts of a modern-music festival, with most of the composers on hand to offer a commentary. April 22 at 8: Works by Susan Botti, David Noon, and J. Vicent Egea (a première), as well as Peter Maxwell Davies' "Eight Songs for a Mad King" (featuring bass Nicholas Solomon). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: Varèse's "Hyperprism," plus works by Giampaolo Bracali, Bun Ching Lam, Eric Samuelson, and Qu Xiao-Song. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Gil Shaham, with the New York Chamber Symphony

ELAINE COMPARONE AND FRIENDS—The harpsichordist, assisted by a small modern-instrument ensemble, performs concertos and other works by Johann Christian Bach. (Weill Recital Hall. April 23 at 8.)

AKIRA EGUCHI—The pianist, this year's winner of Juilliard's William Petschek Award, presents works by Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel, and Liszt. (Alice Tully Hall. April 23 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs Bach's Third English Suite; cellist Jian Wang joins her for Strauss's Cello Sonata; and violinist Carmit Zori completes the ensemble for Brahms' B-Major Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 23 at 8 and April 26 at 4.)

YOUNG UCK KIM—The violinist performs sonatas by Mozart, Hindemith, and Strauss, in addition to works by Schoenberg and Webern. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. April 25 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

KRONOS STRING QUARTET—Presenting music by Arvo Pärt, Henryk Górecki, Terry Riley, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. April 25 at 8.)

JOEL KROSNICK AND GILBERT KALISH—The cellist and the pianist present a two-part survey of twentieth-century European and American compositions for their instruments including works by Webern, Fauré, Janáček, Hindemith, Shostakovich, Messiaen Carter, and Perry Goldstein. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway a 116th St. 854-7799. April 26 at 3 and 7:30 with one ticket affording entry to bot sessions.)

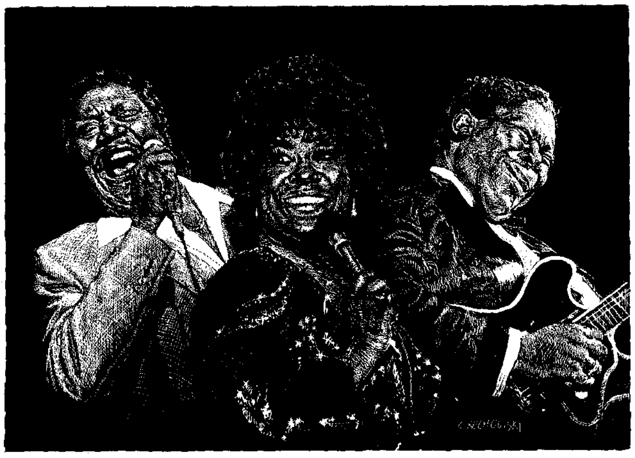
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting works by Mozart, Debussy, Britten, Berio, and Oliver Knussen. (Alice Tully Hall. April 26 at 5 and April 28 at 7:30.)

New York Festival of Song—Soprano Cynthia Sieden, baritone William Sharp, and pianist Steven Blier present songs illuminating the program's titillating title, "Guilty Pleasures and Confessions." (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. April 26 at 5. . . . ¶ Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., Plaza Level. April 27 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Edward Aldwell—The pianist performs that for which he is known best: the music of Bach. For this concert, he has programmed the Fourth and Fifth French Suites, as well as the first eleven contrapuncti from "The Art of Fugue." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 27 at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—The violinist and the pianist perform works by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Takemitsu. (Carnegie Hall. April 28 at 8.)

Borromeo String Quartet—Performing quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 589), Kirchner (his First), and Schubert (his "Death and the Maiden"). Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. April 28 at 8.)



Bobby Blue Bland, Ruth Brown, and B. B. King at the Apollo

Santiago Rodriguez—The pianist performs Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme by Chopin" (Op. 22), Thirteen Preludes (Op. 32), and Sonata No. 2 (Op. 36). (92nd Street Y. April 29 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Presenting several recent works, including Morton Feldman's "the viola in my life (2)" and the première of William Thomas McKinley's "Ancient Memories" (with violist Walter Trampler appearing as soloist in both), as well as "Labyrinth," by the 1992 Pulitzer Prize winner Wayne Peterson. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 29 at 8.)

Razoumovsky String Quartet—Three members of the ensemble, plus pianist Eric Larsen, perform piano quartets by Mozart, Dvořák, and Scott Wheeler (the last being a première). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 29 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Abbey Lincoln—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 24 at 8.

Bobby Blue Bland, Ruth Brown, and B. B. King—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 25 at 7 and 11.

Van Morrison—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. April 26-27 at 8.

Manhattan Jazz Orchestra—In a tribute to Miles Davis. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Academy of Music—April 25 at 8: Albert King, John Hammond, and Robert Junior Lockwood. . . . ¶ April 26 at 3: Tito Puente, Abdullah Ibrahim, and Charlie Byrd. (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Benefit Concert—The Shirelles, Lesley Gore, LaVern Baker, Sarah Dash, the Exciters, and others. (Hudson Theatre, Hotel Macklowe, 145 W. 44th St. April 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-4800.)

SPORTS

After one of the last pre-strike Rangers games, we went over to Meyers Parking Garage, on West 31st Street, across from Madison Square Garden, and joined about fifty other fans waiting for team members to pick up their cars. "They're pretty generous about signing, depending on when you get them," an autograph specialist named Buck told us. "After is better than before a game, and you have to let them get inside the garage—they don't like being mobbed on the street. But you never know on a given day who drove or who got a ride or who's taking a cab." Soon, Rangers began coming into the garage, one at a time, seemingly spaced at equal intervals, like airplanes landing at Kennedy. Once inside, they gave themselves up to the throng—furiously signing the photos, jerseys, cards, pucks, hats, and sticks their devotees politely offered up for consecration. Just about the whole team drove that day, so the fans were feeling more than usually blessed, though not absolutely unburdened: Mark Messier, the team captain, superstar center, and spiritual leader of all Rangerdom, had not yet arrived. "Everybody out here wants Messier," Buck said, "but I think he takes cabs most of the time. He's kind of reclusive and tricky, and he never seems to leave from the same exit twice. He's the Greta Garbo of hockey. That's *exactly* what he is."

Messier is also the main reason that the Rangers are the best team in the N.H.L. this season. With the strike out of the way, the Rangers seem poised to capture the Stanley Cup, which, as all true New York hockey fans know, they haven't won since 1940. But the four rounds of championship-elimination play (including a likely second-round match-up against those Ranger killers, the Washington Capitals), come first, and New York plays the New Jersey Devils on April 21, at the Garden. For any fans who might want to stop by Meyers after the game, Buck recommends a blue Sharpie marker. "It's clean and dries fast," he says.

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Cleveland Indians, April 20 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, April 24 at 7:30 and April 25-26 at 1:30.

Mets—Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, April 21-22 at 7:40 and April 23 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Astros, April 28-30 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL

Rangers vs. Devils—In first-round Patrick Division action: April 21 in New York; April 23 and April 25 in New Jersey. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, the Indiana Pacers, or the Nets in first-round play.

Nets—If they scrape by, they'll face the Chicago Bulls, the Cleveland Cavaliers, or the Knicks in first-round play.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Rangers and the Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Trash Monster—By now an eagerly awaited visitor, this humanoid demon made entirely of garbage will be on display in the lobby of One World Trade Center, April 20-24, from 8 to 4. It will be the guest of honor at a parade in the plaza there on April 24 at 1, and in the spirit of Earth Week will be ritually dismembered and recycled afterward.

Conference—A meeting of some of the nation's most respected feminists will take place on April 25 at Hunter College (69th St. between Park and Lexington). Speakers will include Anita Hill, Bella Abzug, Carol Bellamy, Nora Ephron, Elizabeth Holtzman, Katha Pollitt, Naomi Wolf, and Gloria Steinem. The event is sold out; for a schedule of speakers, call 353-8580.

Sakura Matsuri—The Brooklyn Botanical Garden's annual celebration of cherry blossoms will take place April 25-26, from 10 to 6. This year, entertainers include Taiko drummers Soh Daiko, Odori dancers Sachiyo Ito and Company, and bamboo-flute player Ronni Nyogetsu Seldin. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

House Party—A tour of the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, which features the Victorian houses where several films—including "Sophie's Choice," "Out of the Darkness," and the upcoming "Malcolm X"—were shot. Sponsored by the Flatbush Development Corporation. (April 26 at 1. For information and reservations, call 1-718 469-8990.)

Paul and Duke—Robeson and Ellington, that is. A daylong tribute by friends and admirers includes a concert of Robeson and Ellington songs, several biographical lectures, and jazz by Juba and by Lisle Atkinson and the Neo-Bass Ensemble. (Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st St. April 26, starting at 2. For information about tickets, call 926-4100.)

Cars—The New York International Automobile Show will be held through April 26 at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. More than a thousand cars will be on view. (Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Monday through Saturday, 10 to 8, and Sunday 11 to 10:30. Tickets at the door.)

Readings—April 21 at 7:30: Clark Coolidge and George Schneeman read from their own poetry. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 23 at 8: Toni Morrison reads from her new novel. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 27 at 8: John Irving reads from his own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ April 28 at 7: Robert Fagles reads from his translation of The Iliad. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100.). . . ¶ April 28 at 8: Rosemary L. Bray, Wesley Brown, John Henrik Clarke, and Louise Merriwether read from their own works. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—April 26 at 3: James McPherson, Gloria Naylor, Hugh Nissenson, and Lynne Sharon Schwartz talk about ethnic identity. (Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. For information about tickets, call 399-3430.). . . ¶ April 29 at 6:30: Vartan Gregorian gives a talk about historical revisionism and the Holocaust. (Temple Emanu-El, 10 E. 66th St. No tickets necessary.)

Memorandum—The works of eighty-seven artists, including Alice Neel, Frank Stella, Louis Kahn, and Milton Avery, will be on display, and for sale, April 23-30, at the Bitter-Larkin Gallery, 597 Broadway. The proceeds will benefit Friends Seminary.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Edward II" (directed by Derek Jarman).

Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Masala" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 23: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge). From April 24: "Highway 61" (Bruce McDonald).

Theatre 5: "Roadside Prophets" (Abbe Wool), with John Doe and Adam Horovitz.

Theatre 6: "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

April 20: Theatre closed.

April 21-23: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

April 24-26: "The Wild Child" (1970, François Truffaut; in French); and "Les Mistons" (†).

April 27: Theatre closed.

From April 28: "Small Change" (1976, François Truffaut; in French); and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "My Cousin Vinny" (†). From April 24: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 3: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.

Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (†).

Theatre 3: "Shadows and Fog" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Mambo Kings" (†).

Theatre 5: "Thunderheart" (†).

Theatre 6: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.

Theatre 7: (Matinées only) "Ladybugs" (Sidney J. Furie), with Rodney Dangerfield; and (evenings only) "The Power of One" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.

Theatre 2: "Othello" (1952, Orson Welles), with Welles.

Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).

Theatre 4: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "Newsies" (Kenny Ortega), with Christian Bale; and (evenings only) "Sleepwalkers." From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 5: "The Hours and Times" (Christopher Münch), with Ian Hart and David Angus.

Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 7: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 23: "The Lawnmower Man" (Brett Leonard), with Jeff Fahey and Pierce Brosnan. From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Theatre 3: Through April 23: "Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith. From April 24: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 5: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through April 21: "Rock-A-Doodle" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

From April 22: "The Playboys" (Gillies Mackinnon), with Aidan Quinn, Robin Wright, and Albert Finney.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin. From April 24: "Company Business" (Nicholas Meyer), with Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "Newsies" (Kenny Ortega), with Christian Bale; and (evenings only) "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†). From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 4: "The Cutting Edge" (Paul M. Glaser), with D. B. Sweeney and Moira Kelly.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith.

Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 3: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through April 23: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).

From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"American Dream" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Straight Talk" (Barnet Kellman), with Dolly Parton and James Woods.

Theatre 2: "Newsies" (Kenny Ortega), with Christian Bale.

Crown Gotham, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"My Cousin Vinny" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through April 23: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge).

From April 24: "A Midnight Clear" (Keith Gordon), with Peter Berg, Kevin Dillon, Arye Gross, Ethan Hawke, Gary Sinise, and Frank Whaley.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Theatre 2: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 23: "The Power of One" (†).

From April 24: "Company Business" (Nicholas Meyer), with Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.

Theatre 2: "The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 2: Through April 21: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish). From April 22: "The Playboys" (Gillies Mackinnon), with Aidan Quinn, Robin Wright, and Albert Finney.

Theatre 3: Through April 21: "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty. From April 22: "Lovers."

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61th. (644-1111)

"Europa Europa" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin.

Theatre 2: "The Cutting Edge" (Paul M. Glaser), with D. B. Sweeney and Moira Kelly.

Theatre 3: "Thunderheart" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 28: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige. From April 29: "Leaving Normal" (Edward Zwick), with Christine Lahti and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 5: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Theatre 6: "Sleepwalkers."

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "JFK" (†). From April 24: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Player" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith.

Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Wayne's World" (†). April 23: Theatre closed. From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Shadows and Fog" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "Rock-A-Doodle" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Mambo Kings" (†). From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Theatre 2: "The Cutting Edge" (Paul M. Glaser), with D. B. Sweeney and Moira Kelly.

Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Power of One" (†). From April 24: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 5: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.

Theatre 6: "Thunderheart" (†).

Theatre 7: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin. From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 2: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through April 21: "Rock Soup" (1991, directed by Lech Kowalski). From April 22: "Iron Man" (1989, Shinya Tsukamoto; in Japanese).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Mindwalk" (Bernt Capra), with Liv Ullmann, Sam Waterston, and John Heard.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†). From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Theatre 2: "The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

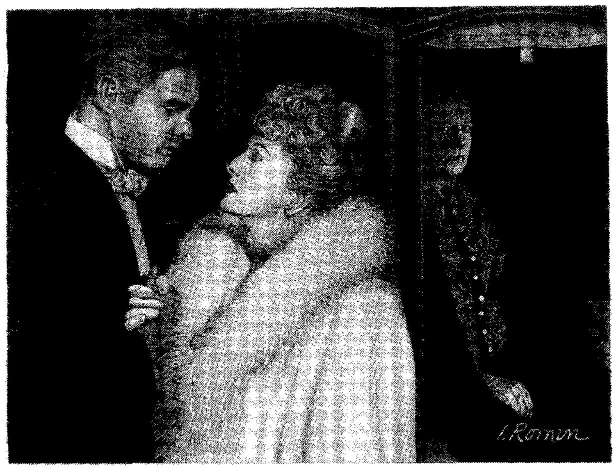
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin. From April 24: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "The Restless Conscience" (Hava Kohav Beller), a docu-

mentary. From April 24: "A Midnight Clear" (Keith Gordon), with Peter Berg, Kevin Dillon, Arye Gross, Ethan Hawke, Gary Sinise, and Frank Whaley.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "American Dream" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 23: (Separate admissions) "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter; and "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish). From April 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, Michel Auclair, and Mila Parély.



Louis Jourdan and Joan Fontaine in "Letter from an Unknown Woman"

The performer who sparks Max Ophuls' elegant 1948 tearjerker, "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (playing April 26, at Theatre 80 St. Marks), is its well-known leading man, Louis Jourdan. As a profligate concert pianist in late-nineteenth-century Vienna, Jourdan radiates savoir-faire and gives his scenes a sleek restlessness. This musician achieved fame too easily. His smugness, though, is skin deep. Underneath, he's filled with self-doubt and dissatisfaction. Joan Fontaine is a neighbor girl smitten by Jourdan's charm. To attract him, she devotes herself to becoming cultured and graceful. Fontaine can't shake off her obsession with Jourdan, even after he behaves like a heel.

As Jourdan reads a letter she composed in extremis, the movie reveals how unrequited love destroyed her life. The film's tone is elegiac as well as sorrowful. Ophuls studs the drama with swoony, memorable visual coups. Working from Howard Koch's adaptation of Stefan Zweig's "Brief Einer Unbekannten," the director creates a soundstage Austria in which even the kitsch has a romantic lift. Fontaine and Jourdan share a wintry dream date that peaks at a lonely carnival; the two sit in a trumped-up train compartment as painted backdrops of other countries glide by their window. This set piece is seductive as it plays out, piercing and bittersweet in recollection. "Letter from an Unknown Woman" is both pathetic and beautiful, because Ophuls respects the potency of amorous illusions.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.
Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 3: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.
Theatre 4: "The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.
Theatre 5: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Player" (†). From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins and Blair Brown.
Theatre 6: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 7: "Thunderheart" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Cutting Edge" (Paul M. Glaser), with D. B. Sweeney and Moira Kelly.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: (Separate admissions) "Newsies" (Kenny Ortega), with Christian Bale; and "White Men Can't Jump" (†). From April 24: "Company Business" (Nicholas Meyer), with Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov.
Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Brenda Starr" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Brooke Shields and Timothy Dalton.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Cutting Edge" (Paul M. Glaser), with D. B. Sweeney and Moira Kelly.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "JFK" (†).
Theatre 3: "Edward II" (Derek Jarman).
Theatre 4: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "Rock-A-Doodle" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 6: Through April 23: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin. From April 24: "Company Business" (Nicholas Meyer), with Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 28: "Othello" (1952, Orson Welles), with Welles.
From April 29: "A Woman's Tale" (Paul Cox), with Sheila Florance.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mississippi Masala" (†).
Theatre 2: "Under Suspicion" (Simon Moore), with Liam Neeson and Laura San Giacomo.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter, Emma Thompson, and James Wilby

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Mambo Kings" (†).

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Shadows and Fog" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 2: "Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet and Mireille Perrier.
Theatre 3: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French), with Dominique Pinon and Marie-Laure Dougnac.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith. From April 24: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 2: "Thunderheart" (†).
Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 4: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze, Pauline Collins, and Om Puri.
Theatre 5: Through April 23: "Wayne's World" (†). From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 6: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 23: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†). From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "My Cousin Vinny" (†). From April 24: "White Sands" (directed by Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 3: "Deep Cover" (Bill Duke), with Larry Fishburne and Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 5: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 6: Through April 23: "Basic Instinct" (†). From April 24: "White Sands."
Theatre 7: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Brain Donors" (Dennis Dugan), with John Turturro, Bob Nelson, and Mel Smith.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "Newsies" (Kenny Ortega), with Christian Bale. From April 24: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 3: Through April 23: "Wayne's World" (†). From April 24: "Year of the Comet" (Peter Yates), with Penelope Ann Miller, Tim Daly, and Louis Jourdan.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris), with Brian Krause, Mädchen Amick, and Alice Krige.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Thunderheart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), with John Goodman.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
"Window Shopping" (1992, directed by Chantal Akerman; in French).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 28: "Liquid Dreams" (1992, Mark Manos).
From April 29: "Raspad" (Mikhail Belikov, in Russian).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through April 23: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel).
From April 24: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 20: "Diabolique" (1955, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Viviane Romance, Michel Simon, and Paul Bernard.
April 21: "Zelig" (1983, Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982, Allen), with Allen, Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen.

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

April 22: "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, and Claire Trevor; and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948, Huston), with Walter Huston, Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

April 23: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.

April 24-25: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

April 26: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (see page 21); and "Caught" (1948, Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan.

April 27: "Rififi" (1955, Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

April 28: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†); and "On the Beach" (1959, Stanley Kramer), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire.

April 29: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Max von Sydow; and "The Silence" (1964, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—April 20 at 2:30: "Hard Labour" (1973, directed by Mike Leigh), with Liz Smith, Clifford Kershaw, and Polly Hemingway. . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "Life Is Sweet" (1990, Leigh), with Alison Steadman, Jim Broadbent, Claire Skinner, Jane Horrocks, and Timothy Spall. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30: "Home Sweet Home" (1982, Leigh), with Timothy Spall, Eric Richard, and Tim Barker. . . . ¶ April 21 at 6: "Nuts in May" (1976, Leigh), with Roger Sloman, Alison Steadman, and Anthony O'Donnell. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "Meantime" (1983, Leigh), with Tim Roth, Marion Bailey, and Gary Oldman. . . . ¶ April 23 at 3 and 6: "The Reindeer Queen" (1991, Maria Brooks) and "A Working Life" (1991, Ben Levin), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "The Kiss of Death" (1977, Leigh), with David Threlfall, John Wheatley, and Kay Adshead. . . . ¶ April 24 and 26 at 2:30: "Salvatore Giuliano" (†). . . . ¶ April 24 at 3 and 6: "Abigail's Party" (1977, Leigh), with Alison Steadman, Tim Stern, and Janine Duvitski. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6 and April 25 at 5: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2 and April 26 at 5: "M" (1932, Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30 and April 28 at 6: "Dance of the Damned" (1989, Katt Shea Ruben), with Starr Andreef and Cyril O'Reilly. . . . ¶ April 27 at 6: "Stripped to Kill" (1987, Ruben), with Kay Lenz, Greg Evigan, and Athena Worthey. . . . ¶ April 27 at 6:30: A program of films by Roddy Bogawa, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: "Streets" (1990, Ruben), with Christina Applegate, David Mendenhall, and Eb Lottimer.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—April 20 at 2 and 4:15: "The Branches of the Tree" (1990, Satyajit Ray). . . . ¶ April 20 at 6:30, April 21 at 4:30 and 9:15, and April 22 at 4:15: "The Macomber Affair" (1947, Zoltán Korda), with Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, and Robert Preston. . . . ¶ April 20 at 9, April 21 at 2 and 6:45, and April 22 at 2: "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones, Peck, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, and Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ April 22 at 6:45 and 9, April 23 at 2, 4, 6, and 8, April 24 at 2, 6, and 10:15, and April 25 at 6:15 and 10: "Cool Moon" (1991, Patrick Bouchitey), with Jean-François Stévenin and Bouchitey. . . . ¶ April 24-25 at 4, April 26 at 6, and April 29 at 2, 8, and 9:45: "Forget Mozart" (1985, Slavo Luther). . . . ¶ April 24-25 at 8: "A Woman's Tale" (1991, Paul Cox). Mr. Cox will be present. . . . ¶ April 25-26 at 2: "The Paper Boy" (1985, Cox) and "The Secret Life of Trees" (1986, Cox). . . . ¶ April 26 at 4 and 8: "The Journey" (1972, Cox). . . . ¶ April 28 at 2 and 6:45: "The Boys from Brazil" (†). . . . ¶ April 28 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Designing Woman" (1957, Vincente Minnelli), with Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray. . . . ¶ April 29 at 4 and 6: "Kostas" (1978, Cox).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A Dennis Potter retrospective. April 23 at 5:30: "Angels Are So Few" (1970, BBC), with Tom Bell and Christine Hargreaves; and "Rain on the Roof" (1980, London Weekend Television), with Cheryl Campbell, Malcolm Stoddard, and Michael Culver. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6 and April 25 at 2:30: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1976, BBC), with Denholm Elliott, Michael Kitchen, Patricia Lawrence, and Michelle Newell; and "Schmoedipus" (1974, BBC), with Anna Cropper, Tim Curry, John Carson, and Bob Hoskins. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2:30: "Brimstone and Treacle"; and "Moonlight on the Highway" (1969, London Weekend Television), with Ian Holm.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Silent Witness: Russian Cinema Before the Revolution." April 25 at 2: "The Cameraman's Revenge" (1912, Wladyslaw Starewicz) and "The Dying Swan" (1917, Evgenii Bauer). . . . ¶ April 25 at 4: "Happy Scenes of Animal Life" (1912, Starewicz) and "Yuri Naogorni" (1916, Bauer). . . . ¶ April 26 at 2: "The Grasshopper and the Ant" (1913, Starewicz) and "Twilight of a Woman's Soul" (1915, Bauer). . . . ¶ April 26 at 4: "Child of the Big City" (1914, Bauer) and "Daydreams" (1915, Bauer).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—April 24 at 6: "Aerograd" (1935, Alexander Dovzhenko). . . . ¶ April 24-25 at 8: Two different programs of films by Vincent Grenier. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2: A program of new works by members of the Film-Makers' Cooperative. . . . ¶ April 25 at 4: A program of Swedish avant-garde films, 1924-90. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: "The Parson's Widow" (1921, Carl Dreyer; silent). . . . ¶ April 26 at 2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†). . . . ¶ April 26 at 4: A program of films by Bob Fleischner. . . . ¶ April 26 at 6: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Dreyer, in German), with Julian West.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 29 at 12:30 and 6: "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand. . . . ¶ April 29 at 3:15 and 8:45: "The Crucible" (1958, Raymond Rouleau; in French), with Mylène Demongeot, Signoret, and Montand.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 783-6501)—A program of films directed by Israeli women. April 26 at 2: "Jacky" (1991, Rachel Esterkin), "Crows" (1987, Ayelet Menahemi), and "Pressure" (1984, Michele Ohayon).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—April 28 at noon: "Sunrise" (1927, F. W. Murnau; silent), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

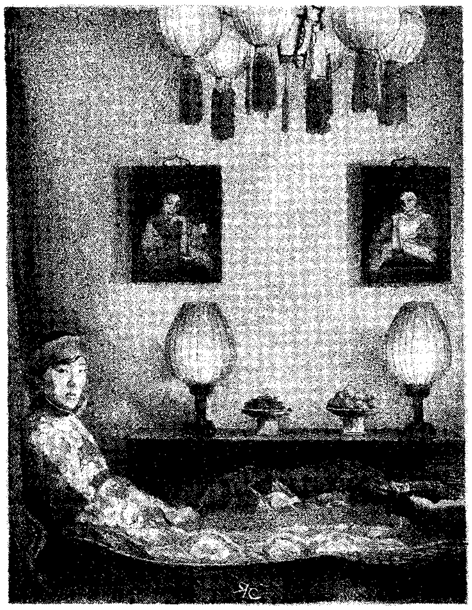
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

American Dream—Barbara Kopple's documentary, about a strike in a Minnesota meat-packing plant, is a lucid and unfussy piece of movie journalism which manages to be as complexly affecting as a great novel. The story that she tells here is a terrifying one. The workers at the Austin, Minnesota, plant of Geo. A. Hormel & Company decide to go on strike on August 17, 1985, rather than accept a rollback of their wages and benefits. The union, Local P-9 of the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union, is led by a militant president, Jim Guyette, and a fiery free-lance consultant, Ray Rogers. Together, Guyette and Rogers create a terrific spirit of energy and resolve in the rank and file. But Lewie Anderson, a veteran negotiator for the international union, thinks that their strategy is "doomed." As the strike wears on, our reactions to what we're seeing become more volatile. Our hearts are with the pumped-up rank and file of P-9, but our heads, increasingly (and surprisingly), are with the pragmatic Anderson: his anaylsis of the local's chances against the company proves accurate in virtually every particular. The movie embodies a kind of tragic understanding of American life—tragic in the original and the fullest sense, in which the spectacle of unspeakable calamity produces pity and terror and then an unforeseeable and penetrating clarity. This is a masterpiece of social art.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/23/92.) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

Basic Instinct—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Beauty and the Beast—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through April 22.)

The Boys from Brazil (1978)—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. Peck, in his jungle hideaway, staring into the future as he walks unconcernedly among the mutants he has created, just doesn't have it in him to inspire primitive terror; his effects are all on the surface, and he looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter (a fictional counterpart of Simon Wiesenthal). Olivier does a flirtatious impersonation of such actors as the late Albert Basserman and Felix Bressart, with their querulous, whiny voices and their fussiness—their way of seeming almost helpless yet resourceful, sagacious, and totally good. He takes off on this cloying humanistic style just enough to be very funny, and then, in the key sequences, he rises above his Viennese singsongy charm and demonstrates that the harmless-old-bore act of the aged can be a way of saving oneself for the things that count. He's the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, and an enormous international cast that includes Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, Lilli Palmer, Jeremy Black, Steven Guttenberg, Denholm Elliott, John Dehner, John Rubinstein, David Hurst, Michael Gough, Anne Meara, and Prunella Scales. Screenplay by Heywood Gould.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; April 28.)



At Lincoln Plaza,
Gong Li in "Raise the Red Lantern"

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Art East Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

Fried Green Tomatoes—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh- and tearjerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Idgie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Idgie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role) and Carol Sobieski from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 23. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, and Metro Cinema; through April 23, evenings only.)

JFK—Oliver Stone's movie means to demonstrate that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was not the act of a disturbed Marxist loner named Lee Harvey Oswald but the result of a vast, complex right-wing conspiracy. The screenplay, by Stone and Zachary Sklar, packs an extraordinary amount of assassination lore into three hours and eight minutes; it also includes a ton of speculative material about governmental misconduct, and quite a few invented characters. The movie is a thick gumbo of truths, half-truths, unverifiable hypotheses, and pure rant, and Stone ladles it out indiscriminately. In essence, the conspiracy theory argued here amounts to a series of inferential leaps proceeding from a speculation (that J.F.K. was killed because he wanted to pull out of Vietnam and end the Cold War). It's all bombast and misdirection, like a courtroom summation by a lawyer who knows that he can't win on the evidence. Stone comes on like a fearless radical, but his attitude toward the audience is firmly in the Hollywood tradition: he tries to bypass the intellect and go straight for the gut. The picture plays like an endless episode of "America's Most Wanted." Its hysterical manner and its slipshod handling of the facts actually have the effect of diminishing the credibility of the case for conspiracy. The clearest sounds we hear in this movie are those of Oliver Stone shooting himself in the foot. With Kevin Costner as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Sissy Spacek as his wife, Gary Oldman as Oswald, and an all-star cast of witnesses and conspirators.—T.R. (1/13/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6. . . . ¶ Worldwide Cinemas. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Gemini; through April 23.)

The Mambo Kings—Oscar Hijuelos' overlong yet likable novel "The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love," about two Cuban musician brothers who emigrate to New York and land a guest spot on "I Love Lucy," should be prime fodder for the movies. But in the hands of the first-time director Arne Glimcher it becomes the worst sort of varnished kitsch. Glimcher and his screenwriter, Cynthia Cidre, ransack old movies for corner-cutting devices and use them to jack up Hijuelos' nostalgic evocations of the fifties. The result is overpoweringly ersatz—"The Cotton Club" with a Cuban accent. Armand Assante is the fiery brother, Antonio Banderas the sensitive one, Maruschka Detmers a book-reading beauty, and Cathy Moriarty a slangy, sexy cigarette gal. They're all encouraged to be icons; only the engagingly salty and good-humored Moriarty breaks her assigned mold.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; through April 23, evenings only.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture plays some wonderful, crazy games about the Right and the Left; although it's a thriller, it may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, John McGiver, Henry Silva, Madame Spivy, Whit Bissell, James Edwards, Leslie Parrish, Khigh Dhiegh, and Albert Paulsen.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28.)

Mississippi Masala—In this multicultural variation on "Romeo and Juliet," the Capulets are East Indian refugees from Uganda, and the Montagues are African-Americans who live and work with them in Greenwood, Mississippi, circa 1990. Denzel Washington stars as Demetrius, a can-do guy with his own carpet-cleaning business; Sarita Choudhury, in her feature début, plays Mina, a vaguely dissatisfied motel maid. If Demetrius and Mina are meant for each other, it's solely because they're the best-looking couple in town. Their romance fails to move past physical attraction, and that's more than a disappointment—it's a crippling letdown. The director, Mira Nair, introduces viewers to a milieu in which Indians practice their bright-hued rituals while competing with whites in the motel trade and keeping a friendly distance to blacks. But Nair and her screenwriter, Sooni Taraporevala, try so hard to be all things to all racial and ethnic groups that by the end the story ceases to make sense on its own terms. You may feel that it has no terms of its own, only a good heart and the will to please. The talented supporting cast includes Roshan Seth, Sharmila Tagore, Joe Seneca, Tico Wells, and Charles S. Dutton; the keen-eyed cinematographer is Ed Lachman.—M.S. (4/20/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Les Mistons (1957)—In this twenty-seven-minute film, five little French boys seek to become members of a courtship: they follow the lovers (Gérard Blain and Bernadette Lafont), spy on them, jeer at them. François Truffaut's first feature film, the 1959 "The 400 Blows," is a child's cry of protest against a world black with adult injustice; this earlier film is a poetic reverie: the children look at the adult world greedily but contemptuously, and the adult world pays no heed. For an experimental work, it shows a marvellous command of sensual image and atmosphere (the opening bicycle ride, for example), but to Americans the total conception may seem fearfully sensitive and precious. The English commentary is full of high-flown romantic nostalgia for the first confused stirrings of sexual desire—"the fate and the privilege of the flesh" sort of thing—with references to mythology, rites, divinity, etc. Based on the short story "Virginales," by Maurice Pons.—P.K. (Public Theatre; April 24-26.)

My Cousin Vinny—The recipe behind this Dixie-based comedy hit is simple. The Southern characters consider themselves the salt of the earth; the Northern ones are proud to be the pepper. Joe Pesci plays Vinny Gambini, a neophyte Brooklyn lawyer who hightails it down to Wahzoo City, Alabama, to help his college-boy cousin (Ralph Macchio) and a friend (Mitchell Whitfield) beat a bum murder rap. Vinny's quest takes at least thirty minutes too long. The producer-screenwriter, Dale Launer, bides his time, scattering hoary gags while planting details that eventually pay off. Luckily, the director, Jonathan Lynn, keeps the cork on Pesci, releasing his energy only in the trial sequences, and doesn't rely on him to carry the movie. Marisa Tomei, as Vinny's fiancée, imbues the most obligatory reactions with either a startling ferocity or a farcical ambiguity worthy of her character's name: Mona Lisa Vito. Fred Gwynne brings a wise, weighty charm to the role of a Yale-educated judge; in a cartoon, he'd be a basset hound called Beauregard. When Pesci sags, Tomei, Gwynne, and others (especially Austin Pendleton) perk things up. At best, it's a genial variety show that could use more variety.—M.S. (4/20/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Crown Gotham, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 23.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1928)—One of the greatest of all movies. The director, Carl Dreyer, based the script on the trial records, and the testimony appears to be given for the first time. (Cocteau wrote that this film "seems like an historical document from an era in which the cinema didn't exist.") As the five gruelling cross-examinations follow each other, Dreyer turns the camera on the faces of Joan and the judges, and in giant closeups he reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement Joan and her persecutors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, and tears, and (as no one used makeup) with startlingly individual contours, features, and

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

skin. No other film has so subtly linked eroticism with religious persecution. Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Silvain as Cauchon, Michel Simon, André Berley, Maurice Schutz, and the young Antonin Artaud—as Massieu he's the image of passionate idealism. The staging, and the cinematography by Rudolph Maté, are in a style that suggests the Stations of the Cross. The film is silent but as you often see the (French) words forming you may have the illusion that you've heard them.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; April 26.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. Also with Greta Scacchi, Peter Gallagher, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Cynthia Stevenson, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lyle Lovett, Dean Stockwell, and Richard E. Grant; dozens of movie stars (and a handful of writers) turn up in cameos. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Beekman, and Chelsea Cinemas.... ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; starting April 24.)

The Power of One—This melodrama, set in thirties and forties South Africa, is supposed to be about any individual's ability to influence history with moral action, and the clout people gain when they unite. But the director, John Avildsen, and the screenwriter, Robert Mark Kamen, put their "Karate Kid" trademark on the story of a white boy who battles apartheid. Young PK, played in succession by Guy Witcher, Simon Fenton, and Stephen Dorff, learns the horror of racism from Afrikaners and his fellow-Brits, while a series of mentors (particularly Armin Mueller-Stahl and Morgan Freeman) nurture his spiritual and physical strength. Whites grow to fear him and blacks treat him as a god. Everything is awash in superhero-worship. By the end, the title refers mostly to the power of PK. With John Gielgud; Dean Semler did the cinematography. From the novel by Bryce Courtenay.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII. Evenings only.... ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; through April 23.... ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; through April 23, evenings only.)

The Prince of Tides—Barbra Streisand's film, adapted from Pat Conroy's 1986 novel, is a big, earnest psychoanalytic soap opera. It's a story in which people come to terms with their past, make peace with the demons that have haunted them since childhood, learn how to let go of the "dysfunctional" emotional patterns inflicted on them by their parents, and become sensitive, caring human beings. Streisand treats this banal material affectionately, even reverently, but it plays better on the screen than it does on the page. Her direction is smooth and canny, and she has distilled the novel to its corn-based essence. But the fumes of the book's terrible ideas linger in the air. After a while, everything begins to feel predictable. Conroy's narrative method (he co-wrote the screenplay, with Becky Johnston) consists of establishing characters who embody common stereotypes, setting them in motion around each other, and then watching them follow the courses that he's mapped for them: his message is one of change and liberation, but his characters' orbits are fixed. As the soul-searching hero, Tom Wingo, Nick Nolte bears the weight of all the movie's ambitions, and, for the most part, he carries his burden with miraculous grace. Streisand plays a sympathetic New York psychiatrist and never seems to get the hang of the role, but most of the cast performs heroically: Blythe Danner, as Tom's wife, and Kate Nelligan, as his mother, are wonderful. This is an admirably scrupulous job of literary adaptation; it's the material that's dysfunctional.—T.R. (1/27/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6.... ¶ Worldwide Cinemas. Evenings only.)

At the Donnell Library, George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor in "Sunrise"

Salvatore Giuliano (1961)—Francesco Rosi is one of the great modern directors, but he has a tendency to be both political and abstract, and often when seeing a Rosi movie one is awed by the compositions and the vividness of the incidents while being flummoxed by the conception. As writer-director of this account of the life and death of the famous Sicilian outlaw, Rosi develops the semi-documentary style that Rossellini had used in "Paisan." The images are never less than arresting, but the ambitious, Marxist point of view is bewildering; somehow Rosi fails to invite us into the story. It may be that his brilliance does not include a gift for simple dramatization. Cinematography by Gianni Di Venanzo. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 24 and 26.)

Shadows and Fog—Woody Allen sets his latest art-cum-comedy thing in a nameless country that resembles the Germany of movies by Pabst, Murnau, and Fritz Lang. As an irritating nebbish named Kleinman, who gets caught up in a search for a mad killer, he anchors a farrago of generic art-house themes and personalities. Such familiar figures as a messed-up clown (John Malkovich) and a hyper-rational man of science (Donald Pleasence) either suffer the torments of love or try to find the root of evil. Carlo Di Palma's ludicrously deliberate and grainy black-and-white cinematography obscures the first-rate, ill-used cast, though Mia Farrow, as a circus sword-swallower, is so splendorously creamy that she gleams through the murk. John Cusack brings an affecting, lightly parodistic ardor to the role of a romantic, prematurely world-weary student—the kind of character who could have thought up this cockeyed pessimist of a movie. Julie Kavner plays a woman who's never forgiven Kleinman for jilting her at the altar; she wins the heartiest audience response, possibly because she keeps telling him to buzz off and die. With glimpses of Lily Tomlin, Jodie Foster, Kathy Bates, Fred Gwynne, Madonna, David Ogden Stiers, and many others, including a barely discernible Kate Nelligan.—M.S. (4/6/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Tower East, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

Thunderheart—This murder mystery, set on a Sioux reservation, teams Sam Shepard, as an F.B.I. agent who speaks with forked tongue, and Val Kilmer, as an agent who thinks with forked mind. Kilmer's character is one-quarter Sioux, which apparently affects the right side of his brain—he gets mystical flashes and visions. When he hangs out with Indian traditionalists like the tribal cop played drolly by Graham Greene, his ancestral instincts emerge, leading him to truth, justice, and the Native American way. John Fusco's messagey script satirizes the stereotype of the all-knowing authentic Indian, then buys into it. The director, Michael Apted, elicits credible performances from Shepard and (in a tiny part) Fred Ward, and blends them confidently with the non-professionals in the supporting cast. But Kilmer is more callow than necessary. His lack of authority makes the raising of his consciousness seem more like a coming of age.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Wayne's World—"Saturday Night Live" has become a repackaging industry. The extended antics of vidiot savants Wayne Campbell (Mike Myers) and Garth Algar (Dana Carvey) betray the same slapped-together quality as the TV specials "Toonces, the Cat Who Could Drive a Car" and "Saturday Night Live Goes Commercial," though the film is not as entertaining. Seen in five-minute spurts on "S.N.L.," beaming out their cable-access program from Wayne's basement, these two come off as cracked bellwethers of the Next Big Things of suburban youth culture, Hard Rock Division. (Their pre-"Truth or Dare" show with Madonna was a classic.) In the movie, Myers still boasts his inexplicably confident and cheery expressions—he's a mischievous smile button. But Carvey overworks his twisted mouth. Wayne and Garth weren't meant to be frozen on celluloid the way they are in this parody of coöptation, which casts them as victims of a manipulative commercial-TV promoter (Rob Lowe). Here they function as leaders of a nostalgia-fest for audiences with short attention spans. Carvey has one good bit, playing out a murder with some frosted crullers, and the ever-game Lowe musters up a funny walk after a cop gives him a heavy frisk. Penelope Spheeris directed.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII.... ¶ Loews New York Twin; through April 22.... ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy; through April 23.)

White Men Can't Jump—A resourceful, sneaky-fast comedy about playground basketball. Ron Shelton, the writer and director, focusses on grown men trying to make a living at a boy's game, and he does full justice to the sweet absurdity of that enterprise. He keeps his eye on the fine points of playground culture and lets the story's meaning—and its humor—emerge from the details. The heroes, Sidney (Wesley Snipes) and Billy (Woody Harrelson), are addicted to the game. As a two-man team, they venture into the tough, hostile inner-city neighborhoods of Los Angeles and try to hustle the kings of the local courts. It's a great con: everyone assumes that Billy can't play the speedy, shake-and-bake style of black playground ball. Shelton and his crew (which includes cinematographer Russell Boyd and the editor Paul Seydor) have put together basketball sequences that capture the free-flowing rhythms of the game. The two-on-two contests here give us the delicious feeling a player gets when he's *almost* out of control: flying but lucid. Harrelson's performance is rich, subtle, and delicately funny. And Snipes is just amazing: everything he does seems to leap off the screen. Shelton orchestrates the narrative like a veteran point guard: he's a wily pro with a streak of playground showmanship, and that's an ideal style for movies as well as for basketball. The picture has a generous spirit and a deep appreciation of play, and it moves with a distinctive funky grace: it takes things as they come and trusts itself to handle them Also with Rosie Perez, Tyra Ferrell, Kadeem Hardison, and Marques Johnson. The terrific soundtrack features music by Aretha Franklin Jimi Hendrix, James Brown, and Ray Charles.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Stree Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. Wes Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

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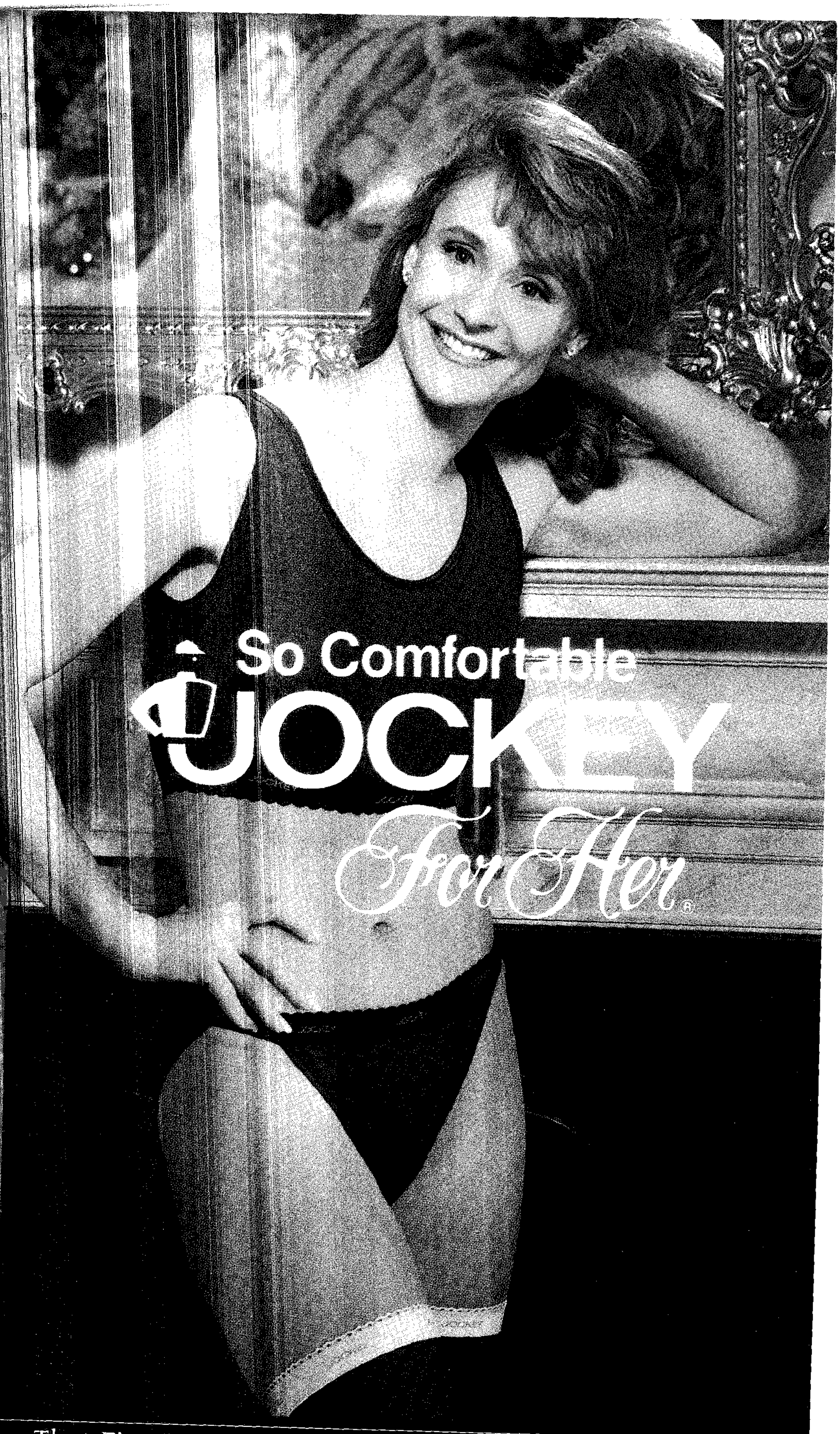
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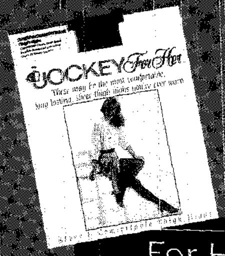
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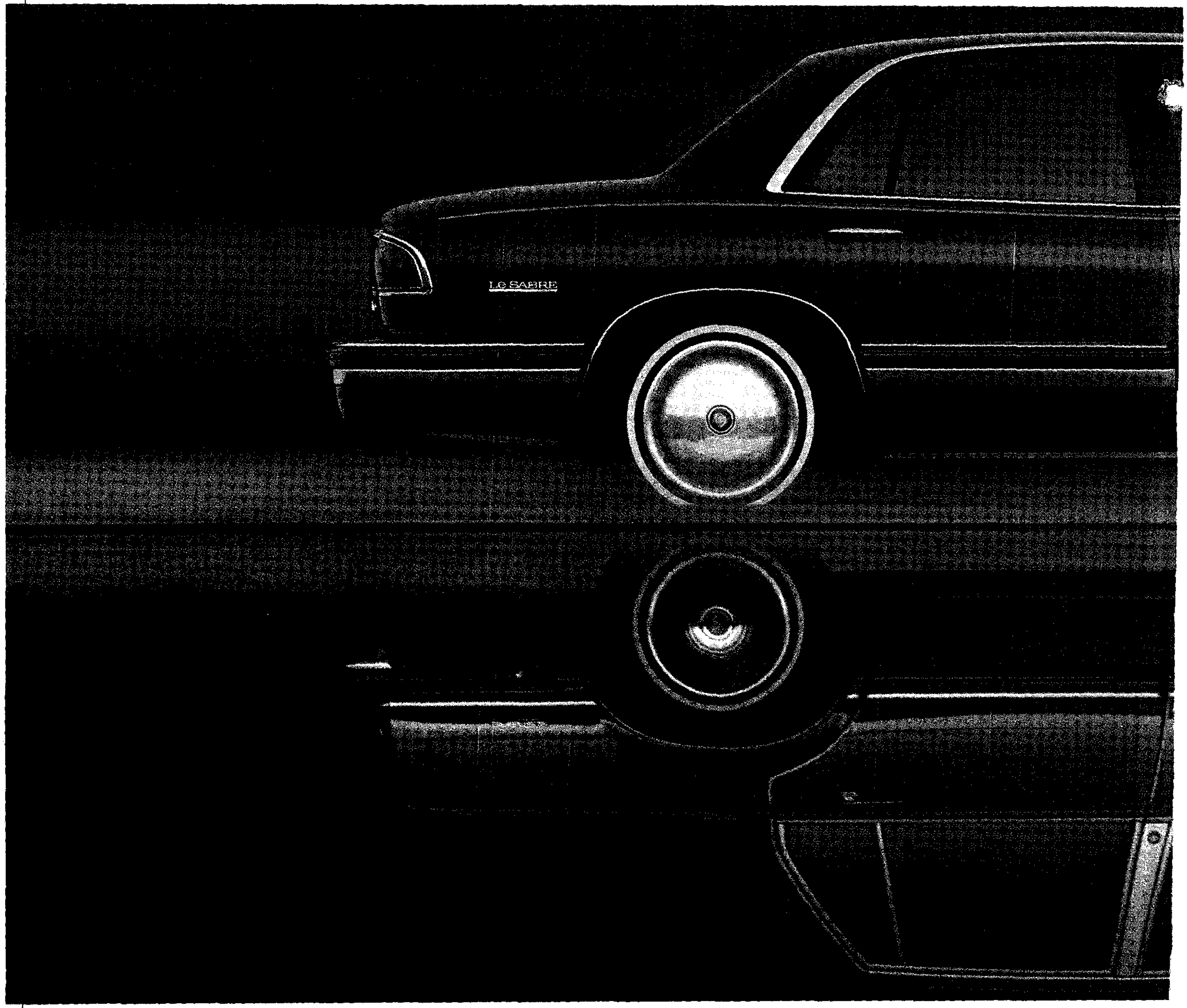

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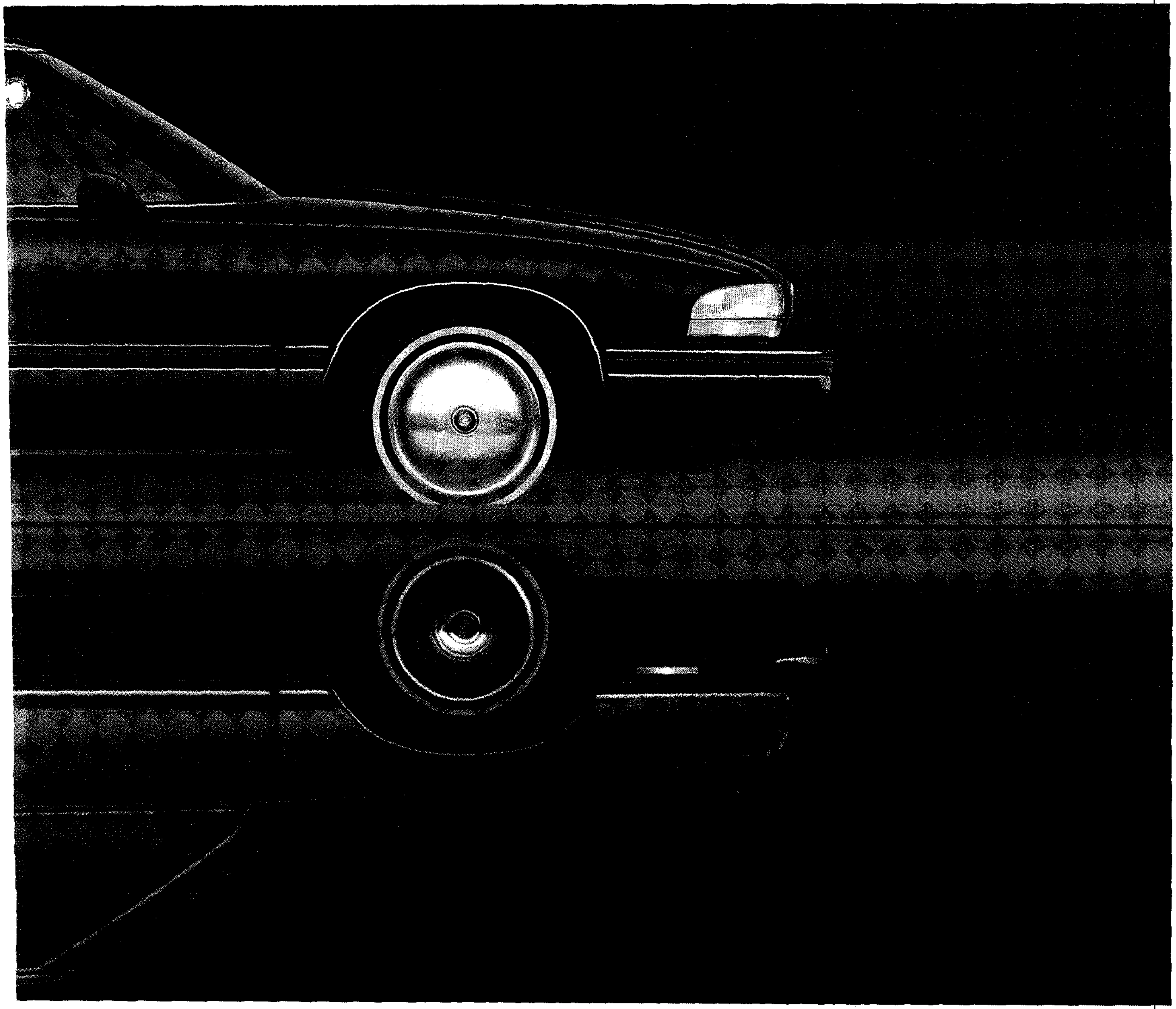

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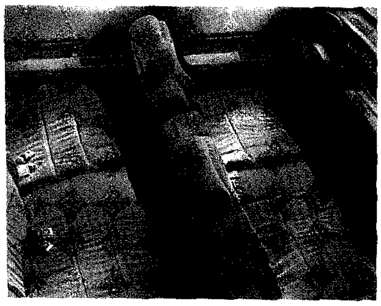

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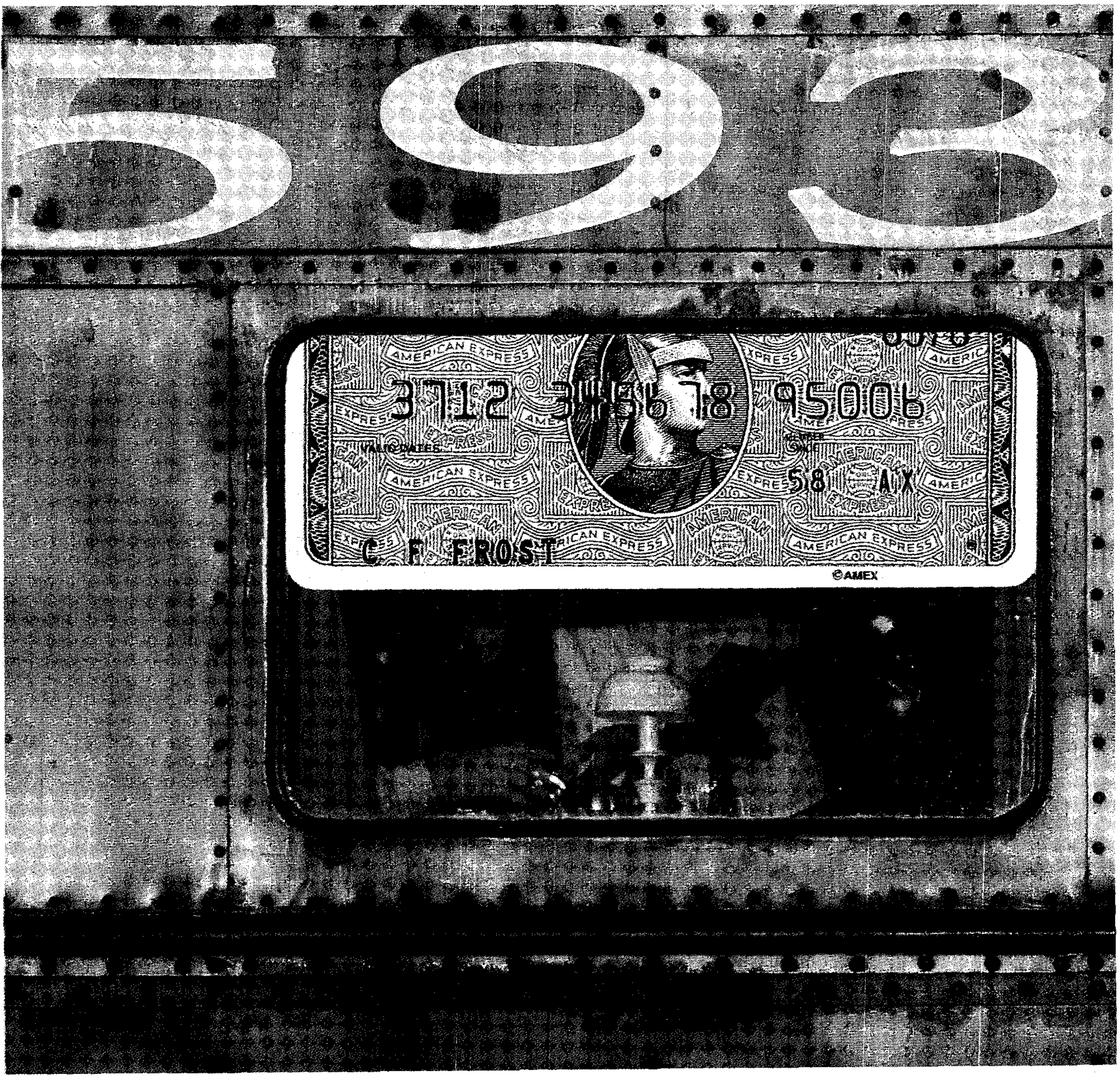
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN in her early twenties writes:

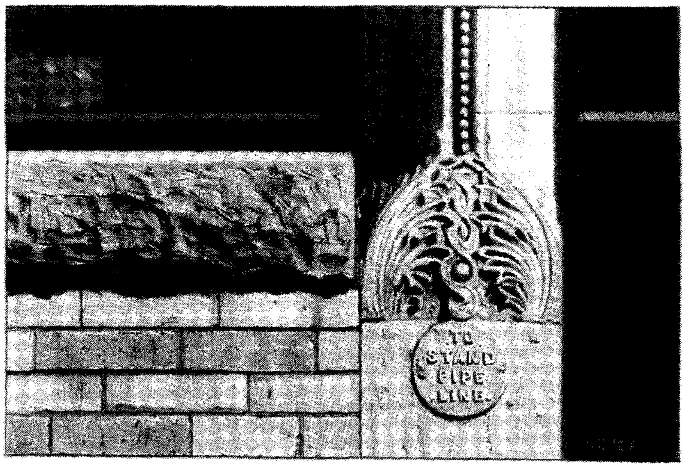
Whatever else feminism may have accomplished, it hasn't got rid of the automotive double standard. In my circle, anyway, the guys always seem to do the driving. But after seeing "Thelma & Louise" my friends Caitlin and Melissa and I decided that it was important for us to drive ourselves down to Washington for the march for reproductive freedom—we didn't need the NOW buses, Amtrak, or the shuttle, or boyfriends to chauffeur us. Only when we had persuaded a friend to lend us the beat-up old hatchback she keeps in her uncle's garage in New Jersey did we realize that we had a problem not uncommon among people who grew up in this city: none of us could drive.

Well, that's not entirely true. I took driver's ed in college, so I know the basics, but I haven't really driven, except in parking lots, for about five years. Caitlin is originally from California, so naturally she *can* drive, but she hasn't driven in ages, because she works on Wall Street and everyone in her firm uses a car service on trips out of town. And although Melissa got her license a year ago, she figures she's only driven about twenty hours in her life. We phoned all our female friends, but everyone with a driver's license seemed to be heading upstate for a conference on multiculturalism. The most discouraging response we got was from a friend who'd gone to the last big pro-choice march, in 1989: she said she wasn't going to bother this time, because with Clarence Thomas on the Supreme Court it seemed pretty hopeless anyway.

Then, on Saturday morning, we found Joy, a friend of a friend of a friend, who said she could and would do the driving. The friend of a friend had met Joy while she was at St. Luke's Hospital for treatment of a near-fatal ectopic pregnancy, and, with that piece of personal history to get us going, the entire car ride turned into a Homeric catalogue of gynecological ills. We talked about yeast infections, urinary-tract infections, menstrual cramps, chlamydia, and inhumane gynecologists, discussing these matters with a lack of reserve that might once have shocked a lot of women. In fact, the four of us agreed that some of what we were talking about during this long car ride was the sort of thing that women must have been bringing up in consciousness-raising groups twenty-five years ago, when these topics were still taboo. "I remember when the idea that you could have an abortion and not be ashamed of it and not feel you'd committed an evil crime was something women had to spend days and months and years working through," an older friend of mine said recently. "That idea used to be a revelation, a life-transforming experience. Now women of your generation assume that the right to an abortion is one you should have. So in a way you are more radical than the earlier feminists, because you start from a more radical position, but you're also less radical, for the same reason." My friends and I reminded ourselves that many of the conversations and the activities we took for granted—many of our *rights*—were the result of progress that the women's movement had made while we were little girls. What's alarming is that in 1992 we have to march not to push things forward but to keep them from going backward.

While we were busy philosophizing, we got through Delaware and into Maryland. All along the interstate, we were heartened to see cars with signs in their back windows saying "Pro-Choice? Follow Us." They made us feel as though we were travelling in a convoy, and that was fortunate, since we'd forgotten to take a map.

Like so many events nowadays, the march itself seemed a little anticlimactic. I think we saw it as a body count more than anything else: the important thing was that more than five hundred thousand people trekked to Washington to say that they considered choice a natural and constitutional right; anything beyond numbers seemed incidental. I, for one, felt a little funny about participating in the chanting and about carrying one of the NARAL placards. It's hard, I think, for some people who came of age in the nineteen-eighties not



to feel self-conscious when they're asked to shout slogans or act visibly outraged. When the protesters yelled "WE . . . WANT . . . CHOICE . . . NOW!" it made me think of the audience shouting at the beginning of "Wheel of Fortune" (you know, "WHEEL . . . OF . . . FORTUNE!").

My friends and I got close to the stage, where the luminaries had gathered, and sat on the grass and listened to the speeches. A lot of what was being said had been said thousands of times before, but Representative Susan Molinari, from Staten Island, spoke impressively about what it's like to be Republican *and* pro-choice, and the folksinger Holly Near made me laugh as she delivered a protest ballad claiming that "we are a gentle angry people." I thought that maybe "gappies" could be coined as a term to describe the disenfranchised youth of the nineties.

If there was any emotion that characterized the group of friends I sat with, however, it was not anger but resentment and disbelief. The United States is the only country where abortion is permitted that has such a large, active, powerful anti-choice movement—a movement that not only challenges the legality of reproductive freedom in various states but also harasses unhappily pregnant women, threatens doctors who perform abortions, and bombs women's health clinics in places where terminating a pregnancy is not restricted by law. Even in France, a predominantly Catholic country, there is little public struggle over abortion rights, and the controversial abortifacient drug RU-486 is readily available. The idea that in 1992, when women could be using their energies to help end the recession, work for world peace, reform the political system, reverse global warming, clean up our polluted rivers, lakes, skies, and oceans, and even raise happy, healthy, life-loving children—the idea that, with so many pressing issues confronting us, we in the United States are fighting about reproductive rights seems preposterous.

By four o'clock, my friends and I were starving and ready to call it a day, but when we got back to where we were parked, naturally the car wouldn't start. Just as we had decided to abandon the old clunker and hitchhike home, a taxi drove by, and the driver offered to take a look under the hood. After some head-scratching, he figured out that it was a carburetor problem, and got the car rolling again. "I guess we didn't manage to make this trip without help from any men," Caitlin said as she got into the back seat. This seemed a sorry note to end on, but, of course, women can't get pregnant *without men, either.*

I spent Sunday night in Washington, visiting friends, but Caitlin, Melissa, and Joy drove back. There was so much traffic that it took them three hours to get to Baltimore, and they didn't arrive in New York City until very early the next morning. They made several stops along the way, and Melissa told me that she felt a thrill when she noticed that every Burger King, every Taco Bell, every gas station was filled with women. The Washington *Post* reported that three-quarters of the marchers had been female. That night, it must have seemed as though there were only women on the road.

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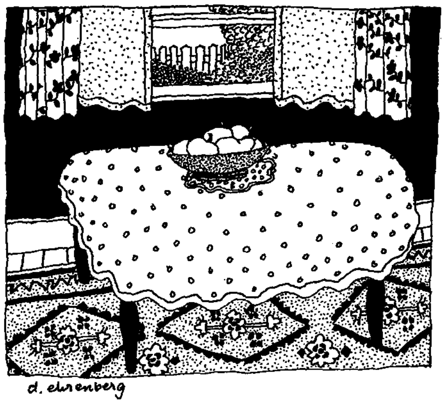
Junket

"I HEAR it's a kind of *burgundy*," the reporter in the Benetton raincoat said to one of the photographers waiting with her on the platform at Penn Station. It was eleven-twenty on a cold Friday morning, and a special train that was supposed to carry Senator Moynihan, Mayor Dinkins, and other local politicians out to the Hell Gate Bridge was supposed to have left ten minutes before. The Senator—so the reporters had all been told, by various briefers—had arranged to get big federal bucks to paint the bridge, and today he and the Mayor would honor the bridge with a joint ceremonial first brushstroke. The gimmick was that an entirely new color—Hell Gate Red!—had been chosen for the bridge by a committee of color experts: Kent Barwick, of the Municipal Art Society; David Childs, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill; Robert Ryman, the minimalist painter; Billie Tsien, an architect; and Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl, from a firm called Donald Kaufman Color. The new color, the press kit said, was a "deep cool red" in "the family of red colors historically associated with railroads," and would "immediately distinguish the Hell Gate Bridge from the city's automobile bridges." It would "complement the greens and blues of the landscape, adding to the richness of the scene," and would also disguise any rust that developed on the bridge. Beyond the clump of reporters, and close to the humming train, a group of terrifyingly well-scrubbed student-council-president types were waiting: the Senator's staff. "We're really *excited* about this event," they would announce to any reporter who happened to walk by. A solitary security man, with a discreet corkscrew cable passing from his ear to the inside of his coat, stood off by himself, muttering into a walkie-talkie.



"The Mayor's coming," the security man declared. A few moments later, a flurry of men in overcoats crowded down the steps to the platform. The Mayor, behind them, had on a shirt and tie under a satin warmup jacket. He greeted the reporters and photographers with a wary, exhausted smile. Senator Moynihan followed, surrounded by *his* flurry of overcoats. Alongside him were his wife, Elizabeth, and Queens Borough President Claire Shulman.

The official party crowded onto the train. The Mayor, Ms. Shulman, City Council Speaker Peter Vallone, and Senator Moynihan sat in four facing seats. They bent their heads toward each other, and, while cameras snapped, each said something and then watched as the others bounced back in laughter. Mrs. Moynihan was sitting a few rows behind, with a couple of reporters standing behind her.

"Well, bridges. You know there's nothing more universal than a love of bridges," an aide said, trying to lend a cheery, Greatest City on Earth air to the occasion.

Mrs. Moynihan looked up and said,

"Well, not really. In India, for instance, there was only an indigenous tradition of fords until well into the nineteenth century." (The Moynihans lived in India for two years when he was our ambassador.) The reporters were holding their pencils poised above their notebooks. "As you know," she went on, "that's in part because of the monsoon—the great floods that deluge the Ganges, in particular, every year. But it's also because the first bridges were built by the British in the nineteenth century, by corps of Scottish engineers. Until then, the Indians were still finding fords, in a tradition that can be traced back to Alexander. I've often thought that this was because the Indians didn't have a *true* arch. Classical Indian architecture is full of arch *forms*, but they're based on bent-bamboo construction, and aren't true constructed keystone arches."

The reporters looked at her, dully. "Can you believe how slowly this train's moving?" one said to another. "I've never been on such a slow train."

There was movement in the official seats. Peter Vallone stood up and explained that the train was going to stop for a very brief ceremony on the bridge; that he wanted to thank the Kaufman firm for its help in finding the new color; that Senator Moynihan alone had made it all possible; that a bigwig from the Federal Railroad Administration, which was paying for the bridge painting, had also come along but unfortunately hadn't brought the money, in the form of small unmarked bills in a large bag (a pause for laughter: there wasn't any); and that he was now going to introduce the Mayor. The Mayor introduced Ms. Shulman, and then said that he was glad to be painting the bridge today, but that most of the credit should go to Senator Moynihan. Finally, after about fifteen minutes of inchworm progress, the train arrived on the bridge, and everybody piled out. The reporters at first strode in a pack all over the bridge, but then began to realize that the surface of the walkway was peppered with vast, gaping fissures. Somebody kicked a piece of the ballast through one, and everybody watched it fall into the river. The Mayor walked over, stared down through the hole, and said, "I assure you that if you drop . . ." He held up a hand. The reporters and photographers, edging away from the immense hole, brightened at the comforting thought of helicopter rescue. "If you drop," the Mayor went on, "I assure you that one of your colleagues will snap you with glee all the way down." For a moment, the Mayor rose to impersonation—of a tabloid photographer alight with pleasure as he watches his best friend fall into the river.

A couple of the men in overcoats brought out paint cans and rollers for the Mayor and the Senator, and, with maximum jocosity, they began simultaneously painting the bridge.

A dead silence fell over the reporters and photographers. "That looks like a very different color from the swatch," someone finally said.

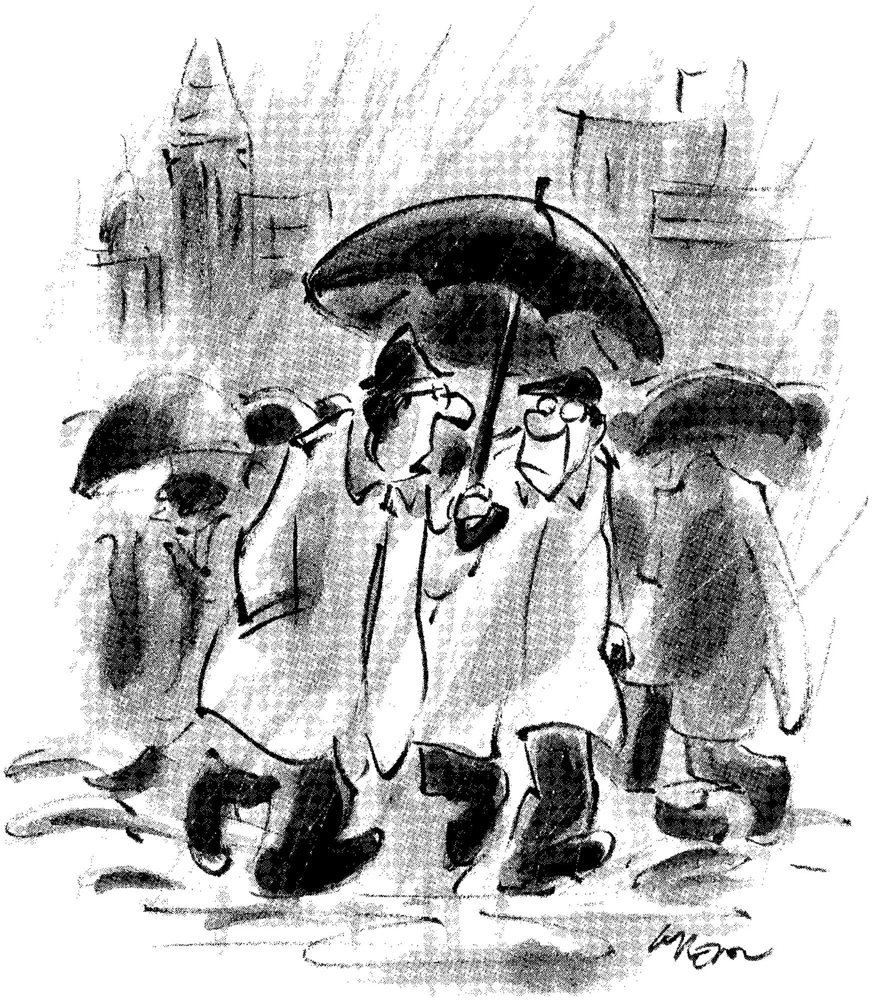
"I wouldn't call that a deep red," another said, looking to his colleagues for confirmation. "I'd call that a—well, sort of a vermilion?"

"It's *pink*," one said at last, decisively. "They're painting the damn bridge *pink*."

A reporter approached the Senator, who was having his picture taken with the president of the Astoria Greek-American Home Owners association. "Uh, Senator, a lot of people are concerned that this color is, uh, too bright," he said.

Senator Moynihan unhooked himself from the Greek Astorian and looked up. "My God, you're right!" he said. "Let's find the color man and get the facts."

"No, Senator, I promise you—that will dry beautifully," Mr. Barwick said. "It's just a question of applying a lot of coats." The Senator nodded at the reporter as if to say, "Sound O.K.?" The reporter nodded back. Then the color man lowered his voice and told the reporter, "You see, that's not quite the actual Hell Gate Red! We had to



"In these cynical times, it's touching to see how Edward Teller has maintained his faith in the H-bomb."

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use a latex paint for this ceremony, because if we had used a real bridge paint the fumes would have knocked out half the Democratic leadership of the city. But the pigment is about right, and, with the proper base, it will look—dignified."

Judy Heaven

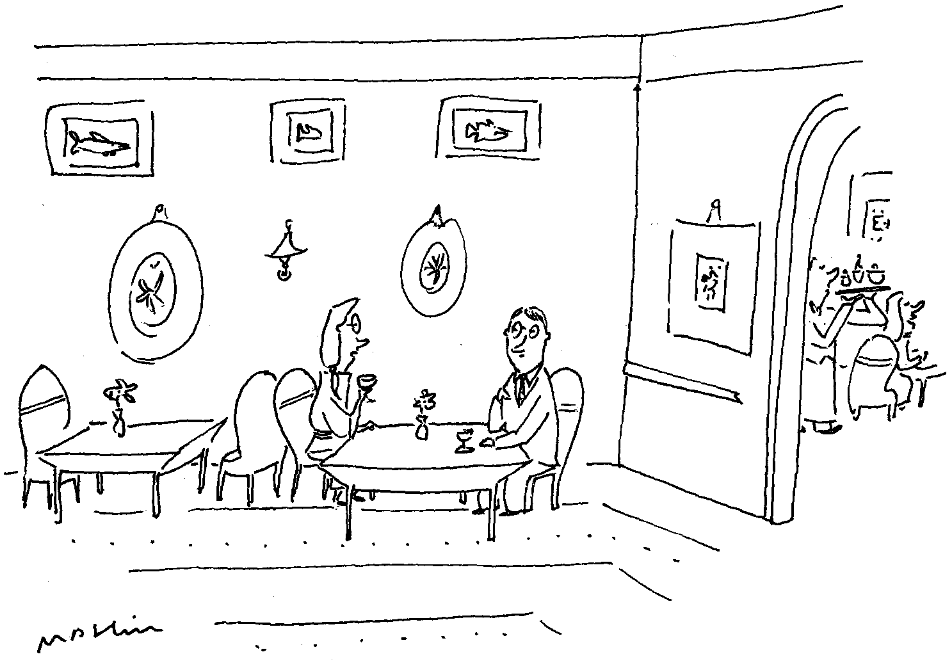
IF you're like most people, you probably couldn't tell us right off the bat where Judy Garland was and what she was doing on, say, January 24, 1964. And the blank expression on your face would freeze solid if we went on to ask you what Judy Garland was wearing that day and who designed it. Relax. As of now, you're off the hook, and you can thank John Fricke and Michael Benson. Mr. Fricke and Mr. Benson are serious collectors of the effects and ephemera of Garland's career, and between them they've got the five "w"s covered: who, what, when, where, and wardrobe. About two years ago, they joined forces and approached the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts with the idea of putting on an exhibition to celebrate what would have been Judy Garland's seventieth birthday, on June 10th of this year. (This is a birthday that Garland herself did not come close to celebrating; when she died, in 1969, she was forty-seven years old.) The show opened a few weeks ago, in the library's Amsterdam Gallery, with a party that drew Garland admirers and collectors from all over the country—many of whom had been persuaded to part with their own Judyana for the two and a half months the show will run—and several performers who had rubbed shoulders with the legendary Miss G.

At the party, Michael Benson was zipping around the room, saying hello to friends and pointing out some of his favorite costumes. There were twenty-two costumes on display (and a couple of pairs of shoes, but no ruby slippers) from Garland's movie days and her later concert and television career, including a brown suit she wore when she rehearsed with Fred Astaire in "Easter Parade" and the off-white winter coat she had on when Tom Drake (the boy next door, whom she could not ignore) proposed to her in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Quite a few of them belonged to Mr. Benson. He told us he had bought his first Garland costume—a short-sleeved cotton dress that was made for Judy to wear in "Everybody Sing"—eight years ago, when he was twenty-five. "I'd gone to an auction at Christie's with a friend of mine who collects Hedy Lamarr, and when this dress came up I thought, You love her—why *not* buy it?" But his feeling for Garland had started long before that. "I can remember being five and glued to the TV," he said. What was he watching? "I'll tell you, it was not 'The Wizard of Oz.' A few weeks after President Kennedy was shot, she came out and closed her TV show with the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' She sang magnificently. She got a standing ovation, and tears were streaming down her face. That's what turned me on to Judy Garland."

Garland's birth certificate was posted just inside the entrance to the gallery, and from there Mr. Benson took us on a quick tour of the costumes, starting with the cotton dress and ending with the high-wattage outfits that Garland favored in the sixties. One display case was lit from within by three sequinned pants suits—a red one, a white one, and an orange-and-green paisley one—and another case held the beaded jacket she wore when she sang at Carnegie Hall in 1961. The bead-and-sequin industry got a further boost from Garland's 1963-64 television series. Mr. Benson showed us an elegant white cowl top embroidered with gold beads, which was designed by Ray Aghayan with the assistance of Bob Mackie, and which Garland wore during the taping of her twentieth television show, at the CBS studios in Hollywood, on—here it comes—January 24, 1964.

Across the room, a video monitor was showing film clips in which Garland was wearing the clothes on display. A dozen people stood and watched "Broadway Rhythm," which is the finale of "Presenting Lily Mars." It's a big production number that has Garland, looking lovely in an upswept hairdo and thousand-inch heels and long black gloves and a sparkling black tulle dress, dancing over every available inch of a huge Deco stage. (In the Amsterdam Gallery, the dress was being worn by a mannequin standing ten feet away.) The camera moves in for a closeup as she belts out the final note and characteristically sweeps one arm way up over her head. When the number ended, several people shook their heads in awe. Just then, a woman Mr. Benson recognized walked by, and he reached out and tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "Hi! Is this Judy heaven, or what?"

Posters from many of Garland's M-G-M movies and other memorabilia lined the walls, and they were being examined closely by the crowd. A photograph from 1937 showed Clark Gable hugging the fourteen-year-old Judy at his birthday party after she sang "Dear Mr. Gable, You Made



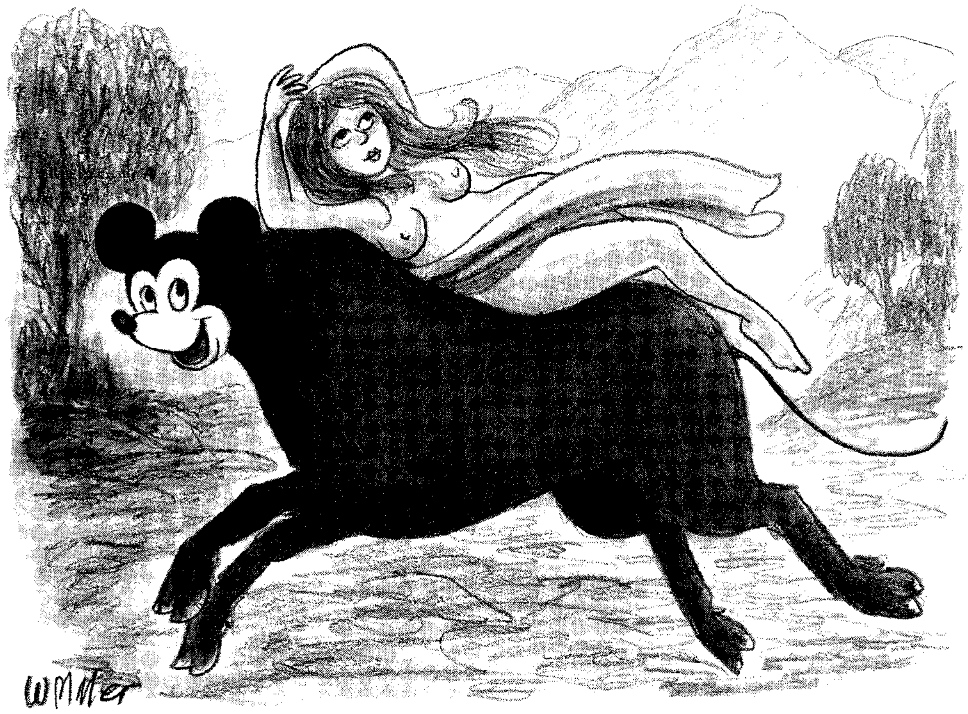
"How long was your first term as husband?"

Me Love You" to him. There was a 1938 letter signed by Judy authorizing General Foods to use her name and likeness with the words "Nothing drives away that tired, strained feeling like a cup of Maxwell House" in advertising its product. A woman standing near the Oscar that Harold Arlen won for "Over the Rainbow" was pointing to a small figure in a photo spread about "The Wizard of Oz" from a 1939 issue of *Life*. A television camera was trained on the woman, and she looked into the camera and said, "This one—this member of the Lollipop Guild is my *cousin.*" The magazine had come out several months before the movie, and the captions seemed to have been written by junior State Department officials who had been sent ahead to check out the situation in Oz. Under a picture of Dorothy and her pals was this dispatch: "In poppy field near Emerald City, quartet is doped by bad witch, who later uses flying monkeys. She dislikes Wizard intensely, is a bad influence on the countryside generally."

Eddie Bracken, who was in Garland's last M-G-M film, "Summer Stock," was among the guests, and he was easy to find. He has wavy white hair, bright-blue eyes, an Eddie Bracken nose, and a crackly voice that instantly called up images from the Preston Sturges movies he made fifty years ago. It has been said that Garland loved working with him, because he made her laugh. "Yes, that's true, and I never knew why," he told us. "I guess she just thought I had a funny face. I used to play practical jokes on her—April Fool's Day was murder. I could make Judy laugh at the drop of a hat, and I never wore a hat. She was wonderful. I love her to this day."

In an auditorium near the exhibit, the guests gathered to hear reminiscences of Garland from Mr. Bracken, Carleton Carpenter (he had a bit part in "Summer Stock"), and Elaine Stritch, who told affectionate, down-to-earth stories about her friend. More movie clips were shown—each song got a round of applause—and afterward John Fricke stood outside the auditorium and talked to fellow-fans. He was bursting with enthusiasm as he said to one of them, "She knocked me sideways when I was five. I think she's the total personification of everything that's joyous, positive, and ongoing." We asked him what had triggered his interest in Judy Garland's career. "The first thing was 'The Wizard of Oz,'" he said. "And my parents were Garland fans. They loved her. Whenever there was a movie of hers on TV late at night in Milwaukee, they would put me to bed at seven-thirty and wake me up at ten-thirty to see the movie. I admired her so much that I was interested in the facts behind her career. You know, she got reviews when she was twelve—this was before M-G-M—that said things like 'This is what Bernhardt must have been like at this age.' When you find out about Judy Garland, you find out about the history of American popular music in this century, from Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker all the way up to Barbra Streisand. And when you talk to people who worked with her you find out that so many of them consider that the high point of their professional lives." Mr. Fricke, who is forty-one, said that he began saving clippings about Judy Garland when he was eight or nine, and he now has tens of thousands of documents, which amount to an archeological record of Garland's career: scripts, scores, posters, photographs, sheet music, repertoire lists, concert schedules, theatre programs, reviews. Some of them were on display in the gallery, and many more will appear this fall in a book Mr. Fricke has written, called "Judy Garland: World's Greatest Entertainer," which will also contain four hundred previously unpublished photographs.

We talked to Mr. Fricke again a few days later, and he told us that he, too, makes his living as an entertainer, singing mostly in night clubs and on cruise ships. He had put his career on hold for several years in order to work on a big book about "The Wizard of Oz," which came out in 1989, and to put the Garland book together, and now, he said, he was "hoping to go back to being the oldest living boy singer in America." We said he sounded like one of those destined-for-show-business people you occasionally read about, who started subscribing to *Variety* when they were still in elementary school. "I didn't subscribe, but I used to look at it in the Milwaukee library," he said. "Everyone else my age was asking for 'Curious George,' and the librarians didn't quite know what to make of me. When I watched the Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney movies, I noticed that the credits would say 'Story by So-and-So.' I thought that meant that the movie was from a *book*, so I'd say to the librarian, 'I want to read books about people who get together and put on a show.'"



THE RAPE OF EUROPA

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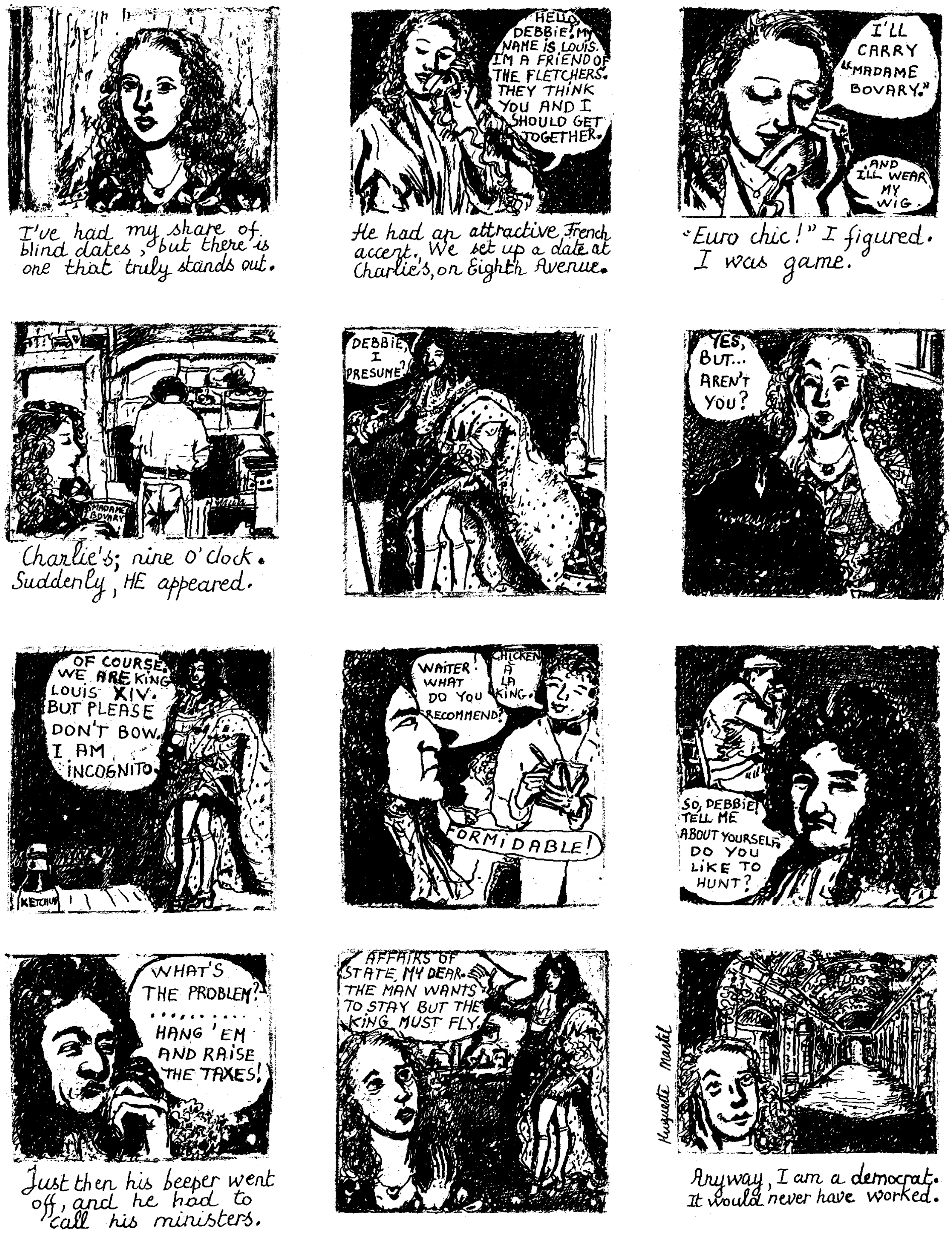
Blind Date


I've had my share of blind dates, but there is one that truly stands out.
HELLO, DEBBIE, MY NAME IS LOUIS. I'M A FRIEND OF THE FLETCHERS. THEY THINK YOU AND I SHOULD GET TOGETHER.
He had an attractive French accent. We set up a date at Charlie's, on Eighth Avenue.
I'LL CARRY "MADAME BOVARY."
AND I'LL WEAR MY WIG.
"Euro chic!" I figured. I was game.
MADAME BOVARY
Charlie's; nine O'clock. Suddenly, HE appeared.
DEBBIE, I PRESUME?
YES, BUT... AREN'T YOU?
OF COURSE. WE ARE KING LOUIS XIV. BUT PLEASE DON'T BOW. I AM INCOGNITO.
KETCHUP
WAITER. WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
CHICKEN A LA KING.
FORMIDABLE!
SO, DEBBIE, TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF. DO YOU LIKE TO HUNT?
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? .... HANG 'EM AND RAISE THE TAXES!
Just then his beeper went off, and he had to call his ministers.
AFFAIRS OF STATE, MY DEAR. THE MAN WANTS TO STAY BUT THE KING MUST FLY.
Huguette Martel
Anyway, I am a democrat. It would never have worked.

A WILDERNESS STATION

Miss Margaret Cresswell, Matron, House of Industry, Toronto, to Mr. Simon Herron, North Huron, January 15, 1852.

Since your letter is accompanied by an endorsement from your minister, I am happy to reply. Requests of your sort are made to us frequently, but unless we have such an endorsement we cannot trust that they are made in good faith.

We do not have any girl at the Home who is of marriageable age, since we send our girls out to make a living usually around the age of fourteen or fifteen, but we do keep track of them for some years or usually until they are married. In cases such as yours we sometimes recommend one of these girls and will arrange a meeting, and then of course it is up to the two parties involved to see if they are suited.

There are two girls eighteen years of age that we are still in touch with. Both are apprenticed to a milliner and are good seamstresses, but a marriage to a likely man would probably be preferred to a lifetime of such work. Further than that cannot be said, it must be left to the girl herself and of course to your liking for her, or the opposite.

The two girls are a Miss Sadie Johnstone and a Miss Annie McKillop. Both were born legitimately of Christian parents and were placed in the Home due to parental deaths. Drunkenness or immorality was not a factor. In Miss Johnstone's case there is however the factor of consumption, and though she is the prettier of the two and a plump rosy girl, I feel I must warn you that perhaps she is not suited to the hard work of a life in the bush. The other girl, Miss McKillop, is of a more durable constitution though of leaner frame and not so good a complexion. She has a waywardness about one eye but it does not interfere with her vision and her sewing is excellent. The darkness of her eyes and hair and brown tinge of her skin is no indication of mixed blood, as both parents were from Fife. She is a hardy girl and I think would be suited to such a life as you can offer, being also free from the silly timidness we often see in girls of her age. I will speak to her and acquaint her with the idea and will await your letter as to when you propose to meet her.

Carstairs *Argus*, Fiftieth Anniversary Edition, February 3, 1907. Recollections of Mr. George Herron.

On the first day of September, 1851, my brother Simon and I got a box of bedclothes and household utensils together and put them in a wagon with a horse to pull it, and set out from Halton County to try our fortunes in the wilds of Huron and Bruce, as wilds they were then thought to be. The goods were from Archie Frame that Simon worked for, and counted as part of his wages. Likewise we had to rent the horse off him, and his boy that was about my age came along to take it and the wagon back.

It ought to be said in the beginning that my brother and I were left alone, our father first and then our mother dying of fever within five weeks of landing in this country, when I was three years old and Simon eight. Simon was put to work for Archie Frame that was our mother's cousin, and I was taken on by the schoolteacher and his wife that had no child of their own. This was in Halton, and I would have been content to go on living there but Simon being only a few miles away continued to visit and say that as soon as we were old enough we would go and take up land and be on our own, not working for others, as this was what our father had intended. Archie Frame never sent Simon to school as I was sent, so Simon was always bound to get away. When I had come to be fourteen years of age and a husky lad, as was my brother, he said we should go and take up Crown land north of the Huron Tract.

We only got as far as Preston on the first day as the roads were rough and bad across Nassagaweya and Puslinch. Next day we got to Shakespeare and the third afternoon to Stratford. The roads were always getting worse as we came west, so we thought best to get our box sent on to Clinton by the stage. But the stage had quit running due to rains, and they were waiting till the roads froze up, so we told Archie Frame's boy to turn about and return with horse and cart and goods back to Halton. Then we took our axes on our shoulders, and walked to Carstairs.

Hardly a soul was there before us. Carstairs was just under way, with a rough building that was store and inn combined, and there was a German named Roem building a sawmill. One man who got there before us and already had a fair-sized cabin built was Henry Treece, who afterwards became my father-in-law.

We got ourselves boarded at the inn where we slept on the bare floor with one blanket or quilt between us. Winter was coming early with cold rains and everything damp, but we were expecting hardship or at least Simon was. I came from a softer place. He said we must put up with it so I did.

We began to underbrush a road to our piece of land and then we got it marked out and cut the logs for our shanty and big scoops to roof it. We were able to borrow an ox from Henry Treece to draw the logs. But Simon was not of a mind to borrow or depend on anybody. He was minded to try raising the shanty ourselves, but when we saw we could not do it I made my way to the Treeces' place and with Henry and two of his sons and a fellow from the mill it was accomplished. We started next day to fill up the cracks between the logs with mud and we got some hemlock branches so we would not be out money anymore for staying at the inn but could sleep in our own place. We had a big slab of elm for the door. My brother had heard from some French-Canadian fellows that were at Archie Frame's that in the lumber camps the fire was always in the middle of the shanty. So he said that was the way we should have ours, and we got four posts and were building the chimney on them, house-fashion, intending to plaster it with mud inside and out. We went to our hemlock bed with a good fire going but waking in the middle of the night we saw our lumber was all ablaze and the scoops burning away briskly also. We tore down the chimney and the scoops being green basswood were not hard to put out. As soon as it came day we started to build the chimney in the ordinary way in the end of the house and I thought it best not to make any remark.

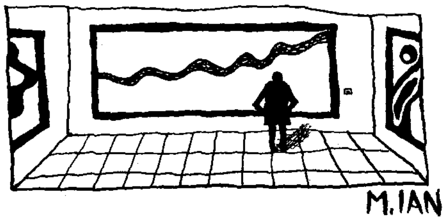
After the small trees and brush was cleared out a bit we set to chopping down the big trees. We cut down a big ash and split it into slabs for our floor. Still our box had not come which was to be shipped from Halton, so Henry Treece sent us a very large and comfortable bearskin for our cover in bed but my brother would not take the favour and sent it back saying no need. Then after several weeks we got our box and had to ask for the ox to bring it on from Clinton, but my brother said that is the last we will need to ask, of any person's help.

We walked to Walley and brought back flour and salt fish on our backs. A man rowed us across the river at Manchester for a steep price. There were no bridges then, and all that winter not a good enough freeze to make it easy going over the rivers.

Around Christmastime my brother said to me that he thought we had the place in good enough shape now for him to be bringing in a wife, so we should have somebody to cook and do for us and milk a cow when we could afford one. This was the first I had heard of any wife and I said that I did not know he was acquainted with anybody. He said he was not but he had heard that you could write to the Orphanage Home and ask if they had a girl there that was willing to think about the prospect and that they would recommend, and if so he would go and see her. He wanted one between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, healthy and not afraid of work and raised in the Orphanage, not taken in lately, so that she would not be expecting any luxuries or to be waited on and would not be recalling about when things were easier for her. I do not doubt that to those hearing about this nowadays it seems a strange way to go about things. It was not that my brother could not have gone courting and got a wife on his own, because he was a good-looking fellow, but he did not have the time or the money or inclination, his mind was all occupied with establishing our holding. And if a girl had parents they would probably not want her to go far away where there was little in comforts and so much work.

That it was a respectable way of doing things is shown by the fact that the minister Mr. McBain, who was lately come into the district, helped Simon to write the letter and sent word on his own to vouch for him.

So a letter came back that there was a girl that might fit the bill and Simon went off to Toronto and got her. Her name was Annie but her maiden name I have forgotten. They had to ford the streams in Hullet and trudge through deep soft snow after leaving the stage in Clinton, and when they got back she was worn out and very surprised at what she saw, since she said she had never imagined so much bush. She had in her box some sheets and pots and dishes that ladies had given her and that made the place more comfortable.



Early in April my brother and I went out to chop down some trees in the bush at the farthest corner of our property. While Simon was away to get married I had done some chopping in the other direction towards Treece's, but Simon wanted to get all our boundaries cut clear around and not to go on chopping where I had been. The day started out mild and there was still a lot of soft snow in the bush. We were chopping down a tree where Simon wanted, and in some way, I cannot say how, a branch of it came crashing down where we didn't expect. We just heard the little branches cracking where it fell and looked up to see it and it hit Simon on the head and killed him instantly.

I had to drag his body back then to the shanty through the snow. He was a tall fellow, though not fleshy, and it was an awkward task and greatly wearying. It had got colder by this time and when I got to the clearing I saw snow on the wind like the start of a

THE FRAGILITY OF HEAVY MACHINERY

They don't love
what live things do, not the blue drain
of veins, not the swell of lungs, certainly not

the slide of balls
in sockets, that slick
organic superiority. All this time,

they've been eying our particular kind
of flexibility as they go on drilling
and driving piles, wondering

at our lack of sensitivity. Look at the belly
of a jet sometime and see how thin,
how far, the skin's

been stretched, look at a crane's
bent arm, hold in your hand the cripple
of a stripped screw. None of these things

know what to do. No matter what they say, banging
their anger, sighing with that high whine, shrieking
fatigue, all we hear

is noise, all we see is something
serving. The occasional accident we put down
to human error, while all the while

they stare back smiling
from the wreckage, knowing
what we made them for.

—Caroline Fraser

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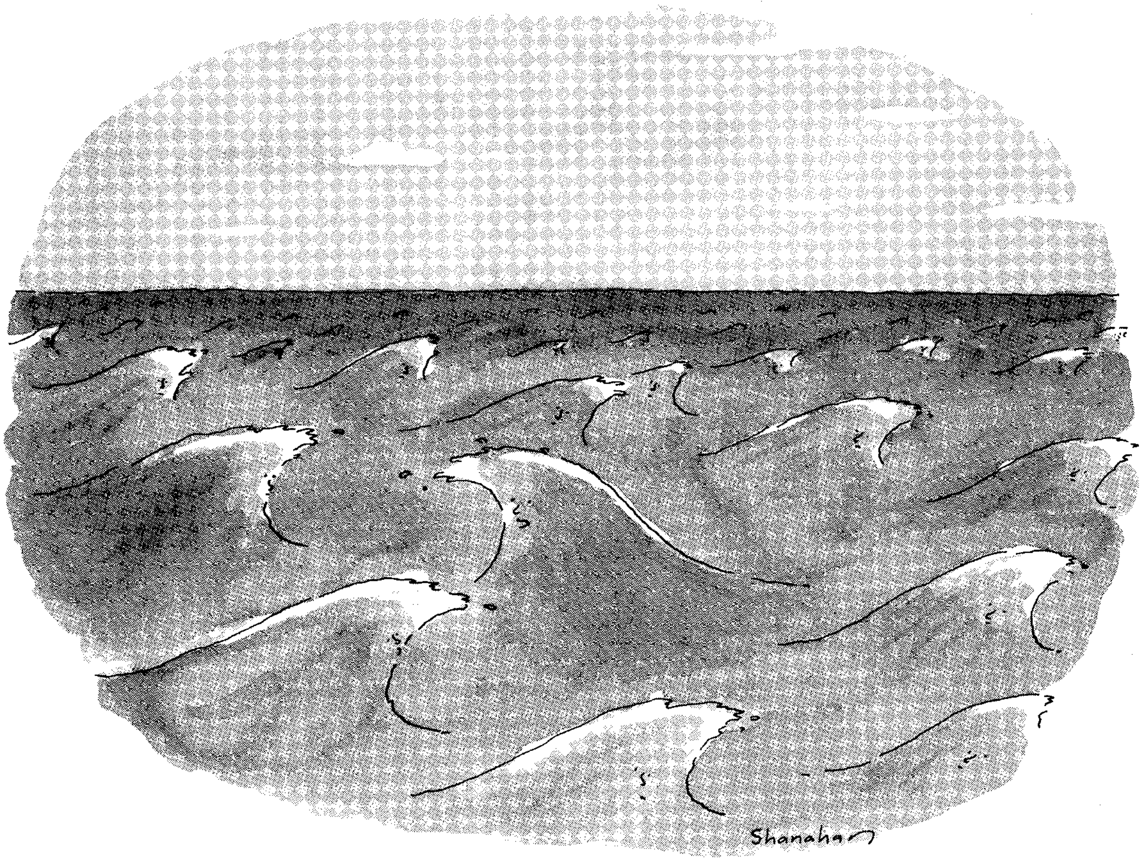


"I gotta be me!"

• •

storm. Our footsteps were filled in that we had made earlier. By this time, Simon was all covered with snow that did not melt on him, and his wife coming to the door was greatly puzzled, thinking that I was dragging along a log.

In the shanty Annie washed him off and we sat still awhile not knowing what we should do. The preacher was at the inn as there was no church or house for him yet and the inn was only about four miles away, but the storm had come up very fierce so you could not even see the trees at the edge of the clearing. It had the look of a storm that would last two or three days, the wind being from the northwest. We knew we could not keep the body in the shanty and we could not set it out in the snow fearing the bobcats would get at it, so we had to set to work and bury him. The ground was not frozen under the snow so I dug out a grave near the shanty and Annie sewed him in a sheet and we laid him in his grave, not staying long in the wind but saying the Lord's Prayer and reading one Psalm out of the Bible. I am not sure which one but I remember it was near the end of the Book of Psalms and it was very short.

This was the third day of April, 1852.

That was our last snow of the year, and later the minister came and said the service and I put up a wooden marker. Later on we got our plot in the cemetery and put his stone there but he is not under it as it is a foolish useless thing in my opinion to cart a man's bones from one place to another when it is only bones and his soul has gone on to Judgment.

I was left to chop and clear by myself and soon I began to work side by side with the Treeces, who treated me with the greatest kindness. We worked all together on my land or their land, not minding if it was the one or the other. I started to take my meals and even to sleep at their place and got to know their daughter Jenny who was about of my age, and we made our plans to marry, which we did in due course. Our life together was a long one with many hardships but we were fortunate in the end and raised eight children. I have seen my sons take over my wife's father's land as well as my own since my two brothers-in-law went away and did well for themselves in the West.

My brother's wife did not continue in this place but went her own way to Walley.

Now there are gravel roads running north, south, east, and west and a railway not a half mile from my farm. Except for woodlots the bush is a thing of the past and I often think of the trees I have cut down and if I had them to cut down today I would be a wealthy man.

THE REVEREND WALTER MCBAIN, Minister of the Free Presbyterian Church of North Huron, to Mr. James Mullen, Clerk of the Peace, Walley, United Counties of Huron and Bruce, September 10, 1852.

I write to inform you, sir, of the probable arrival in your town of a young woman of this district, by the name of Annie Herron, a widow and one of my congregation. This young person has left her home here in the vicinity of Carstairs in Holloway Township, I believe she intends to walk to Walley. She may appear at the Gaol there seeking to be admitted, so I think it my duty to tell you who and what she is and her history here since I have known her.

I came to this area in November of last year, being the first minister of any kind to venture. My parish is as yet mostly bush, and there is nowhere for me to lodge but at the Carstairs Inn. I was born in the west of Scotland and came to this country under the auspices of the Glasgow Mission. After applying to know God's will, I was directed by Him to go to preach wherever was most need of a minister. I tell you this so you may know what *sort I am that bring you my account* and my view of the affairs of this woman.

She came here late last winter as the bride of the young man Simon Herron. He had written on my advice to the House of Industry in Toronto that they might recommend to him a Christian, preferably Presbyterian, female suitable to his needs, and she was the one recommended. He married her straightaway and brought her here to the shanty he had built with his brother. These two young lads had come into the country to clear themselves a piece of land and get possession of it, being themselves orphans and without expectations. They were about this work one day at the end of winter when an accident befell. A branch was loosed while chopping down a tree and fell upon the elder brother so as to cause instant death. The younger lad succeeded in getting the body back to the shanty and since they were held prisoner by a heavy snowstorm they conducted their own funeral and burial.

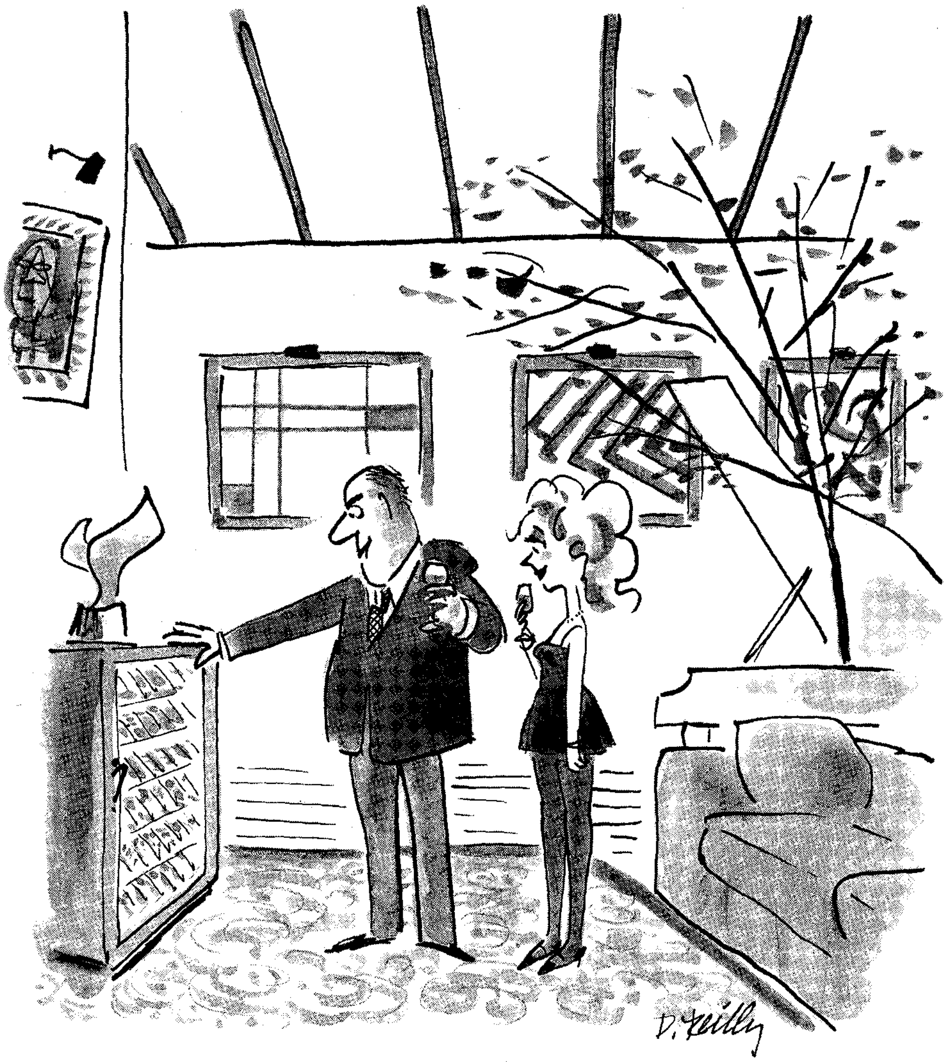
The Lord is strict in His mercies and we are bound to receive His blows as signs of His care and goodness for so they will prove to be.

Deprived of his brother's help the lad found a place in a neighbouring family, also members in good standing of my congregation, who have accepted him as a son, though he still works for title to his own land. This family would have taken in the young widow as well, but she would have nothing to do with their offer and seemed to develop an aversion to everyone who would help her. Particularly she seemed so towards her brother-in-law, who said that he had never had the least quarrel with her, and towards myself. When I talked to her she would not give any answer or sign that her soul was coming into submission. It is a fault of mine that I am not well equipped to talk to women. I have not the ease to win their trust. Their stubbornness is of another kind than a man's.

She stopped appearing at services, and the deterioration of her property showed the state of her mind and spirit. She would not plant peas and potatoes though they were given to her to grow among the stumps. She did not chop down the wild vines around her door. Most often she did not light a fire so she could have oatcake or porridge. Her brother-in-law being removed, there was no order imposed on her days. When I visited her the door was open and it was evident that animals came and went in her house. If she was there she hid herself, to mock me. Those who caught sight of her said that her clothing was filthy and torn from scrambling about in the bushes, and she was scratched by thorns and bitten by the mosquito insects and let her hair go uncombed and unplaited. I believe she lived on salt fish and bannock that the neighbours or her brother-in-law left for her.

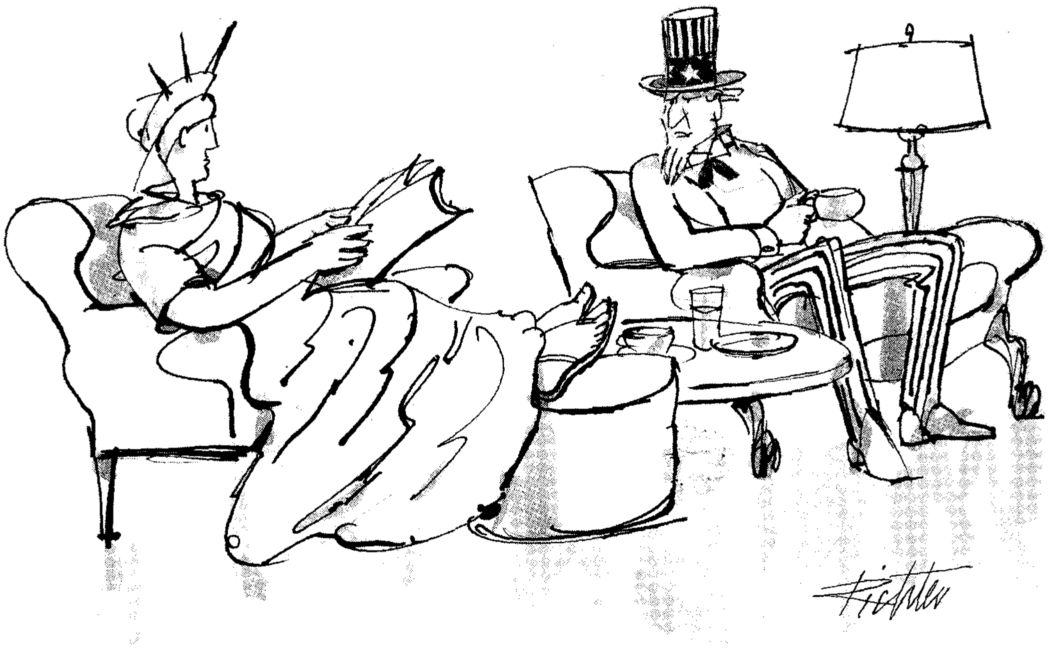
Then while I was still puzzling how I might find a way to protect her body through the winter and deal with the more important danger to her soul, there comes word she is gone. She left the door open and went away without cloak or bonnet and wrote on the shanty floor with a burnt stick the two words: Walley, Gaol. I take this to mean she intends to go there and turn herself in. Her brother-in-law thinks it would be no use for him to go after her because of her unfriendly attitude to himself, and I cannot set out because of a deathbed I am attending. I ask you therefore to let me know if she has arrived and in what state and how you will deal with her. I consider her still as a soul in my charge, and I will try to visit her before winter if you keep her there. She is a child of the Free Church and the Covenant and as such she is entitled to a minister of her own faith and you must not think it sufficient that some priest of the Church of England or Baptist or Methodist be sent to her.

In case she should not come to the Gaol but wander in the streets, I ought to tell you that she is dark-haired and tall, meagre in body, not comely but not ill-favoured except



"And in this climate-controlled cabinet I keep my collection of vintage Good & Plentys, Black Crows, Dots, Jujyfruits, Raisinets, and Goldenberg's Peanut Chews."

having one eye that goes to the side.



"I have to get something off my chest—I don't know the words to the second verse of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

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MR. JAMES MULLEN, Clerk of the Peace, Walley, to the Reverend Walter McBain, Carstairs, North Huron, September 30, 1852.

Your letter to me arrived most timely and appreciated, concerning the young woman Annie Herron. She completed her journey to Walley unharmed and with no serious damage though she was weak and hungry when she presented herself at the Gaol. On its being inquired what she did there, she said that she came to confess to a murder, and to be locked up. There was consultation round and about, I was sent for, and it being near to midnight, I agreed that she should spend the night in a cell. The next day I visited her and got all particulars I could.

Her story of being brought up in the Orphanage, her apprenticeship to a milliner, her marriage, and her coming to North Huron all accords pretty well with what you have told me. Events in her account begin to differ only with her husband's death. In that matter what she says is this:

On the day in early April when her husband and his brother went out to chop trees, she was told to provide them with food for their midday meal, and since she had not got it ready when they wanted to leave, she agreed to take it to them in the woods. Consequently she baked up some oatcakes and took some salt fish and followed their tracks and found them at work some distance away. But when her husband unwrapped his food he was very offended, because she had wrapped it in a way that the salty oil from the fish had soaked into the cakes, and they were all crumbled and unpleasant to eat. In his disappointment he became enraged and promised her a beating when he was more at leisure to do it. He then turned his back on her, being seated on a log, and she picked up a rock and threw it at him, hitting him on the head so that he fell down unconscious and in fact dead. She and his brother then carried and dragged the body back to the house. By that time a blizzard had come up and they were imprisoned within. The brother said that they should not reveal the truth as she had not intended murder, and she agreed. They then buried him—her story agreeing again with yours—and that might have been the end of it, but she became more and more troubled, convinced that she had surely been intending to kill him. If she had not killed him, she says, it would only have meant a worse beating, and why should she have risked that? So she decided at last upon confession and as if to prove something handed me a lock of hair stiffened with blood.

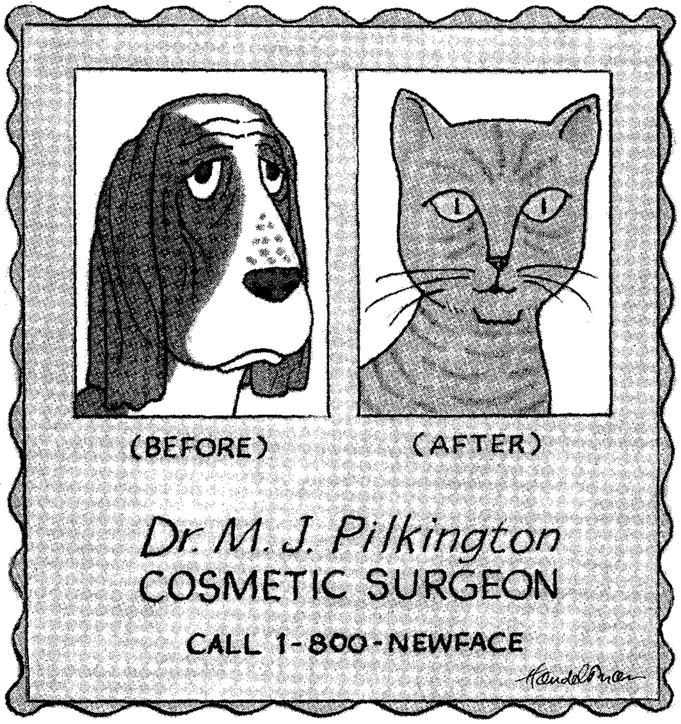
This is her tale, and I do not believe it for a minute. No rock that this girl could pick up, combined with the force that she could summon to throw it, would serve to kill a man. I questioned her about this, and she changed her story, saying that it was a large rock that she had picked up in both hands and that she had not thrown it but smashed it down on his head from behind. I said why did not the brother prevent you, and she said he was looking the other way. Then I said there must indeed be a bloodied rock lying somewhere in the wood, and she said she had washed it off with snow. (In fact it is not likely a rock would come to hand so easily, with all such depth of snow about.) I asked her to roll up her sleeve that I might judge of the muscles in her arms, to do such a job, and she said that she had been a huskier woman some months since.

I conclude that she is lying, or self-deluded. But I see nothing for it at the moment but to admit her to the Gaol. I asked her what she thought would happen to her now, and she said, well, you will try me and then you will hang me. But you do not hang people in the winter, she said, so I can stay here till spring. And if you let me work here, maybe you will want me to go on working and you will not want me hanged. I do not know where she got this idea about people not being hanged in the winter. I am in perplexity about her. As you may know, we have a very fine new Gaol here where the inmates are kept warm and dry and are decently fed and treated with all humanity, and there has been a complaint that some are not sorry—and at this time of year, even happy—to get into it. But it is obvious that she cannot wander about much longer, and from your account she is unwilling to stay with friends and unable to make a tolerable home for herself. The Gaol at present serves as a place of detention for the Insane as well as criminals, and if she is charged with Insanity, I could keep her here for the winter, perhaps with removal to Toronto in the spring. I have engaged for a doctor to visit her. I spoke to her of your letter and your hope of coming to see her, but I found her not at all agreeable to that. She asks that nobody be allowed to see her excepting a Miss Sadie Johnstone, who is not in this part of the country.

I am enclosing a letter I have written to her brother-in-law for you to pass on to him, so that he may know what she has said and tell me what he thinks about it. I thank you in advance for conveying the letter to him, also for the trouble you have been to, in informing me as fully as you have done. I am a member of the Church of England, but have a high regard for the work being done by other Protestant denominations in bringing an orderly life to this part of the world we find ourselves in. You may believe that I will do what is in my power to do, to put you in a position to deal with the soul of this young woman, but it might be better to wait until she is in favour of it.

The Reverend Walter McBain to Mr. James Mullen, November 18, 1852.

I carried your letter at once to Mr. George Herron and believe that he has replied and given you his recollection of events. He was amazed at his sister-in-law's claim, since she had never said anything of this to him or to anybody else. He says that it is all her invention or fancy, since she was never in the woods when it happened and there was no need for her to be, as they had carried their food with them when they left the house. He says that there had been at another time some reproof from his brother to her, over the spoiling of some cakes by their proximity to fish, but it did not happen at this time. Nor were there any rocks about to do such a deed on impulse if she had been there and wished to do it.



My delay in answering your letter, for which I beg pardon, is due to a bout of ill health. I had an attack of the gravel and a rheumatism of the stomach worse than any misery that ever fell upon me before. I am somewhat improved at present and will be able to go about as usual by next week if all continues to mend.

As to the question of the young woman's sanity, I do not know what your Doctor will say but I have thought on this and questioned the Divinity and my belief is this. It may well be that so early in the marriage her submission to her husband was not complete and there would be carelessness about his comfort, and naughty words, and quarrelsome behaviour, as well as the hurtful sulks and silences her sex is prone to. His death occurring before any of this was put right, she would feel a natural and harrowing remorse, and this must have taken hold of her mind so strongly that she made herself out to be actually responsible for his death. In this way, I think many folk are driven mad. Madness is at first taken on by some as a kind of play, for which shallowness and audacity they are punished later on, by finding out that it is play no longer, and the Devil has blocked off every escape.

It is still my hope to speak to her and make her understand this. I am under difficulties at present not only of my wretched corpus but of being lodged in a foul and noisy place obliged to hear day and night such uproars as destroy sleep and study and intrude even on my prayers. The wind blows bitterly through the logs, but if I go down to the fire there is swilling of spirits and foulest insolence. And outside nothing but trees to choke off every exit and icy bog to swallow man and horse. There was a promise to build a church and lodging but those who made the promise have grown busy with their own affairs and it seems to have been put off. I have not however left off preaching even in my illness and in such barns and houses as are provided. I take heart remembering a great man, the great preacher and interpreter of God's will, Thomas Boston, who in the latter days of his infirmity preached the grandeur of God from his chamber window to a crowd of two thousand or so assembled in the yard below. So I mean to preach to the end though my congregation will be smaller.

Whatsoever crook there is in one's lot, it is of God's making. Thomas Boston.

This world is a wilderness, in which we may indeed get our station changed, but the move will be out of one wilderness station unto another. Ibid.

Mr. James Mullen to the Reverend Walter McBain, January 17, 1853.

I write to you that our young woman's health seems sturdy, and she no longer looks such a scarecrow, eating well and keeping herself clean and tidy. Also she seems quieter in her spirits. She has taken to mending the linen in the prison, which she does well. But I must tell you that she is firm as ever against a visit, and I cannot advise you to come here as I think your trouble might be for nothing. The journey is very hard in winter and it would do no good to your state of health.

Her brother-in-law has written me a very decent letter affirming that there is no truth to her story, so I am satisfied on that.

You may be interested in hearing what the doctor who visited her had to say about her case. His belief is that she is subject to a sort of delusion peculiar to females, for which the motive is a desire for self-importance, also a wish to escape the monotony of life or the drudgery they may have been born to. They may imagine themselves possessed by the forces of evil, to have committed various and hideous crimes, and so forth. Sometimes they may report that they have taken numerous lovers, but these lovers will be all imaginary and the woman who thinks herself a prodigy of vice will in fact be quite chaste and untouched. For all this he—the doctor—lays the blame on the sort of reading that is available to these females, whether it is of ghosts or demons or of love escapades with Lords and Dukes and suchlike.

With his questioning there did come to light something further that we did not know. On his saying to her, did she not fear hanging, she replied, no, for there is a reason you will not hang me. You mean that they will judge that you are mad? said he, and she said, oh, perhaps that, but is it not true also that they will never hang a woman that is with child? The doctor then examined her to find out if this were true, and she agreed to the examination, so she must have made the claim in good faith. He discovered however that she had deceived herself. The signs she took were simply the results of her going so long underfed and in such a reduced state. He told her of his findings, but it is hard to say whether she believes him.

The Gaol has become a much less peaceful shelter recently due to the admission of a genuinely insane female apparently driven mad by a rape. Her screams resound sometimes for hours at a stretch. Women are not made to stand this country.

I am sorry to hear of your bad health and miserable lodgings. The town has grown so civilized that we forget the hardship of the hinterlands. Those like yourself who choose to endure it deserve our admiration. But you must allow me to say that it seems pretty certain that a man not in robust health will be unable to bear up for long in your situation. Surely your Church would not consider it a defection were you to choose to serve it longer by removing to a more comfortable place.

I enclose a letter written by the young woman and sent to a Miss Sadie Johnstone, on King Street, Toronto. It was intercepted by us that we might know more of the state of her mind, but resealed and sent on. But it has come back marked "Unknown." We have not told the writer of this in hopes that she will write again and more fully, revealing to us something to help us decide whether or not she is a conscious liar.

ZAP!
MANKOFF

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MRS. ANNIE HERRON, Walley Gaol, United Counties of Huron and Bruce, to Miss Sadie Johnstone, 49 King Street, Toronto, December 20, 1852.

Sadie I am in here pretty well and safe and nothing to complain of either in food or blankets. It is a good stone building and something like the Home. If you could come and see me I would be very glad. I often talk to you a whole lot in my head, which I don't want to write because what if they are spies. I do the sewing here, the things was not in good repare when I came but now they are pretty good. And I am making curtains for the Opera House, a job that was sent in. I hope to see you. You could come on the stage right to this place. Maybe you would not like to come in the winter but in the springtime you would like to come.

MR. JAMES MULLEN to the Reverend Walter McBain, April 7, 1853.

Not having had any reply to my last letter, I trust you are well and might still be interested in the case of Annie Herron. She is still here and busies herself at sewing jobs which I have undertaken to get her from outside. No more is said of being with child, or of hanging, or of her story. She has written once again to Sadie Johnstone but quite briefly and I enclose her letter here. Do you have an idea who this person Sadie Johnstone might be?

MRS. ANNIE HERRON, Walley Gaol, United Counties of Huron and Bruce, to Miss Sadie Johnstone, 49 King Street, Toronto, April 1, 1853.

I don't get any answer from you Sadie I don't think they sent on my letter. Today is the First of April, 1853. But not April Fool like we used to fool each other. Please come and see me if you can. I am in Walley Gaol but safe and well.

MR. JAMES MULLEN from Edward Hoy, Landlord, Carstairs Inn, April 19, 1853.

Your letter to Mr. McBain sent back to you, he died here at the inn February 25. There is some books here, nobody wants them.

ANNIE HERRON, Walley Gaol, to Sadie Johnstone, Toronto. Finder Please Post.

George came dragging him across the snow, I thought it was a log he dragged. I didn't know it was him. George said, it's him. A branch fell out of a tree and hit him, he said. He didn't say he was dead. I looked for him to speak. His mouth was partway open with snow in it. Also his eyes partway open. We had to get inside because it was starting to storm like anything. We dragged him in by the one leg each. I pretended to myself when I took hold of his leg that it was still the log. Inside where I had the fire going it was warm and the snow started melting off him. His blood thawed and ran a little around his ear. I didn't know what to do and I was afraid to go near him. I thought his eyes were watching me.

George sat by the fire with his big heavy coat on and his boots on. He was turned away. I sat at the table, which was of half-cut logs. I said, how do you know if he is dead? George said, touch him if you want to know. But I would not. Outside there was terrible storming, the wind in the trees and over top of our roof. I said, Our Father who art in Heaven, and gradually I got my courage. I kept saying it every time I moved. I have to wash him off, I said. Help me. I got the bucket where I kept the snow melting. I started on his feet and had to pull his boots off, a heavy job. George never turned around or paid attention or helped me when I asked. I didn't take the trousers or coat off him, I couldn't manage. But I washed his hands and wrists. I always kept the rag between my hand and his skin. The blood and wet where the snow had melted off him was on the floor under his head and shoulders so I wanted to turn him over and clean it up. But I couldn't do it. So I went and pulled George by his arm. Help me, I said. What? he said. I said we had to turn him. So he came and helped me and we got him turned over, he was lying face down. And then I saw, I saw where the axe had cut.

Neither one of us said anything. I washed it out, blood and what else. I said to George, go and get me the sheet from my box. There was the good sheet I wouldn't put on the bed. I didn't see the use of trying to take off his clothes though they were good cloth. We would have had to cut them away where the blood was stuck and then what would we have but the rags. I cut off the one little piece of his hair because I remembered when Lila died in the Home they did that. Then I got George to help me roll him on to the sheet and I started to sew him up in the sheet. While I was sewing I said to George, go out in the lee of the house where the wood is piled and maybe you can get in enough shelter there to dig him a grave. Take the wood away and the ground is likely softer underneath.

I had to crouch down at the sewing so I was nearly lying on the floor beside him. I sewed his head in first, folding the sheet over it because I had to look in his eyes and mouth. George went out and I could hear through the storm that he was doing what I said and pieces of wood were thrown up sometimes hitting the wall of the house. I sewed on, and every bit of him I lost sight of I would say even out loud, there goes, there goes. I had got the fold neat over his head but down at the feet I didn't have material enough to cover him, so I sewed on my eyelet petticoat I made at the Home to learn the stitch and that way I got him all sewed in.

I went out to help George. He had got all the wood out of the way and was at the digging. The ground was soft enough, as I had thought. He had the spade so I got the broad shovel and we worked away, him digging and loosening and me shovelling.

Then we moved him out. We could not do it now one leg each so George got him at the head and me at the ankles where the petticoat was and we rolled him into the earth and set to work again to cover him up. George had the shovel and it seemed I could not get enough dirt onto the spade so I pushed it in with my hands and kicked it in with my feet any way at all. When it was all back in, George beat it down flat with the shovel as much as he could. Then we moved all the wood back searching where it was in the snow and we piled it up in the right way so it did not look as if it was disturbed. I think we had no hats on or scarves but the work kept us warm.

We took in more wood for the fire and put the bar across the door. I wiped up the floor and I said to George, take off your boots. Then, take off your coat. George did what I told him. He sat by the fire. I made the kind of tea from catnip leaves that Mrs. Treece showed me how to make and I put a piece of sugar in it. George did not want it. Is it too hot? I said. I let it cool off but then he didn't want it either. So I began, and talked to him.

You didn't mean to do it.

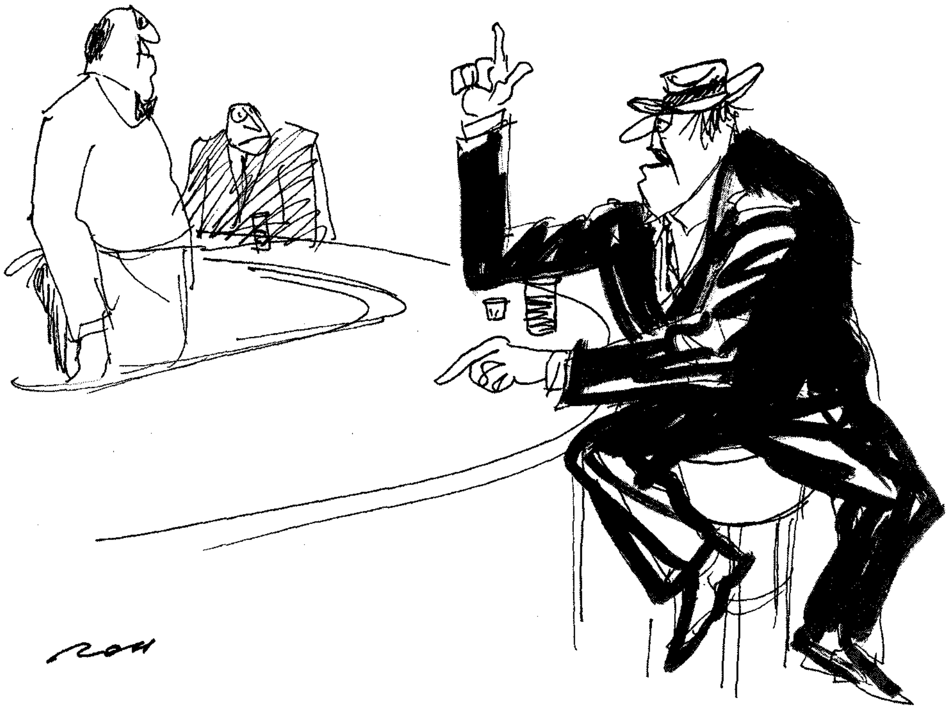
It was in anger, you didn't mean what you were doing.

I saw him other times what he would do to you. I saw him knock you down for a little thing and you would just get up and never say a word. The same way he did to me.

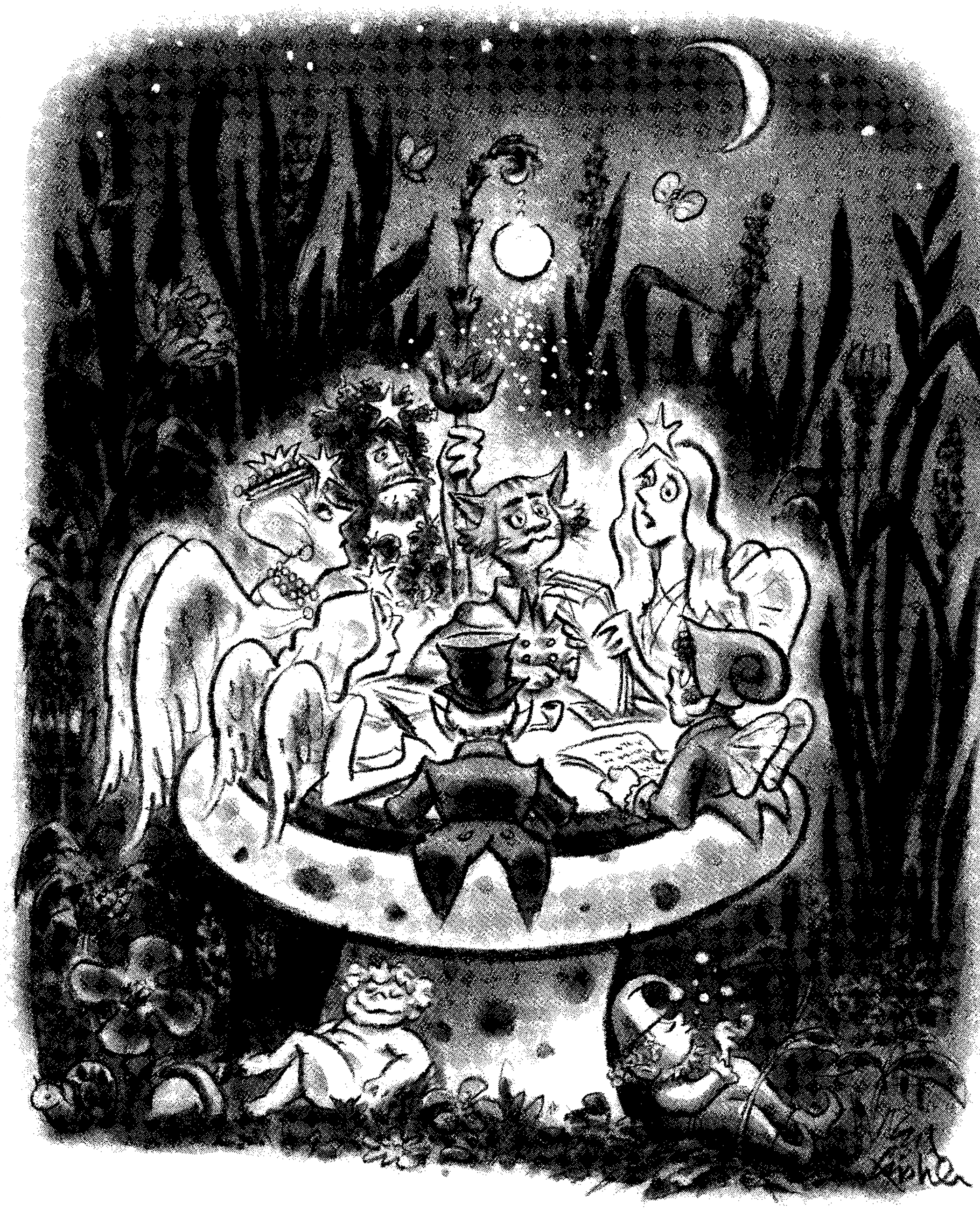
If you had not done it, someday he would have done it to you.

Listen George. Listen to me.

If you own up what do you think will happen? They will hang you. You will be dead, you will be no good to anybody. What will become of your land? Likely it will all go back to the Crown and somebody else will get it and all the work you have



"*I drink, therefore I'm drunk.*"



"Same for my department. Over the last period we collected 14,273,865 more baby teeth than we had quarters available to hide under pillows."

• •

done will be for them.

What will become of me here if you are took away?

I got some oatcakes that were cold and I warmed them up. I set one on his knee. He took it and bit it and chewed it but he could not get it down and he spit it onto the fire.

I said, listen. I know things. I am older than you are. I am religious too. I pray to God every night and my prayers are answered. I know what God wants as well as any preacher knows and I know that he does not want a good lad like you to be hanged. All you have to do is say you are sorry. Say you are sorry and mean it well and God will forgive you. I will say the same thing, I am sorry too because when I saw he was dead I did not wish for him to be alive. I will say, God forgive me, and you do the same. Kneel down.

But he would not. He would not move out of his chair. And I said, all right. I have an idea. I am going to get the Bible. I asked him, do you believe in the Bible? Say you do. Nod your head.

I did not see whether he nodded or not but I said, there. There you did. Now. I am going to do what we all used to do in the Home when we wanted to know what would happen to us or what we should do in our life. We would open the Bible anyplace and poke our finger at a page and then open our eyes and read the verse where our finger was and that would tell you what you needed to know. To make double sure of it just say when you close your eyes, God guide my finger.

He would not raise a hand from his knee, so I said, all right. All right, I'll do it for you. I did it, and I read where my finger stopped.

It was something about being old and gray-headed, *O God, forsake me not*, and I said, what that means is that you are supposed to live till you are old and gray-headed and nothing is supposed to happen to you before that. It says so, in the Bible.

Then the next verse was so-and-so went and took so-and-so and she conceived and bore him a son.

It says you will have a son, I said. You have to live and get older and get married and have a son.

But the next verse I remember so I can say it. *Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me.*

George, I said, do you hear that? *Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me.* That means that you are safe.

You are safe. Get up now. Get up and go and lie on the bed and go to sleep.

He could not do that by himself but I did it. I pulled on him and pulled on him until he was standing up and then I got him across the room to the bed which was not his bed in the corner but the bigger bed, and got him to sit on it then lie down. I rolled him

COOK'S TOUR

1
It is just as well you don't like it here
the Inspector said   *And please*
hold that feather up against your nose

We must be au courant at the Yard . . .

2
I am an exchange student from Tibet,
late out of Magdalene College, where my tutor,
the soul of intrepidity, declared
I have, usually, a cheese
and one cracker before dinner

then read a bit of the Book of the Dead

3
At the Tower of London, I met,
the other day, a graybeard
undergraduate, who allowed
When I am roaring drunk, I fall down
on Mummy's lap   She can't feel a thing, of course,

she is no more with me than is Papa . . .

4
What I remember, of the last war, best
is that once I sat in a sentry box
and could imagine my rib cage pop

Though when the voltage was amplified
the torturer, I remember, cried
Hang on to your bedsheet, dear—and laughed

5
Mrs. Thatcher's England is, I find, diamond sharp,
like a small wound, trivial, if lethal;
and over at Green Park, where no birds sing,
the air, while dry, is still yet fever damp . . .

6
Off in the dark, and squared away,
I am haunted less by the ghost of Everest
than by a drumroll or a street lamp

7
A shopgirl, at Harrods, one afternoon,
apropos of Pac-Man, wryly observed
Everything is too long when not too short
till with an undulant shrug
she undid for me her smock . . .

8
Yes, I am lost among the lost,
caught at that point in the past
where you'll go stumbling aimlessly beside the Thames
after an evening of theatre on the West End,
mumbling hollowly to yourself like Firs,
the faithful old servant of the Cherry Orchard,

Indeed, I have not lived at all,
and now am ready to depart

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

• •

over and back and got his clothes off down to his shirt. His teeth were chattering and I was afraid of a chill or the fever. I heated up the flat-irons and wrapped them in cloth and laid them down one on each side of him close to his skin. There was not whiskey or brandy in the house to use, only the catnip tea. I put more sugar in it and got him to take it from a spoon. I rubbed his feet with my hands, then his arms and his legs, and I wrung out clothes in hot water which I laid over his stomach and his heart. I talked to him then in a different way quite softly and told him to go to sleep and when he woke up his mind would be clear and all his horrors would be wiped away.

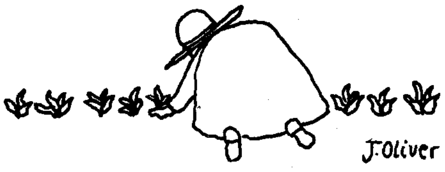
A tree branch fell on him. It was just what you told me. I can see it falling. I can see it coming down so fast like a streak and little branches and crackling all along the way, it hardly takes longer than a gun going off and you say, what is that? and it has hit him and he is dead.

When I got him to sleep I lay down on the bed beside him. I took off my smock and I could see the black and blue marks on my arms. I pulled up my skirt to see if they were still there high on my legs, and they were.

Nothing bad happened after I lay down and I did not sleep all night but listened to him breathing and kept touching him to see if he was warmed up. I got up in the earliest light and fixed the fire. When he heard me he waked up and was better.

He did not forget what had happened but talked as if he thought it was all right. He said, we ought to have had a prayer and read something out of the Bible. He got the door opened and there was a big drift of snow but the sky was clearing. It was the last snow of the winter.

We went out and said the Lord's Prayer. Then he said, where is the Bible? Why is it not on the shelf? When I got it from beside the fire he said, what is it doing there? I did not remind him of anything. He did not know what to read so I picked the 131st Psalm that we had to learn at the Home. *Lord my heart is not haughty nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother, my soul is even as a weaned child.* He read it. Then he said he would shovel out a path and go and tell the Treeces. I said I would cook him some food. He went out and shovelled and didn't get tired and come in to eat as I thought he would. He shovelled and shovelled a long path out of sight and then he was gone and didn't come back. He didn't come back until near dark and then he said he had eaten. I said, did you tell them about the tree? Then he looked at me for the first time in a bad way. It was the same bad way his brother used to look but worse. I never said anything more to him about what had happened or hinted at it in any way. And he never said anything to me, except he would come and say things in my



dreams. But I knew the difference always between my dreams and when I was awake, and when I was awake it was never anything but the bad look.

Mrs. Treece came and tried to get me to go and live with them the way George was living. She said I could eat and sleep there, they had enough beds. I would not go. They thought I would not go because of my grief but I wouldn't go because somebody might see my black and blue, also they would be watching for me to cry. I said I was not frightened to stay alone.

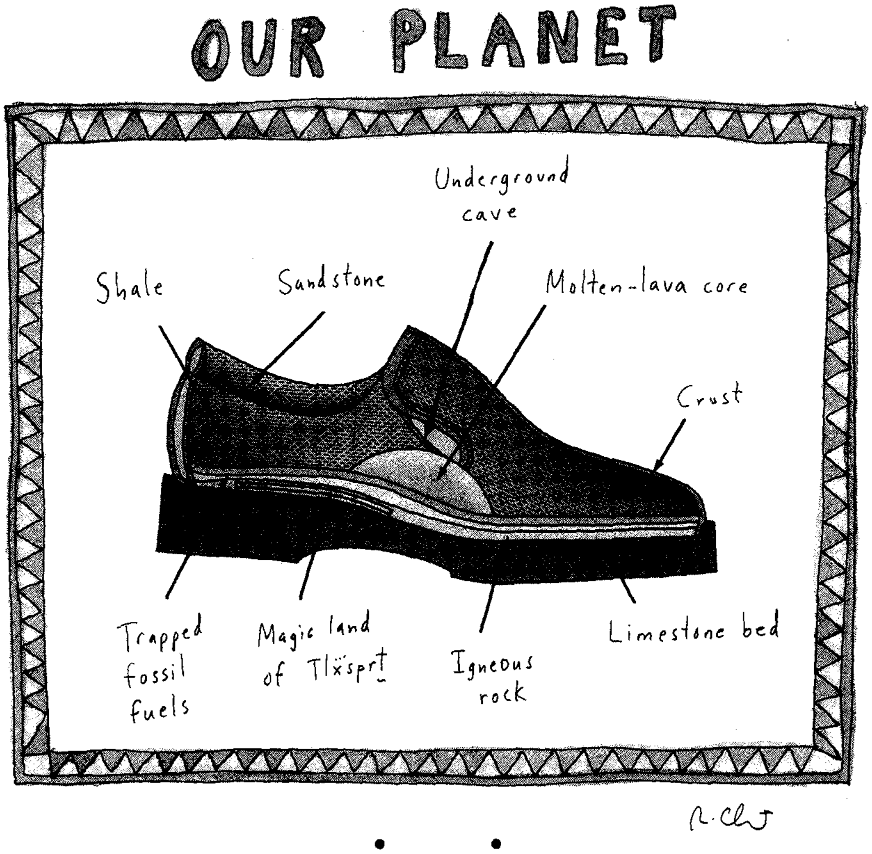
I dreamed nearly every night that one or other of them came and chased me with the axe. It was him or it was George, one or the other. Or sometimes not the axe, it was a big rock lifted in both hands and one of them waiting with it behind the door. Dreams are sent to warn us.

I didn't stay in the house where he could find me and when I gave up sleeping inside and slept outside I didn't have the dream so often. It got warm quickly and the flies and mosquitoes came but they hardly bothered me. I would see their bites but not feel them, which was another sign that in the outside I was protected. I got down when I heard anybody coming. I ate berries both red and black and God protected me from any badness in them.

I had another kind of dream after a while. I dreamed George came and talked to me and he still had the bad look but was trying to cover it up and pretend that he was kind. He kept coming into my dreams and he kept lying to me. It was beginning to get colder out and I did not want to go back in the shanty and the dew was heavy so I would be soaking when I slept in the grass. I went and opened the Bible to find out what I should do.

And now I got my punishment for cheating because the Bible did not tell me anything that I could understand, what to do. The cheating was when I was looking to find something for George, and I did not read exactly where my finger landed but looked around quick and found something else that was more what I wanted. I used to do that too when we would be looking up our verses in the Home and I always got good things and nobody ever caught me or suspected me at it. You never did either, Sadie.

So now I had my punishment when I couldn't find anything to help me however I looked. But something put it into my head to come here and I did. I had heard them talking about how warm it was and tramps would be wanting to come and get locked up, so I thought, I will too, and it was put into my head to tell them what I did. I told them the very same lie that George told me so often in my dreams, trying to get me to believe it was me and not him. I am safe from George here is the main thing. If they think I am crazy and I know the difference I am safe. Only I would like for you to come and see me.



And I would like for that yelling to stop.

When I am finished writing this, I will put it in with the curtains that I am making for the Opera House. And I will put on it Finder Please Post. I trust that a lot better than giving it to them like the two letters I gave them already that they never have sent.

Miss Christena Mullen, Walley, to Mr. Leopold Henry, Department of History, Queen's University, Kingston, July 8, 1959.

Yes, I am the Miss Mullen that Treece Herron's sister remembers coming to the farm, and it is very kind of her to say I was a pretty young lady in a hat and veil. That was my motoring veil. The old lady she mentions was Mr. Herron's grandfather's sister-in-law, if I have got it straight. As you are doing the biography you will have got the relationships worked out. I never voted for Treece Herron myself since I am a Conservative, but he was a colourful politician and as you say a biography of him will bring some attention to this part of the country—too often thought of as "deadly dull."

I am rather surprised the sister does not mention the car in particular. It was a Stanley Steamer. I bought it myself on my twenty-fifth birthday in 1907. It cost twelve hundred dollars, that being part of my inheritance from my grandfather James Mullen who was an early Clerk of the Peace in Walley. He made money buying and selling farms.

My father having died young, my mother moved into my grandfather's house with all us five girls. It was a big cut-stone house called Traquair, now a Home for Young Offenders. I sometimes say in joke that it always was!

When I was young we employed a gardener, a cook, and a sewing-woman. All of them were "characters," all prone to feuding with each other, and all owing their jobs to the fact that my

4A
5B
5A
KOREN

"Ben is in his first year of high school, and he's questioning all the right things."

• •

grandfather had taken an interest in them when they were inmates at the County Gaol (as it used to be spelled) and eventually had brought them home.

By the time I bought the Steamer I was the only one of us sisters living at home, and the sewing-woman was the only one of these old servants who remained. The sewing-woman was called Old Annie and never objected to that name. She used it herself and would write notes to the cook that said, "Tea was not hot, did you warm the pot? Old Annie." The whole third floor was Old Annie's domain and one of my sisters—Dolly—said that whenever she dreamed of home, that is, of Traquair, she dreamed of Old Annie up at the top of the third-floor stairs brandishing her measuring stick and wearing a black dress with long fuzzy black arms like a spider.

She had one eye that slid off to the side and gave her the air of taking in more information than the ordinary person.

We were not supposed to pester the servants with questions about their personal lives, particularly those who had been in the Gaol, but of course we did. Sometimes Old Annie called the Gaol the Home. She said that a girl in the next bed screamed and screamed, and that was why she—Annie—ran away and lived in the woods. She said the girl had been beaten for letting the fire go out. Why were you in jail, we asked her, and she would say, "I told a fib!" So for quite a while we had the impression that you went to jail for telling lies!

Some days she was in a good mood and would play hide-the-thimble with us. Sometimes she was in a bad mood and would stick us with pins when she was evening our hems if we turned too quickly or stopped too soon. She knew a place, she said, where you could get bricks to put on children's heads to stop them growing. She hated making wedding dresses (she never had to make one for me!) and didn't think much of any of the men that my sisters married. She hated Dolly's beau so much that she made some kind of deliberate mistake with the sleeves, which had to be ripped out, and Dolly cried. But she made us all beautiful ball gowns to wear when the Governor-General and Lady Minto came to Walley.

About being married herself, she sometimes said she had been and sometimes not. She said a man had come to the Home and had all the girls paraded in front of him and said, "I'll take the one with the coal-black hair." That being Old Annie, but she refused to go with him, even though he was rich and came in a carriage. Rather like Cinderella but with a different ending. Then she said a bear killed her husband, in the woods, and my grandfather had killed the bear and wrapped her in its skin and taken her home from the Gaol.

My mother used to say, "Now, girls. Don't get Old Annie going. And don't believe a word she says."

I am going on at great length filling in the background, but you did say you were interested in details of the period. I am like most people my age and forget to buy milk but could tell you the color of the coat I had when I was eight.

So, when I got the Stanley Steamer, Old Annie asked to be taken for a ride. It turned out that what she had in mind was more of a trip. This was a surprise since she had never wanted to go on trips before and refused to go to Niagara Falls and would not even go down to the Harbour to see the fireworks on the First of July. Also she was leery of automobiles and of me as a driver. But the big surprise was that she had somebody she wanted to go and see. She wanted to drive to Carstairs to see the Herron family, who she said were her relatives. She had never received any visits or letters from these people, and when I asked if she had written to inquire if we might visit she said, "I can't write." This was ridiculous—she wrote those notes to the cooks and long lists for me of things she wanted me to pick up down on the Square or in the city. Braid, buckram, taffeta—she could spell all of that.

"And they don't need to know beforehand," she said. "In the country it's different."

Well, I loved taking jaunts in the Steamer. I had been driving since I was fifteen, but this was the first car of my own and possibly the only steam car in Huron County. Everybody would run to see it go by. It did not make a beastly loud noise coughing and clanking like other cars but rolled along silently, more or less like a ship with high sails over the lake waters, and it did not foul the air but left behind a plume of steam. Stanley Steamers were banned in Boston, because of steam

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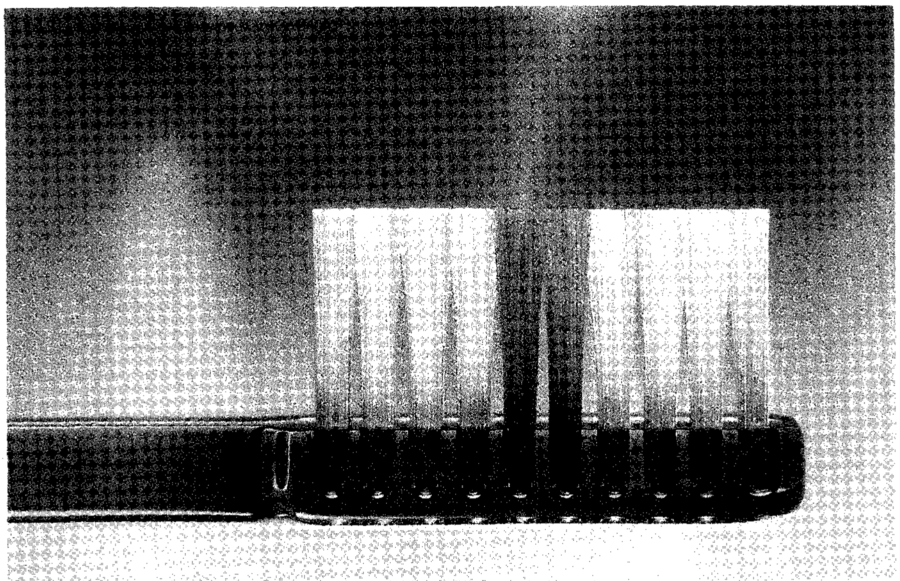

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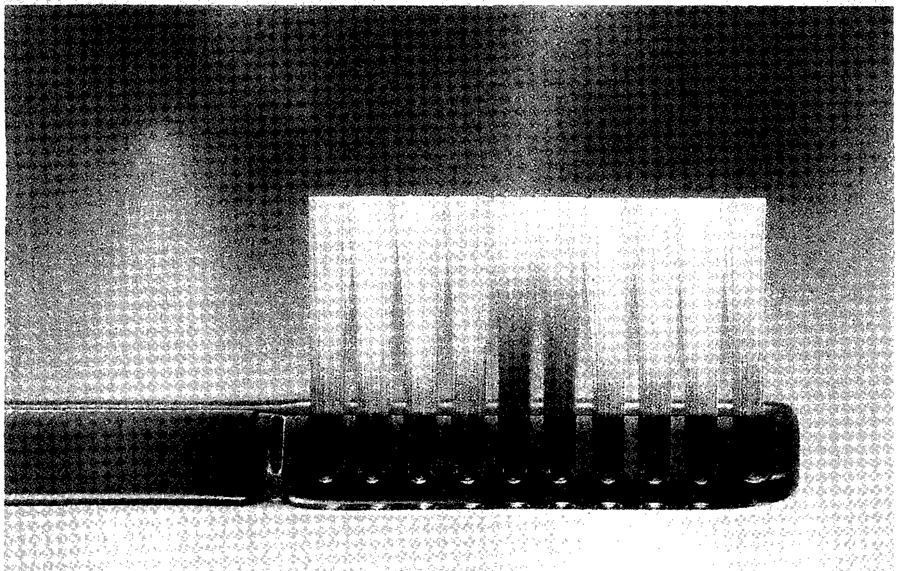

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—*Amos Pettingill*

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fogging the air. I always loved to tell people that I used to drive a car that was banned in Boston!

We started out fairly early on a Sunday in June. It took about twenty-five minutes to get the steam up, and all that time Old Annie sat up straight in the front seat as if the show were already on the road. We both had our motoring veils on, and long dusters, but the dress Old Annie was wearing underneath was of plum-coloured silk. In fact it was made over from the one she had made for my grandmother to meet the Prince of Wales in.

The Steamer covered the miles like an angel. It would do fifty miles an hour—great then—but I did not push it. I was trying to consider Old Annie's nerves. People were still in church when we started, but later on, the roads were full of horses and buggies making the journey home. I was polite as all getout, edging by them. But it turned out Old Annie did not want to be so sedate and she kept saying, "Give it a squeeze," meaning the horn, which was worked by a bulb under a mudguard down at my side.

She must not have been out of Walley for more years than I had been alive. When we crossed the bridge at Saltford (that old iron bridge where there used to be so many accidents because of the turn at both ends) she said that there didn't use to be a bridge there, you had to pay a man to row you.

"I couldn't pay but I crossed on the stones and just hiked up my skirts and waded," she said. "It was that dry a summer."

Naturally I did not know what summer she was talking about.

Then it was, Look at the big fields, where are the stumps gone, where is the bush? And look how straight the road goes, and they're building their houses out of brick! And what are those buildings as big as churches?

Barns, I said.

I knew my way to Carstairs all right but expected help from Old Annie once we got there. None was forthcoming. I drove up and down the main street waiting for her to spot something familiar. "If I could just see the inn," she said, "I'd know where the track goes off behind it."

It was a factory town, not very pretty in my opinion. The Steamer of course got attention, and I was able to call out for directions to the Herron farm without stopping the engine. Shouts and gestures, and finally I was able to get us on the right road. I told Old Annie to watch the mailboxes but she was concerned with *finding the creek.* I spotted the name myself, and turned us in at a long lane with a red brick house at the end of it and a couple of those barns that had amazed Old Annie. Red brick houses with verandas and key windows were all the style then, they were going up everywhere.

"Look there!" Old Annie said, and I thought she meant where a herd of cows was tearing away from us in the pasture-field alongside the lane. But she was pointing at a mound pretty well covered with wild grape, a few logs sticking out of it. She said that was the shanty. I said, "Well, good—now let's hope you recognize one or two of the people."

There were enough people around. A couple of visiting buggies were pulled up in the shade, horses tethered and cropping grass. By the time the Steamer stopped at the side veranda, a number of people were lined up to look at it. They didn't come forward—not even the children ran out to look close up the way town children would have done. They all just stood in a row looking at it in a tight-lipped sort of way.

Old Annie was staring off in the other direction.

She told me to get down. Get down, she said, and ask them if there is a Mr. George Herron that lives here and is he alive yet, or dead.

I did what I was told. And one of the men said, that's right. He is. My father.

Well, I have brought somebody, I told them. I have brought Mrs. Annie Herron.

The man said, that so?

(A pause here due to a couple of fainting fits and a trip to the hospital. Lots of tests to use up the taxpayers' money. Now I'm back and have read this over, astounded at the rambling but too lazy to start again. I have not even got to Treece Herron, which is the part you are interested in, but hold on, I'm nearly there.)

These people were all dumbfounded about Old Annie, or so I gathered.

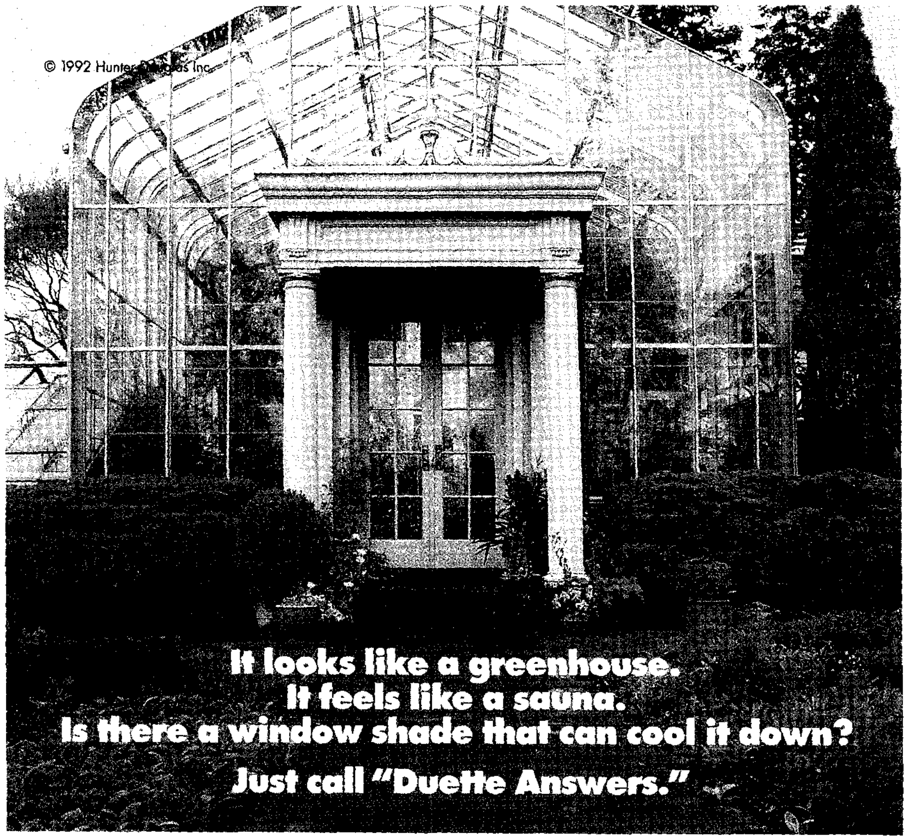
They had not known where she was or what she was doing or if she was alive. But you mustn't think they surged out and greeted her in any excited way. Just the one young man came out, very mannerly. He said to me that Old Annie was his grandfather's sister-in-law. It was too bad we hadn't come even a few months sooner, he said, because his grandfather had been quite well and his mind quite clear—he had even written a piece for the paper about his early days here—but then he had got sick. He had recovered but would never be himself again. He could not talk, except now and then a few words.

This mannerly young man was Treece Herron.

We must have arrived just after they finished their dinner. The woman of the house came out and asked him—Treece Herron—to ask us if we had eaten. You would think she or we did not speak English. They were all very shy—the women with their skinned-back hair and men in dark-blue Sunday suits and tongue-tied children. I hope you do not think I am making fun of them—it is just that I cannot understand for the life of me why it is necessary to be so shy.

We were taken to the dining room, which had an unused smell—they must have had their dinner elsewhere—and were served a great deal of food, of which I remember salted radishes and leaf lettuce and roast chicken and strawberries and cream. Dishes from the china cabinet, not their usual. Good old Indian Tree. They had sets of everything. Plushy living-room suite, walnut dining-room suite. It was going to take them a while, I thought, to get used to being prosperous.

Old Annie enjoyed the fuss of being waited on and ate a lot, picking up the chicken bones to work the last shred of meat off them. Children lurked around the doorways and the women talked in subdued, rather scandalized voices out in the kitchen. The young man, Treece Herron, had the grace to sit down with us and drink a cup of tea while we ate. He chatted readily enough about himself and told me he was a divinity student at Knox College. He said he liked living in Toronto. I got the feeling he wanted me to understand that divinity students were not all such sticks as I supposed or led such a stringent existence. He had been tobogganing in High Park, he had been picnicking at Hanlan's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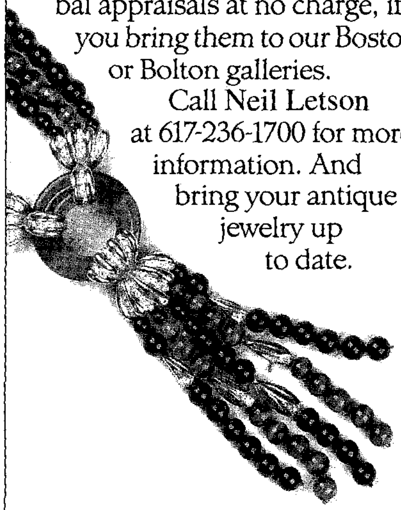

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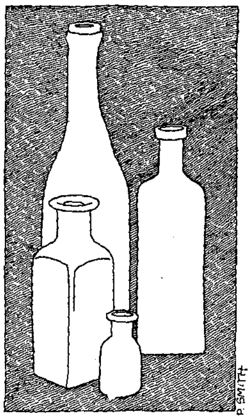
Point, he had seen the giraffe in the Riverdale Zoo. As he talked the children got a little bolder and started trickling into the room. I asked the usual idiocies: How old are you? What book are you in at school? Do you like your teacher? He urged them to answer or answered for them and told me which were his brothers and sisters and which his cousins.

Old Annie said, "Are you all fond of each other, then?," which brought on funny looks.

The woman of the house came back and spoke to me again through the divinity student. She told him that Grandpa was up now and sitting on the front porch. She looked at the children and said, "What did you let all them in here for?"

Out we trooped to the front porch, where two straight-backed chairs were set up and an old man was settled on one of them. He had a beautiful full white beard reaching down to the bottom of his waistcoat. He did not seem interested in us. He had a long, pale, obedient old face.

Old Annie said, "Well, George," as if this was about what she had expected. She sat on the other chair and said to one of the little girls, "Now bring me a cushion. Bring me a thin kind of cushion and put it at my back."



I spent the afternoon giving rides in the Stanley Steamer. I knew enough about them now not to start in asking who wanted a ride, or bombarding them with questions, such as were they interested in automobiles? I just went out and patted it here and there as if it was a horse, and I looked in the boiler. The divinity student came behind and read the name of the Steamer written on the side. "The Gentlemen's Speedy Roadster." He asked was it my father's.

Mine, I said. I explained how the water in the boiler was heated and how much steam-pressure the boiler could withstand. People always wondered about that—about explosions. The children were closer by that time, and I suddenly remarked that the boiler was nearly empty. I asked if there was any way I could get some water.

Great scurry to get pails and man the pump! I went and asked the men on the veranda if that was all right, and thanked them when they told me help yourself. Once the boiler was filled it was natural for me to ask if they would like me to get the steam up, and a spokesman said, it wouldn't hurt. Nobody was impatient during the wait. The men stared at the boiler, concentrating. This was certainly not the first car they had seen but probably the first steam car.

I offered the men a ride first. It was proper to. We bumped down the lane at five, then ten miles an hour. I knew they suffered somewhat, being driven by a woman, but the novelty of the experience held them. Next I got a load of children, hoisted in by the divinity student telling them to sit still and hold on and not be scared and not fall out. I put up the speed a little, knowing now the ruts and puddle-holes, and their hoots of fear and triumph could not be held back.

I have left out something about how I was feeling but will leave it out no longer, due to the effects of a Martini I am drinking now, my late-afternoon pleasure. I had troubles then which I have not yet admitted to you, because they were love-troubles. But when I had set out that day with Old Annie, I had determined to enjoy myself as much as I could. It seemed it would be an insult to the Stanley Steamer not to. All my life I found this a good rule to follow—to get as much pleasure as you could out of things, even when you weren't likely to be happy.

I told one of the boys to run around to the front veranda and ask if his grandfather would care for a ride. He came back and said, "They've both gone to sleep."

I had to get the boiler filled up before we started back, and while this was being done Treece Herron came and stood close to me.

"You have given us all a day to remember," he said.

I wasn't above flirting with him. I actually had a long career as a flirt ahead of me. It's quite a natural behaviour, once the loss of love makes you give up your ideas of marriage. (Ask an old woman to reminisce and you get the whole ragbag, is what you must be thinking by now.)

I said he would forget all about it

once he got back to his friends in Toronto. He said no indeed, he would never forget, and he asked if he could write to me. I said nobody could stop him.

On the way home I thought about this exchange and how ridiculous it would be if he should get a serious crush on me. A divinity student. I had no idea then of course that he would be getting out of Divinity and into Politics.

"Too bad old Mr. Herron wasn't able to talk to you," I said to Old Annie.

She said, "Well. I could talk to him."

Actually Treece Herron did write to me, but he must have had a few misgivings as well, because he enclosed some pamphlets about Mission Schools. Something about raising money for Mission Schools. That put me off and I didn't write back. (Years later I would joke that I could have married him if I'd played my cards right.)

I asked Old Annie if Mr. Herron could understand her when she talked to him, and she said, "Enough." I asked if she was glad about seeing him again and she said yes. "And glad for him to get to see me," she said, not without some gloating that probably referred to her dress and the vehicle.

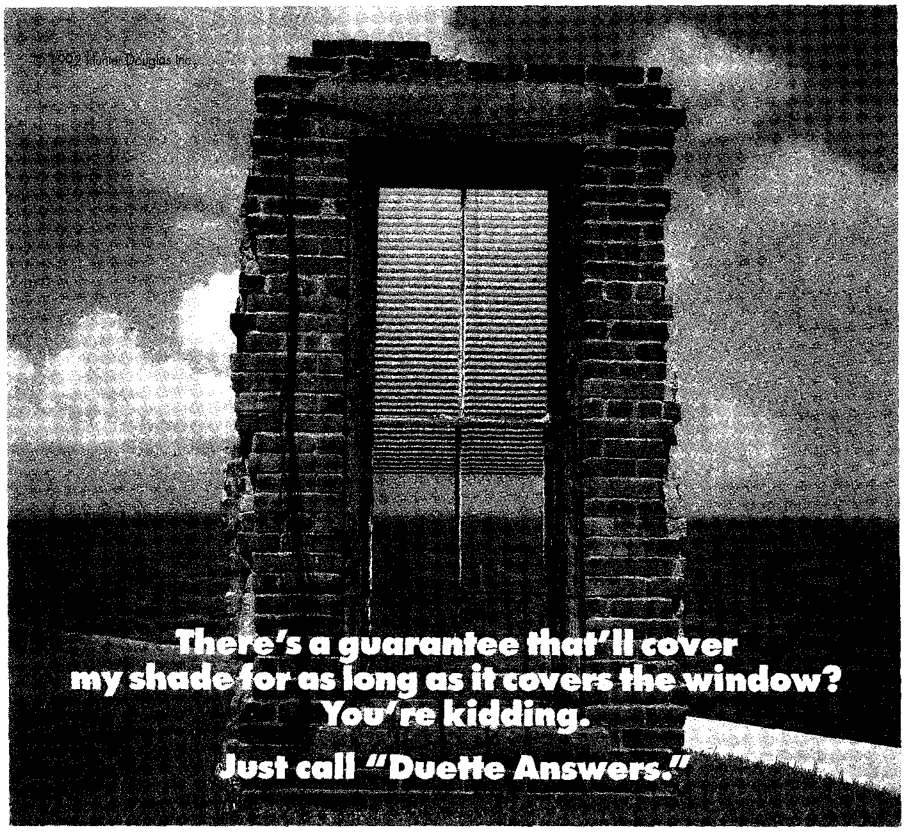
So we just puffed along in the Steamer under the high arching trees that lined the roads in those days. From miles away the Lake could be seen—just glimpses of it, held wide apart in the trees and hills so that Old Annie asked me if it could possibly be the same lake, all the same one that Walley was on?

There were lots of old people going around then with peculiar ideas in their heads, though I suppose Old Annie had more than most. I recall her telling me another time that a girl in the Home had a baby out of a big boil that burst on her stomach, and it was the size of a rat and had no life in it, but they put it in the oven and it puffed up to the right size and baked to a good colour and started to kick its legs.

I told her that wasn't possible, it must have been a dream.

She said, "They took it afterwards, anyway, I never got to see it anymore." Then she said, "I did used to have the terriblest dreams."

—ALICE MUNRO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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOCIALISM OR DEATH

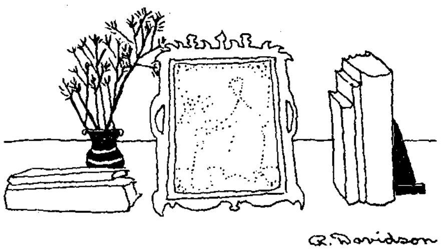
THIRTY years after the Cuban missile crisis, the affairs of Fidel Castro's Cuba are back on page 1. Last September, Mikhail Gorbachev, then the President of the Soviet Union, and Secretary of State James Baker announced in Moscow that the Soviet aid that had literally sustained Cuba was being cut off. Most of Cuba's fuel came from the former Soviet Union, which accounted for nearly three-fourths of its trade. In coping with this new phase of what Castro still calls his revolution, he had a choice: he could allow a few political and economic reforms into a torpid system, and thereby risk losing a measure of control, or he could stay on course. Predictably, he chose to stay on course, thereby inviting harsher times than any that he or Cuba has known.

Castro's predicament raises some interesting questions for American policy, which has always been a creature of the threat he was seen to pose. "Cuba is a dagger pointed at the heart of the Roney Plaza Hotel"—a Miami Beach shrine—was among the breezily skeptical comments of critics of Washington's preoccupation with Cuba in the early nineteen-sixties. That Cuba, then and afterward, was a base for major mischief of its own and Soviet making no one could deny. Still, the threat, as seen by many people in and out of government, hardly justified training a brigade of exiles to invade Cuba—the Bay of Pigs fiasco, in April of 1961—or Operation Mongoose, which included opéra-bouffe attempts to do away with Castro, plus acts of sabotage against his realm. In any case, Cuba is no longer capable of exporting revolution, and threatens no one but itself. It has reliably good relations with few countries, and its isolation is deepened by an American embargo that denies Cuba tourists, trade, and investment. In Washington, this policy has broad bipartisan support. Those who call it anachronistic are reminded that the Russians, who were in Cuba for thirty years propping up Fidel, are gone, along with their subsidies, and that the effort to isolate Castro so as to topple him and his repressive regime may now succeed. Lifting the restrictions, it is argued, would merely allow him to earn foreign exchange and use it to increase the pay of his secret police and buy more oil for his Army, which can scarcely train now. Castro knows, the argument goes on, that in order to come in from the cold and have better relations with Washington and the world he need only call free elections, as other Latin-American countries, including Nicaragua and Chile, have done in somewhat similar circumstances. He won't take that step.

Critics of American policy would have Washington continue to ignore Cuba but lift the restrictions on commerce and tourism. America, they say, needs to be concerned with protecting the texture of Cuban society—with preventing its disintegration. Castro's regime is wicked, even by regional standards, but the United States, the critics say, has dealt with ones that were as bad or worse, and, indeed, still does. Our country's long-run interests, they maintain, would be better served by promoting contacts between Americans and Cubans. The critics believe that just squeezing Cuba will allow Castro to lay the blame for an increasingly bad situation on the United States. Also, they say, a steadily graver Cuban crisis will probably lead to internal violence, and possibly to a bloodbath.

The debate is largely a sterile one, since American policy is not likely to change—not soon, and clearly not in an election year. President Bush would have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by tinkering with Cuban policy. The right wing of his party, along with the legion of Castro's critics in both parties and the politically potent Cuban-American community in South Florida, would recoil from any softening. In fact, there is pressure from Capitol Hill and Miami to toughen the policy even more.

In January, Castro was host to a conference in Havana on the epic missile crisis, of October, 1962. It was the fifth, and probably the last, of these affairs, the first of which was held in 1987, at a resort in the Florida Keys. Participating then were most of the surviving members of the Executive Committee, or ExCom, of President John F. Kennedy's National Security Council, along with a few scholars and a couple of observers, including me. Many of the same people met nearly a year later in Cambridge, Massachusetts, this time with a few knowledgeable Russians present as well. A third conference, in which a few Cubans also took part, was held the following year in Moscow, and then a fourth, in Antigua, in 1991. Each of them added to the body of knowledge on the background and the management of the missile crisis, and the recent meeting in Havana, which I also observed, was probably just as useful as the others had been, and was altogether fascinating, besides. Much of the fascination lay in the setting: a serious three-party discussion of a historic event occurred just as the host country seemed on the verge of being yanked back toward its preindustrial past.



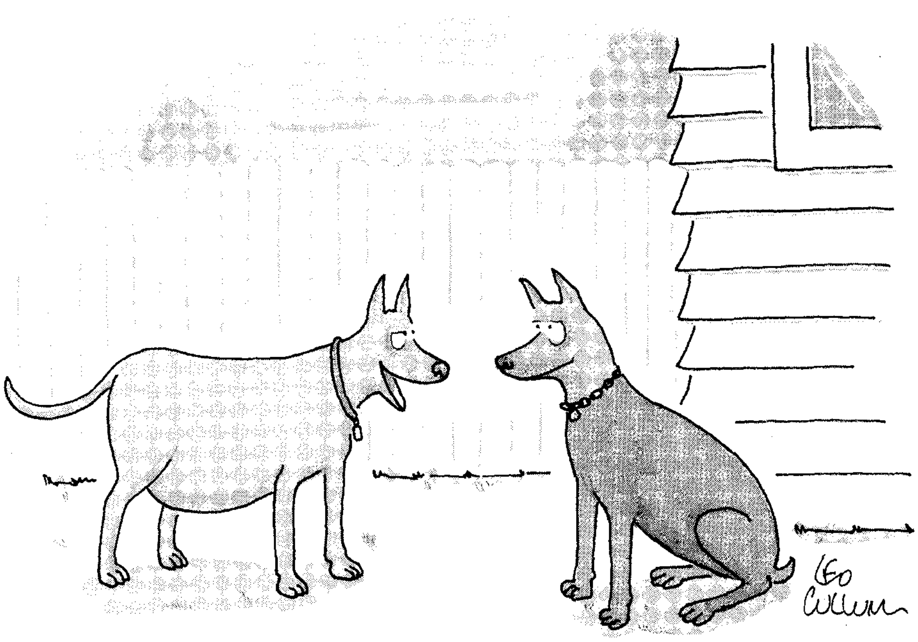
Fidel, as everyone calls him and refers to him, was full of surprises. He had been scheduled to make two appearances at the conference; an entire afternoon had been set aside for his speech and part of another afternoon for a question-and-answer session with him. Instead, he chose to be present for every minute of the twenty-two hours of the conference. This attentiveness caused him to skip addressing his people on a highly charged political occasion midway in the conference; he surprised his entourage by sending his brother, Raúl, to stand in. Fidel also gave an unscheduled buffet dinner for the conferees at the Palace of the Revolution. "The only thing I'm sure of is that his people are no better at predicting what he's going to do than I am," one of the American organizers said.

At sixty-five, Fidel looks and sounds as if he hadn't lost a step. He is quick, funny, and articulate. His uniform is perfectly fitted and pressed. He is carefully combed, trimmed, and barbered;

his eyes, dark and piercing, are the most memorable feature. A latent charm can be seen or felt, but so can a latent craziness. When he speaks, as he does often, he is performing, and the performance is seemingly effortless. By far the most important observer, one feels, is the narcissistic performer himself.

Quite clearly, Fidel didn't need to see what befell Gorbachev and others who played at reforming the socialist structure to understand the grave political risks they were running. He knows about power and its demands, having held it for thirty-three years—longer than any other political leader now alive except for King Hussein of Jordan. Fidel's domain is small and insular, and his reach is limited, but his place among this century's major despots is secure: he is ruthless, single-minded, paternalistic, charismatic, and bound to a mythic notion of himself, the revolution, and Cuba as merged in one exalted destiny. "All criticism is opposition," he has said. "All opposition is counter-revolutionary." He has also said, in various ways, that he would prefer to see Cuba sink beneath the waves than compromise revolutionary principles. He said as much during the conference.

Fidel has also said that he became a convinced Marxist-Leninist during his university days. That is unlikely, according to some of those who once knew him well and later broke with him. They think that he adopted the creed because it provided a model for gaining and holding absolute power. It also offered protection from American influence, because it linked Cuba to the Soviet Union, the other superpower and America's adversary. The people around Fidel, the exiled Cuban novelist and journalist Carlos Alberto Montaner wrote, "are not conventional Communists; they are Castroites." He went on, "They play the political roles that Castro reserves for them. They lack the most elemental autonomy." As for Castro's leadership style, according to Montaner, "Fidel sees himself vaguely as a supermacho who exercises a lover-tyrant authority over the country he has conquered. The bedroom where everything is aired is the rostrum. From the speaker's platform, Fidel punishes, loves, or scolds his lover, and all is done according to how 'obedient' and 'loyal'—traditional female virtues—the Cuban people have been. Angry or happy, in a posture of intimate promiscuity that no other political caudillo has attained, Fidel manipulates the Cuban people."



"For the girls—Kimberly, Caitlin, Lauren, Cindy, and Tracy. For the boys—Cameron, Christopher, Adam, Jeffrey, and Gregory."

• •

The role of caudillo fell short of the great enterprise that Fidel had envisioned. His adventurism within the hemisphere, not to mention his numerous references to Bolívar over the years, indicates that he saw himself as a liberator—a task that meant, inter alia, taking on the United States. He would, he said, "make the Andes into another Sierra Maestra"; he would "start a long American march."

Now that Fidel can no longer threaten other Latin-American leaders, they are trying to maneuver Cuba back into the family. "They want him to change, so they can intercede with Washington," a European diplomat in Havana says. "But he insists on insulting them." At Latin-American heads-of-government meetings, large and small, Fidel is being urged to ease up—to accept reforms and help his isolated country help itself. Spain, which has investments in Cuba, has added its voice. Last July, for example, the first Ibero-American conference was held, in Guadalajara, Mexico. Fidel was taken aside there by Felipe González, Spain's Prime Minister, and by President Carlos Salinas, of Mexico, and Carlos Andrés Pérez, Venezuela's President. González had flown in directly from Moscow, where he had seen Boris Yeltsin. Soviet aid, he told Fidel, was soon to be phased out. Fidel, according to diplomats, listened quietly to the three and their arguments for reform, and then replied that it was capitalism—in the United States and elsewhere—that was in retreat, not socialism.

If there was a last chance for Fidelismo, it was the putsch in Moscow last August. But that failed. Before and since, he has reacted to the stream of bad tidings from Moscow by reëmphasizing first principles—cracking down on potential adversaries and on dissidents, real or imagined. In June of 1989, police arrested General Arnaldo Ochoa, the hero of Cuba's Angola campaign and an officer who had been with Fidel in the Sierra Maestra and was thought to be closer to him than most. A few others were also arrested, including the Interior Minister and a former head of Fidel's security detail. Ochoa was accused at first of corruption and la dolce vita. Then, abruptly, the charge against him and the others shifted to trafficking in drugs. Ochoa confessed readily—in the self-abasing, glazed-eye way that victims of the Moscow purge trials of 1938 confessed, according to people who saw a tape of his trial. Ochoa, along with all but one of the others (who died after a year in prison), was executed a few weeks later.

The affair raised more questions

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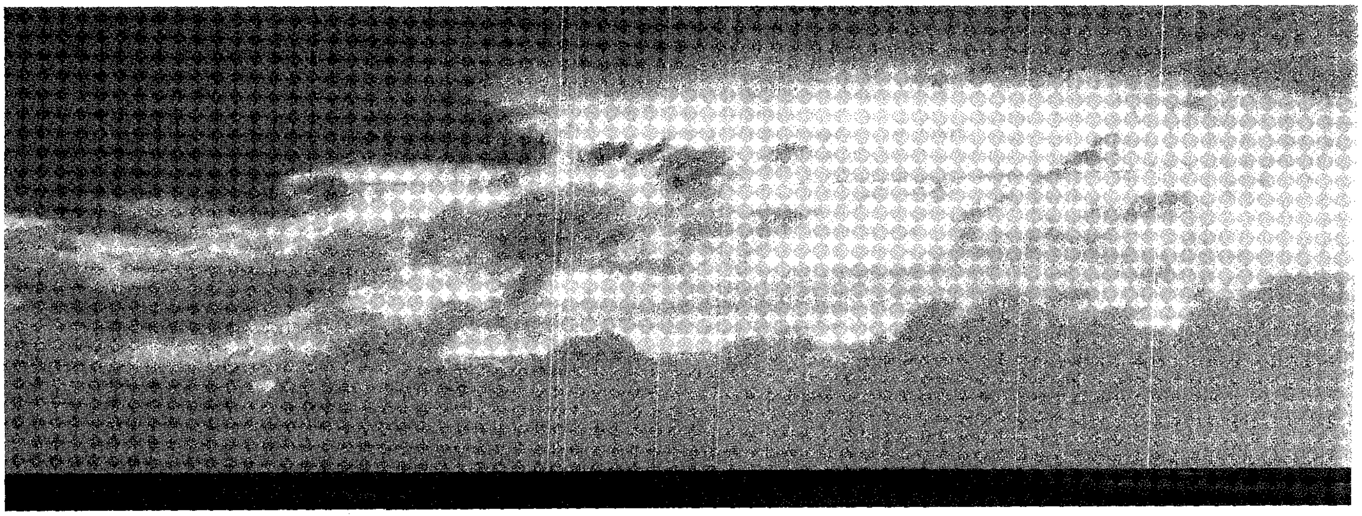

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And while the competition remains relentless in their quest to catch us, we remain dedicated to building a car that's a few years ahead of them. Which means this chase might be just getting started, after all. The Accord EX. HONDA than it answered, diplomats say. Drug smuggling, they know, had been carried on within the government, and at least one of Ochoa's co-defendants was known to have been closely involved in the activity, which, because it was aimed at generating foreign exchange, must have been approved by the Castro brothers. Why Ochoa was implicated isn't clear; the consensus view is that his high standing and his popularity within the Army, if not the country, were such that Fidel may have judged him a potential rival, especially since in Angola he had on occasion ignored orders from Fidel and gone his own way. Some, but not all, diplomats who track Cuban affairs saw a link between Ochoa's arrest and the bad news from Moscow, which had probably begun with Gorbachev's first visit to Havana, about six weeks earlier.

Much clearer is the link between the joint announcement by Gorbachev and Baker about aid to Cuba last September and the wave of violent repression that followed. There had been some expectation that Fidel would allow a Communist Party congress last October to approve a few political and economic reforms; he had led Venezuela's leadership, for example, to believe that he would. He didn't. What happened instead was the appearance of so-called rapid-reaction brigades—Orwellian mobs of irate people who, at the direction of the police, would punish supposed dissidents and the politically incorrect with *actos de repudio*, or acts of repudiation. Among the notable victims was María Elena Cruz Varela, a poet and a former member of the writers' union. She had taken part in drawing up a five-point package of reforms that were designed to be acceptable to Fidel; they included a revival of the so-called Peasants' Market—a device for allowing small farmers to sell a portion of what they produced—and direct election to Cuba's National Assembly, a submissive body that meets twice a year for one day. Cruz Varela and her cohorts drew immediate frowns. "The government went crazy when there were contacts between her and foreign diplomats," one diplomat says. "She was labelled a terrorist and a subversive." On November 19th, a mob chanting hate and threatening mayhem broke into Cruz Varela's apartment and dragged her down the stairs and into the street, where it forced her to eat some of her political writings while her daughter watched. Cruz Varela was then arrested and sentenced to a two-year prison term, as were other members of her group. Although her case was not really unusual, she quickly became a symbol.

In early December, a meeting of thirteen Latin-American and Caribbean leaders in Cartagena, Colombia, issued a communiqué that expressed "profound concern for the situation and future of Cuba." By then, the foreign press was reporting that the regime had begun handing out weapons in factories and union halls. Also in December, according to a story in the Washington *Post*, "the government announced that elements of the police, neighborhood block committees, state security agents, and armed workers' brigades would be merged in a single vigilance and protection system."

On December 27th, Carlos Aldana, who runs Cuba's Communist Party and seems to have become Fidel's Fidel—even more powerful, perhaps, than Raúl Castro—gave a speech on counter-revolution that, diplomats say, was tougher than anything Cubans had heard since the nineteen-sixties. Counter-revolution was broadly defined, and the threat to those who stood accused of it was explicit. Most dissident groups, Aldana said, were being instructed by the Central Intelligence Agency station chief in Madrid. Aldana also said that Cruz Varela was "a person who has a personality disturbance," and that she "has maintained the most stable, close ties with the C.I.A. center in Miami in an intensive exchange of mail containing instructions."

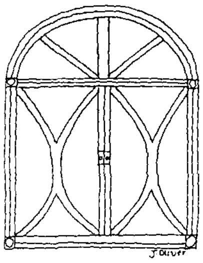
Two days after Aldana's speech, Cuban police arrested three men as they tried to land a dinghy on Cuba's north coast. The three came equipped with arms and explosives and were described by the authorities as "counter-revolutionary terrorists." Their plan, one of the three confessed, was to blow up cinemas and bomb other public gathering places. They had trained for the mission in the Florida Everglades, and were said to belong to a small and obscure paramilitary group in South Florida. One of them was executed, and the two others drew thirty-year prison terms. Many diplomats in Havana were deeply skeptical about the whole episode. The bungled attempt was remarkably amateurish. It occurred just as the regime was doing its utmost to arouse people against the C.I.A. and the dissident groups that it supposedly controls. To many people who know the ways of Cuban intelligence, which operates effectively in Miami, the three aspirant saboteurs appeared to have been set up—enticed and manipulated in order to provide the rationale for cracking down hard on dissidents and human-rights groups that might want to take advantage of the country's economic misery. For reasons that no one pretends to understand, the announcement of the arrests wasn't made until January 8th—ten days after the event, and the day before the opening of the conference on the missile crisis.

JUST thirty-five minutes out of Miami, the descent to Havana begins. Some airline passengers try counting the cars on the highways below. It isn't difficult: because of the fuel shortage, there are almost none. Leaving the airport, one immediately confronts the regime's bunker mentality, in the form of signs along the main thoroughfares proclaiming "Socialism or Death" and "Country or Death." On the Malecón, the stately boulevard that runs along the city's seawall, one encounters next to the former American Embassy a huge cartoon portraying a demented-looking Uncle Sam growling at a cheerful guerrilla who is saying, "Mr. Imperialist, We Have Absolutely No Fear of You." Driving to the Hotel Comodoro, which at present is Havana's toniest, and which is reserved for tourists, one passes through once fashionable neighborhoods, with lovely old houses that are mostly unoccupied and are in advanced stages of dilapidation; a few have become protocol houses or government offices. A new wing of the Comodoro showed the first fresh coat of paint that I saw.

Walking around in the late afternoon and again that evening, I and others found Havana drained of spirit and all but lifeless. One sensed that a dead hand had been laid on a beautiful and once vibrant city. Havana must be the world's only major city that looks just as it did thirty years ago except for the decay and shabbiness. There was, of course, very little traffic. Aside from some small Soviet Ladas, the cars were mostly American sedans built between 1940 and 1959, when the embargo began; they resembled museum pieces and were a special curiosity to younger conferees. What we had all expected to see a lot of was bicycles; at lunch on the second day, a member of the Politburo told me that a million of them had been distributed in 1991 alone. When I said that at first glance there didn't appear to be a great many, he replied that, as a safety measure, certain streets, which we hadn't yet seen, had been set aside for bicycles. Still, neither I nor anyone I know observed large concentrations of bicycles anywhere in Havana.

There was less of everything that a visitor might have expected to see, including light. Sections of the city have no electricity for long stretches of time every day. The meagreness of the street illumination reminded visitors of poorer cities of the underdeveloped world at night. One drives with great care after dark, to avoid hitting jaywalkers and bicyclists. And one is told that large sections of Havana haven't had running water for several years. Among the surprises was the absence of long lines, or even of any lines, at the markets. The explanation was that staples are carefully rationed, with certain days set aside for buying them. Other items are simply not available. The sobering effect of empty shelves is enhanced by the dimness of the markets, the heaps of dirt on the floors, and the mangy cats prowling about. The lines one does see in Havana are for buying ice cream and gaining entry to cafeterias and for buses. Bus service has been cut by half, and many people are obliged to cover large distances on foot each day to get to and from their jobs. Embassies are providing their own transportation for some local staff members and telling others not to bother showing up for work. At least half the factories in Cuba have closed down. Pushcarts are replacing garbage trucks in Havana. I asked a member of the Politburo if the fuel shortage was affecting education, either at the grade-school level or at the university level. Not at all, he said, except that night courses at the University of Havana were being cut back.

Fidel has adopted what he calls his "zero option." Oxen are replacing tractors. Tens of thousands of people have gone to the countryside to help produce food and ease the shortages. One is told that these people are volunteers, but, while many of them may have volunteered, an experienced diplomat in Havana observed that few government programs are voluntary.



Toward the end of the conference, with little left to say about the missile crisis, Fidel said, "What was the October [1962] crisis compared with our situation after the disintegration of the Soviet Union?" He then said that he could not retire from office, because of the enormous economic problems caused by the collapse of the East European Communist nations. "I do not enjoy power," he said. "I do not love power." He went on to tell us that Cuba was obtaining less than a third of the fuel it had been receiving. "But one day we may be thankful for this special situation," he said. "We are back to the ox—the noble ox. If the earth is wet, tractors are useless and oxen are thirteen times as productive." The statement confirmed a general assumption that because of the fuel shortage the untold number of tractors that the Soviet Union had given to Cuba could not now be used. "We are going to the bicycle. We distributed a million bicycles in 1991." Again, one heard that suspect number. "We have cut bus service. We have no fertilizer."

The shortages and the regime's indifference to the worsening quality of life in Cuba contrast starkly with the effort to attract tourists from Europe, Canada, and Latin America and gratify their expectations. Tourists can spend only their hard currencies, and the gap between what is available to them and the life style of Cubans is vast. Cubans call it tourist-apartheid. Cuba's best and most famous beach, Varadero, is being carpeted with luxury hotels and bungalows. In Havana, the famous Hotel Nacional is being restored to so-called five-star status. Meyer Lansky's luxury excrescence, the Riviera, still functions, although an adjacent sphere

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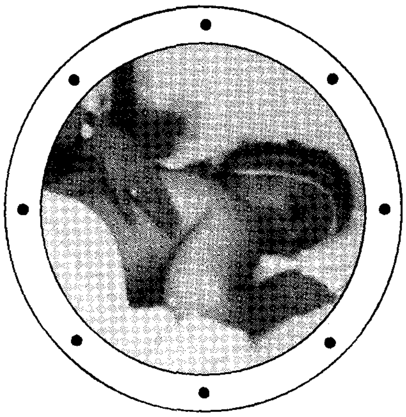

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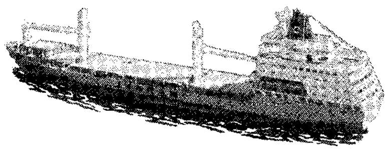

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that housed the casino is in disuse.

Visitors to Havana can hardly help thinking about how little there is to show for all the Soviet aid that was pumped into Cuba over the past thirty years. Fidel will be remembered in part for squandering a substantial part of that largesse on foreign adventures—for being, as some Cubans put it, the only head of a colony who has ever managed to exploit an empire. The majority of Cubans alive today weren't born at the time of Castro's revolution. Its mystique is said to be lost on the young, who in Havana now deride the "Socialism or Death" signs, telling one another that there has to be a better option. According to diplomats and some Cubans, a song called "The Man Is Crazy" is popular among the young people, and is even sung aloud when they are alone. They worry that Fidel's addiction to principle will carry not just him but also them over the cliff. One is left wondering whether this concern is shared to some degree by the Army, where comrades of Ochoa still serve, and by the police.

WHEN it became clear that Fidel had come to the conference to stay, people wondered why, and what he was up to. Missing were the anti-American, anti-imperialist harangues that some of us had expected. Aside from some banter and a little good-natured needling, Fidel was affable, businesslike, and all but untendentious. His motives were probably mixed. He seemed to want to make a good impression on the Americans, a few of whom have voices that still carry—even if not as far as they once did. He may have started thinking about his place in history, and used the conference accordingly. Or, as a few of us surmised, he had set off on an ego trip down memory lane—to the moment when he and Cuba held center stage with the superpowers. This conference allowed Fidel to relive that moment again and again—the moment before the Soviet Union let him down by withdrawing its missiles under American pressure. It also allowed some members of the Soviet delegation—they gave the impression of being far more Soviet than Russian—to engage in a kind of mea culpa and, in a few cases, express chagrin at having now let Comrade Fidel down again, by withdrawing support.

POTATO EATERS

Sometimes the naked taste of potato
reminds me of being poor.

The first bites are gratitude,
the rest contented boredom.

The little kitchen still flickers
like a candlelit room in a folktale.

Never again was my father so angry,
my mother so still as she set the table,

or I so much at home.

—LEONARD NATHAN

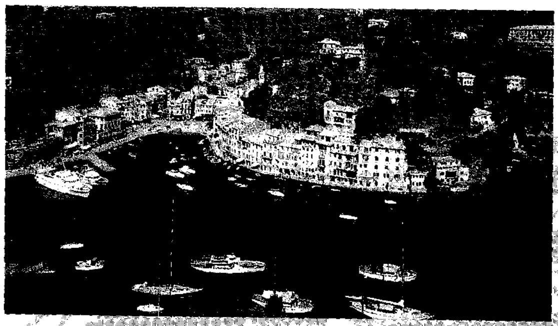
• •

A heavy undercurrent of irony was present. Here was Fidel, seemingly determined to make contact with a group of Americans whose ability to affect American policy, even if they wanted to, was marginal at best, while outside the conference center feelings were running high: the regime was being more shrilly anti-American than it had been at any time in the recent past. Early on January 9th, just a few hours before the first session of the conference opened, four Cubans were shot, three of them fatally, by a group attempting to escape from the island; not for many years had Cubans shot other Cubans. A family of nine, unarmed and including a small child, had tried to steal a boat from a marina near Havana. They overpowered two guards, tied them up, and took their weapons. Two other guards appeared, and were also overpowered. But the would-be escapees were unable to start the boat. They panicked and shot the four defenseless guards. The survivor identified one of his assailants, and the family were quickly rounded up while fleeing to another marina. The next morning, the front page of *Granma*, the Party newspaper, was evenly divided between stories about this event and the opening of the conference, with further comment on the three adventurers from Florida.

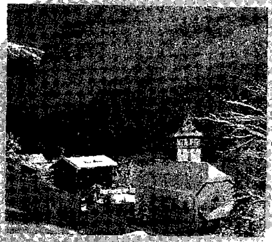
The conference provided historians, Cubanologists, and missile-crisis buffs with a lot of new material to think and argue about. Three days before it began, the State Department released the texts of twelve newly declassified letters between John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev. It did so, though, only after a lawsuit was filed under the Freedom of Information Act. The correspondence, which Khrushchev launched just two days after agreeing, on October 28th, to remove the Soviet missiles from Cuba, dealt mainly with the terms of the settlement of the crisis. Chief among the surprises in the letters was a disclosure that Kennedy had not, as was generally understood, renounced the option of invading Cuba as a condition of the settlement. In a letter dated December 10th Khrushchev said that he had agreed to withdraw his missiles "relying on your assurance that the United States and its allies will not invade Cuba." Khrushchev also said in the letter that he expected to see Kennedy reëlected in 1964, adding, "That is, that you will be the U.S. President for six years, which would appeal to us."

Kennedy replied on December 14th, saying that American forbearance on invading Cuba would depend on Cuba's committing "no aggressive acts against the nations of the Western Hemisphere." Quite clearly, this was information new to Castro.

The conference was held in a modernistic structure that seemed oversized, probably because it had been built for the 1979 summit meeting of nonaligned nations. It is in a district that was once the city's most fashionable but is now abandoned except for a handful of embassies and protocol houses. The main and quite unexpected event of the conference involved a series of sober exchanges about Soviet missile warheads in Cuba, which caused a few of the Americans present, including Robert S. McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense and World Bank president, to con-



EUROPE 1992

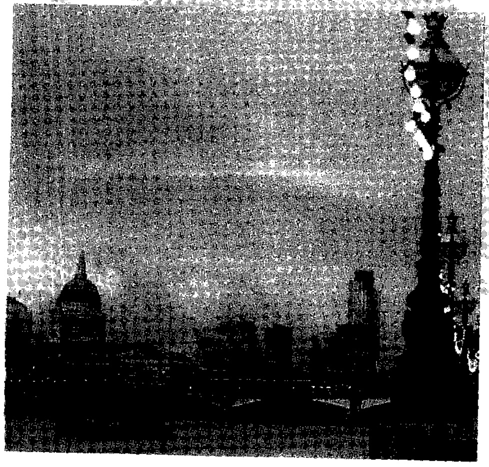


In 1492, Christopher Columbus wrote to the treasurer of the Spanish court with news of a land so extraordinary "as to surpass belief unless one has seen it." Five hundred years later, the New World, with all its wonders, has become familiar to us. As Columbus looked west, we look east to Europe for our jewels, incense, spices, and places "most beautiful and distinguished by various forms."

Europe doesn't disappoint us; it's a lavish cornucopia overflowing with the fruit of human invention. From the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean Sea, its customs and traditions are suspended in amber. But the amber is melting. This year, perhaps more than ever before, the entire continent glows with the heat of change.

It's a glorious, unsettling thing to see. Borders have been shifting and wavering like shadows in a bright light. The images will coalesce into a new shape on December 31, 1992, when the twelve nations that make up the European Community — Britain, Belgium, France, Greece, Denmark, Germany, Spain, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and Portugal, with Austria and Sweden to follow — blur their boundaries and become a single economic entity. Although each country will remain a sovereign state, travellers won't need passports to get from one to the other. The unified Europe will also have its own currency, the ECU (European Currency Unit).

Unification offers many economic advantages. But it also carries a threat — that individual cultures and traditions, developed and guarded over hundreds or thousands of years, will disappear along with geographic boundaries. The European nations are determined to prevent this cultural homogenization. Which is why, especially this year, each country is celebrating itself in all its splendid and eccentric uniqueness.



1992

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Some countries carefully guard their attractions, parcelling them out to the visitor as though fearing an impending shortage. Others are free with their charms, as if in possession of an endless supply. Of the latter group, France is the queen. Millions of travellers have sampled the pleasures of Paris; thousands of writers have waxed rhapsodic about the necklace of lights reflected in the Seine, the aroma of late-night coffee mixed with smoke from the world's strongest cigarettes, the anticipation of entering the Louvre or turning a corner onto the Champs-Élysées.

Richard Passmore

Paris is one of Europe's most beautiful cities—especially at night

For all its beauty, Paris is only a single flower in France's extravagant bouquet. To find others you must visit the provinces; inhale the salt air of the Brittany coast, explore Roman ruins in Provence, or glide by barge along a canal in Burgundy. Savor the wines of each region, along with unique dishes such as Alsatian choucroute and the escargots of Dijon. You'll be partaking of a banquet that has inspired and delighted countless generations.

This is not to say France hasn't moved with the times. In the mood for a brisk buffeting by the winds of change? Visit the brand-new EuroDisney Resort, located just fifteen miles east of Paris. When completed, EuroDisney will be one-fifth the size of France's capital city; even now, it covers more than fifteen hundred acres. Included are six hotels and twenty-nine attractions, most with an American theme.

If it seems odd to visit "Main Street, U.S.A." during your trip to Europe, consider that most of the attractions have been designed by French or international architects. Here's a chance to find out how Europeans would improve upon the skyscrapers of New York, the frontiers of the Wild West, and the New Mexican desert. For Europhiles, there's the Château de la Belle au Bois Dormant, or Sleeping Beauty's Castle, which towers a hundred and thirty feet above the park. It's reminiscent of the great châteaux of the surrounding countryside.

France also offers a full complement of activities celebrating the anniversary of Christopher Columbus's voyage, including major exhibitions at the Centre Pompidou, the Musée de l'Homme, and the Maison de l'Amerique Latine in Paris.

SPAIN

The country where Columbus first hoisted his sails is a major focus of activity during the quincentennial anniversary of his voyage.

First and foremost, the twenty-fifth Olympiad will bring its pomp and pageantry to Barcelona from July 25th through August 9th. Barcelona was nearly swallowed by its own excitement when finally nominated as the site for the 1992 Summer Games. This euphoria has built steadily over the past six years, as the city reinvented itself by building extensive sports and guest facilities.

By the time the Olympic theme wafts over sixty-five thousand spectators at Montjuïc's brand-new stadium, Barcelona will be hardly recognizable to travellers who knew it before 1992. Essentially two cities side by side — the winding medieval Ramblas and the gracious nineteenth-century districts of the Cerda plan — it has been wrapped in gaily colored Olympic bunting from the

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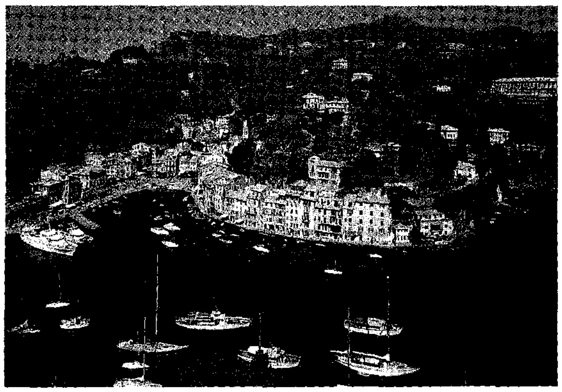
harbor to the hills. And, as if the Games won't keep everyone busy enough, the entire region is celebrating a "Cultural Olympiad" with theatre, concerts, exhibitions, and displays of local and popular culture.

Spain's second major event is Expo '92, which takes place in Seville from April 20th through October 12th. Over a hundred national and theme pavilions combine allegory, circus, and amusement park elements into a gigantic World's Fair. At its center is the Pavilion of Discovery, a spectacular dome within a rectangle designed by Javier Feduchi.

ITALY

The birthplace of Columbus is honoring his discovery with Colombo '92, a three-month exposition that opens in Genoa on May 15th. Subtitled "Christopher Columbus: Ships and the Sea," it's a mariner's delight, with exhibits ranging from the evolution of shipbuilding to the future of navigation.



Robert Everts

Portofino, a coastal village in Italy's Ligurian region

The entire region of Liguria, where Genoa is located, is pulling out the stops during this quincentennial year. The celebrations begin in mid-April, when fifty tall ships bring their splendor to the harbor of Genoa before setting forth for the New World (unlike Columbus, they'll land in New York).

During September and October, strollers on the promenades lining the Italian Riviera will glimpse antique boats manned by sailors in medieval garb; they'll be plying the seas in commemoration of ancient feuds between Amalfi, Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. The celebrations will come to a head on Columbus Day, October 12th, with elaborate festivals incorporating musical performances, parties, and feasts taking place throughout the region.

GERMANY

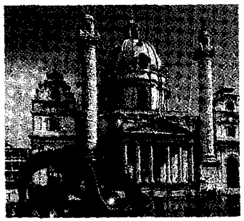
Everywhere you look in Germany, time-honored traditions are coming up against the new order. As the central government readies itself to take an expanded role in world politics, towns and cities are working to retain their local customs.

Each town has its own character and festivals. Although some, like Oktoberfest in Munich and the Nuremberg Christmas Market, are known throughout the world, travellers will stumble upon others serendipitously. And each has a peculiar charm, from the reënactment of the Pied Piper legend in Hameln to the spooky happenings of Walpurgis Night, when witches are said to drink blood on Brocken Mountain.

While retaining a tenacious attachment to their folklore, most German towns are surprisingly modern in other respects. In fact, few other countries achieve such a felicitous mingling of tradition and progress. A case in point is the once-in-five-years modern art exhibition held in the tenth-century city of Kassel. Once a refuge for Huguenots, the town will be the site of a veritable tidal wave of new ideas from May through September.

AUSTRIA

Germany's neighbor also finds itself striving to achieve a balance between old and new. Major exhibitions in Vienna this spring include "The New World:



Doug Armand

Church of St. Charles, Vienna

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Austria and the Exploration of America" at the National Library, as well as a survey of modern poster art. Meanwhile, the town of Zell im Zillertal is one of many mountain villages to welcome the season with a traditional festival — in this case Gauderfest, which is celebrated with a parade and a specially brewed beer.

SWITZERLAND

Joachim Messerschmidt

Grindelwald, a town nestled in the Bernese Alps

Here, in an area less than one-third the size of the state of New York, a visitor has the opportunity to see much of Europe in microcosm during a single trip — or even a single day. Wake up in Bern, where you can breakfast on hearty German bread and cheese, then take the train west to Neuchâtel for *déjeuner* or south to the Ticino for *pranzo*. The Swiss have designated 1992 as the year to celebrate their many "cultures within a culture." Local customs and events range from cow fights in Valais to a carnival-type Christmas procession in Canton Glarus, where the parade is accompanied by children ringing cowbells.

BENELUX COUNTRIES

In The Netherlands, 1992 is the "Year of Flowers." From April 10th through October 11th, the country will host Floriade, a once-in-ten-years horticultural exposition at a gigantic park outside The Hague. More than three million people are expected to attend the event.

In neighboring Belgium, the floral theme is continued during the annual Flower Carpet Display in Brussels' magnificent Grand-Place. During the third weekend of August, the town square will be covered with a tapestry of sixty-five thousand begonias.

Travellers will also find blossoms galore in the fortifications surrounding the city of Luxembourg, which have been transformed into a series of pleasant parks.

GREECE

In a country where "the good old days" refers to a time five hundred years before the birth of Christ, the preservation of traditional customs is true cause for celebration.

Each summer, the ancient theatre at the foot of the Acropolis hosts the Athens Festival, a series of concerts and performances including classic Greek plays. In the northeastern part of the Peloponnese peninsula, the National Theatre of Greece and the National Theatre of Northern Greece present a full schedule of ancient comedy and drama at a theatre dating from the third century B.C., in a sylvan setting that was once the town of Epidaurus.

An even older tradition is observed at Greek wine festivals. The Greeks have been producing wine since the Neolithic Age, some six thousand years ago. In ancient times festivals honoring the wine god, Dionysus, were celebrated with dramatic performances, processions, dancing, and a prodigious amount of consumption by ecstatic revellers.

Today, wine festivals take place between the months of July and September in Athens, Patras, Thrace, and Crete. The largest celebration is located in a grove of laurel trees near the Byzantine monastery at Daphni,

George Grigoriou

The Acropolis overlooks the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter

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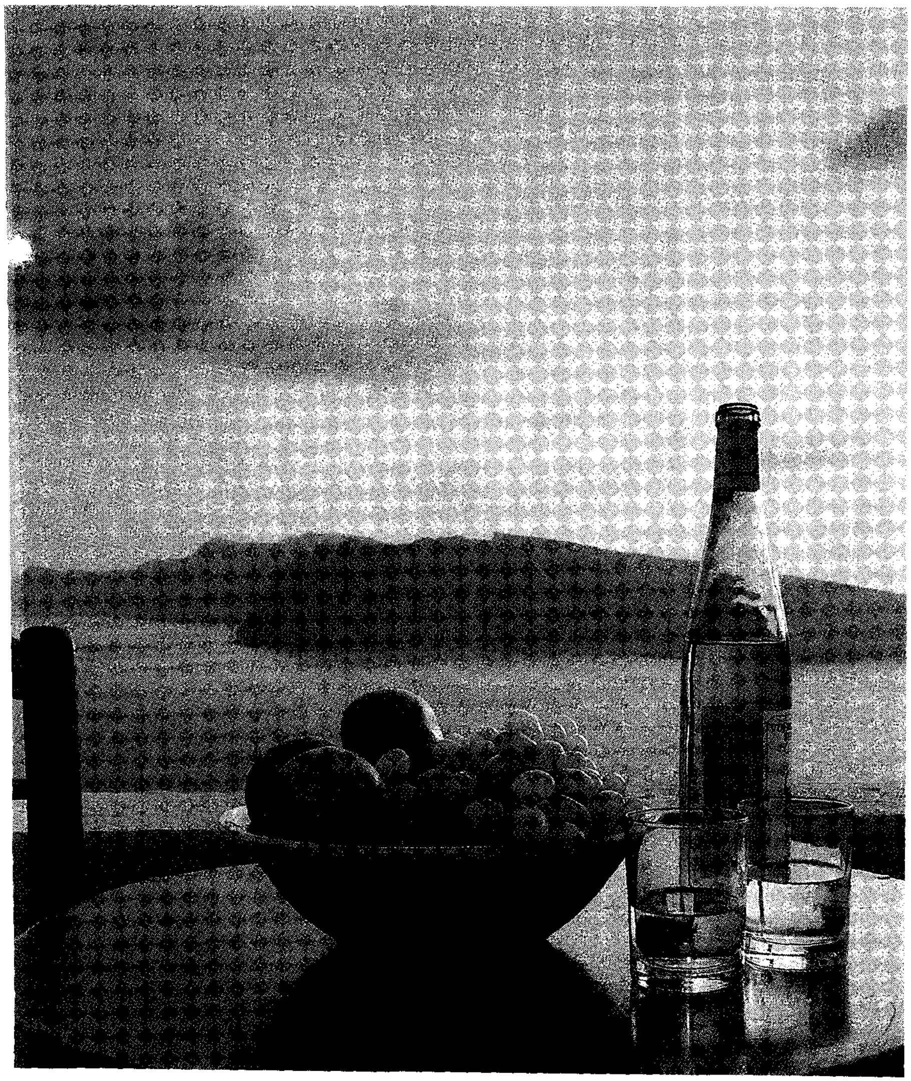

A terrace in Oia, on the island of Santorini.

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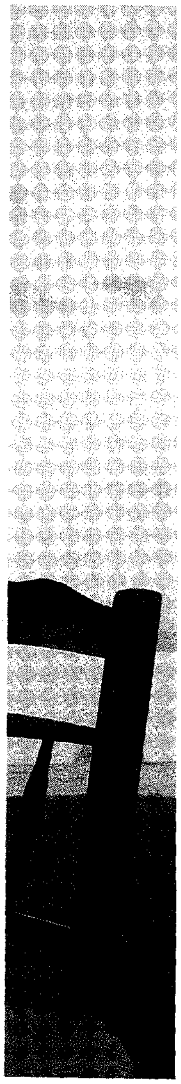
THE SPIRIT OF ZEUS LIVES ON



Zeus. God of Gods. Father of mankind. Protector of strangers. In the land of the Gods, hospitality was a divine edict from none other than the God who ruled supreme on Mount Olympus.

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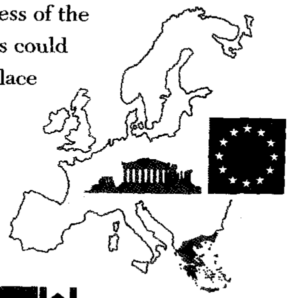
Are the Greeks so friendly because of the Gods? Or, were the Gods taken with the friendliness of the Greeks? The Gods could have chosen anyplace on earth. They chose the warmth of Greece.



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GREECE
Chosen by the Gods

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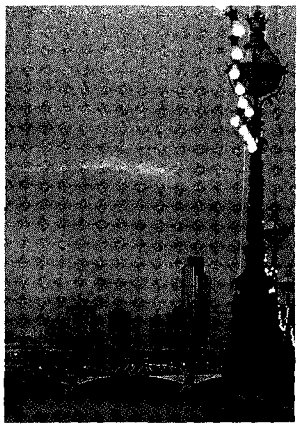
a suburb of Athens. Here vintners set up stands, and visitors wander about sampling the wines and tasting specialties such as stuffed vine leaves and taramosalata (a paste made with carp roe). There is no charge for either food or drink.

The most important time in the Greek religious calendar is Holy Week, which begins on the Friday before Easter (Good Friday). After a day of fasting and abstention from work, the faithful take part in a solemn, candlelit procession known as the Epitaphios.

The sadness begins to lift the next morning, culminating in a joyful evening mass that ushers in Easter Sunday. On this, the most holy day of the year, it is customary to feast on roast lamb, grilled lamb sausage, Easter cookies, and boiled eggs that have been dyed red. Everyone passing by is invited to join the festivities, which in many towns include performances by dancers in regional costumes.


A view of London from the Thames

UNITED KINGDOM

In spite of both recent and historic high jinks, there is no better-loved institution than the British monarchy.

This summer, the Victoria and Albert Museum in London is hosting a major exhibition, "Sovereign," honoring the fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth II's reign. Many items owned by the Royal Family will be displayed here for the very first time, including coronation robes, family photographs, cartoons, and other memorabilia.

Britain is also marking the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the English Civil War with battle reënactments and exhibitions around the country. The most spectacular of these will be at Worcester, in the English Midlands, where a two-day event will include the largest cavalry charge on English soil since the days of the Protectorate.

IRELAND

Dublin is the site of a year-long celebration marking the four hundredth anniversary of Trinity College. This cherished institution was founded by another royal favorite, Elizabeth I, and went on to produce graduates like Jonathan Swift, Thomas More, Samuel Beckett, and Oscar Wilde.

SCANDINAVIA

The countries of Scandinavia are breathing new life into traditional events in 1992.

In Denmark, citizens and visitors will be dancing in the streets of Copenhagen during Carnival weekend, which is from June 6th through

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It's in Stockholm at Ulriksdals Wärdshus, a 17th century inn set in the park of Ulriksdals Royal Palace. A retreat for royalties for centuries, the palace is today the home of Princess Christina. The inn is famous for its smörgåsbord. Combined with a view of the palace, it makes for a very special dining experience indeed.

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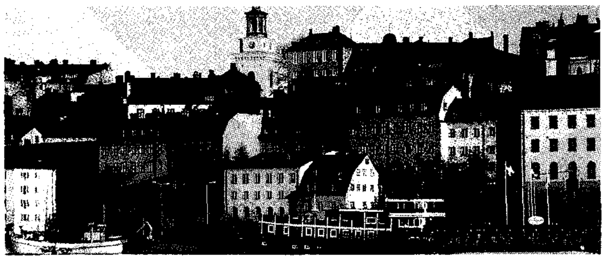
the 8th. Later this summer, travellers can enjoy traditional pageants followed by banquets at the Viking Festival in North Sjælland, while the Hans Christian Andersen Festival brings thousands of visitors to the storyteller's native town.

On July 4th, Jutland is the site of the largest American Independence Day celebration outside the United States. Now in its eightieth year, this all-American tradition includes parades, fireworks, a cookout, and plenty of red, white, and blue good cheer.

The hills of Norway blaze with bonfires during that country's Midsummer's Night celebration on June 23rd. Other highlights of the summer season are jazz festivals, an open-air historic play depicting the battle between Christians and heathens in Mid-Norway, and a Peer Gynt festival honoring Ibsen's fictional character.

Norway also will host a "Return to Your Roots" World Congress for expatriates of Norwegian descent.



Stockholm's Gamla Stan (Old Town)

The combination heritage and cultural festival starts in Trondheim on August 16th and ends in Lillehammer a week later.

Sweden's summer calendar includes Halsinge-Hambo, an annual folk-dance festival with more than three thousand participants in traditional costumes, as well as a gigantic folk festival, the Bingsjo Gathering, on July 1st. In Stockholm, the second annual Water Festival, August 7th through the 16th, will attract over a million visitors and culminate in the spectacular World Fireworks Championships.

Long dominated by its neighbors Sweden and Russia, Finland marks its seventy-fifth year of independence in 1992. To celebrate, the country is hosting a year-long Homecoming Celebration for Finns from around the world. Highlights include the Joensuu Song Festival, June 6th through the 16th, which will celebrate Finnish music of the past seventy-five years; the Kaustinen Folk Music Festival, the largest of its kind in the Nordic countries, from July 18th through the 26th; and the Homecoming Year Grand Festival, held in Helsinki during the first weekend of August.

Iceland is home to Europe's highest waterfalls, largest glaciers, and most active volcanoes, as well as the world's northernmost capital city, Reykjavik. Travellers in search of adventure will find it here, from raft rides on a thundering glacial river to helicopter flights over a live volcano.

Deborah Gaines is a New York–based travel writer.

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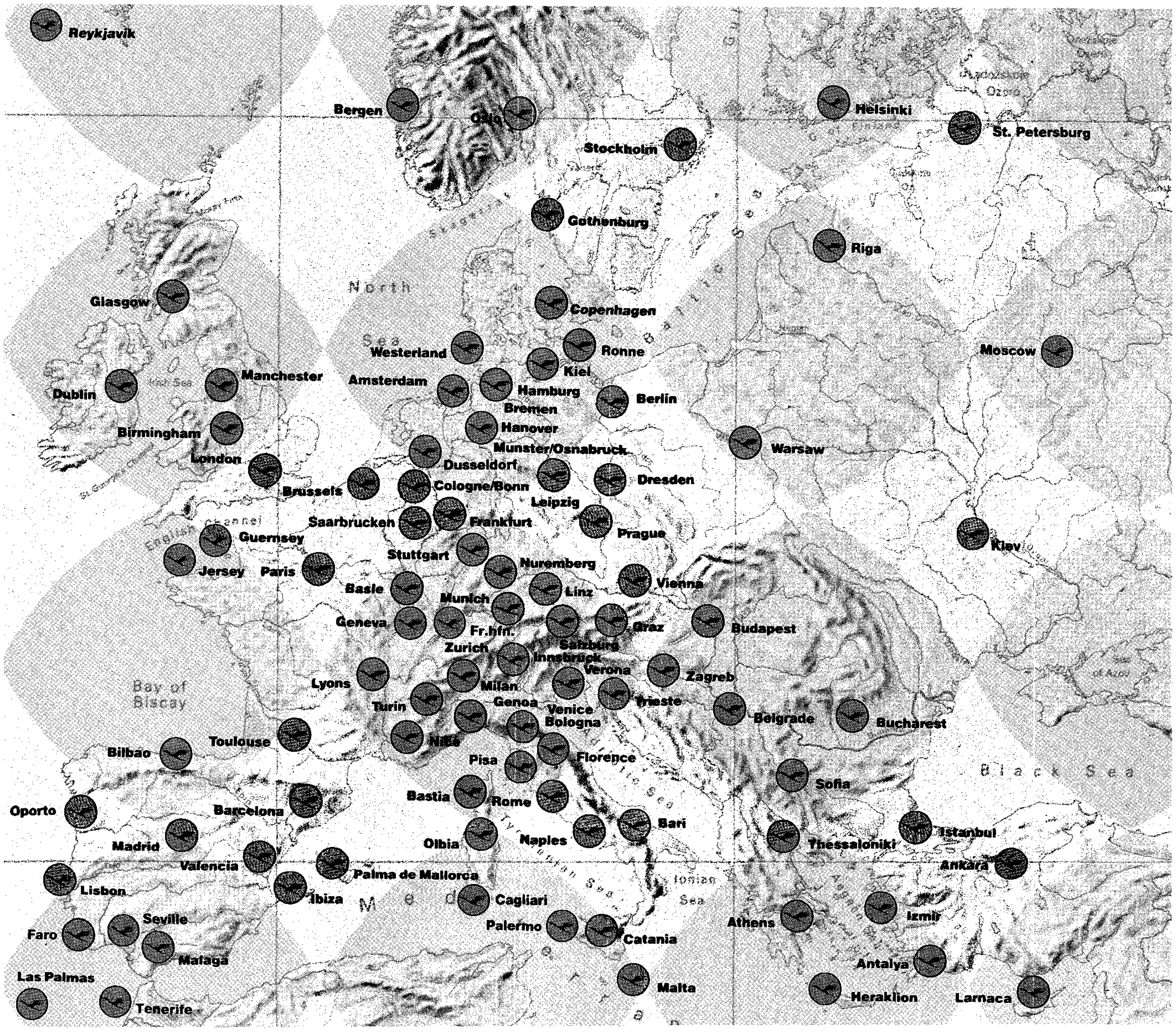
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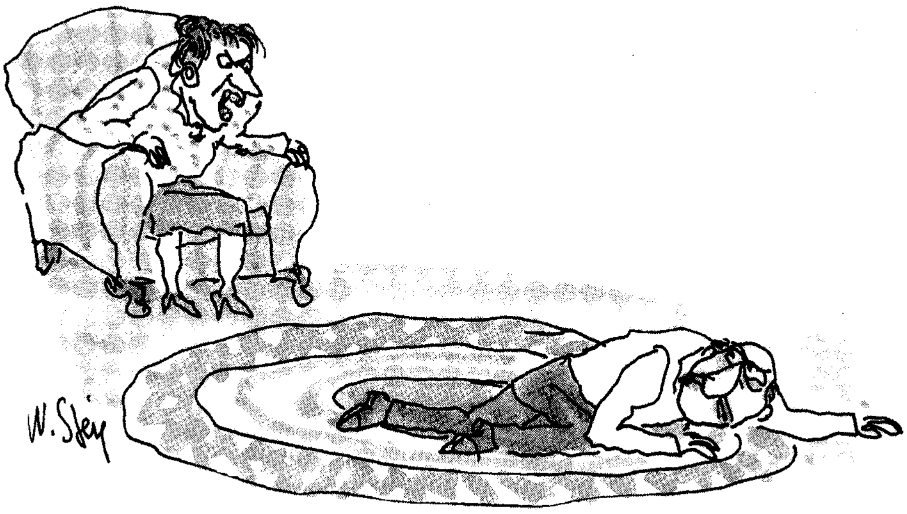


“You creep!”

• •

clude that the world had been much closer to nuclear war in 1962 than even anyone in Washington had thought. At the time, Kennedy and his advisers were obliged to assume the worst case—that the Soviets might have deployed warheads as well as missiles—even though American intelligence had not detected warheads; its estimate was that none had arrived, and none were detected leaving after the crisis. Washington’s intent was to settle the crisis before warheads did arrive. United States intelligence actually did see a special custodial unit of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces loading warheads on a large freighter, the Poltava, at Odessa. The Poltava declared a false destination (Algiers) and carried a false manifest. The ship then headed toward Cuba, and was one of several Soviet vessels that later either stopped dead in the water or turned back rather than challenge the American naval blockade. Twenty-seven years later, at the 1989 Moscow conference on the missile crisis, the chief Soviet military delegate, Colonel General Dimitri Volkogonov, said that twenty SS-4 medium-range-missile warheads had indeed been present in Cuba. Thirty-six SS-4 missile systems had been deployed there, and constituted the threat that Kennedy had said must be removed.

At the Havana meeting, the warhead question resurfaced almost at once. After an opening statement from McNamara, who was the chairman of the American delegation, Fidel, as acting chairman of the first session, invited a Soviet comment. General Anatoly I. Gribkov, the chief Soviet military delegate, who had been the chief of staff of Warsaw Pact forces from 1976 to 1989, took the floor. He first listed the various Soviet military units and weapons that had been sent to Cuba. The number of troops, he said, reached forty-two thousand. (The C.I.A. had estimated ten thousand.) “Never before in Russian history had we sent so many people across the ocean,” Gribkov said. He then spoke of a joint Soviet-Cuban plan to repel an American invasion. Soviet forces, he said, were prepared to “fall back on guerrilla tactics, if necessary”; there was to be no retreat or withdrawal. An air attack by the United States, he said, would not have destroyed all the Soviet missiles, which, he added, would have been armed. But he also said that the warheads were situated from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and ninety miles from the missiles’ deployment sites. Gribkov concluded with this comment: “In fifty-four years of military experience, my most humiliating experience was the inspection of our ships. Fidel did well to reject attempts to inspect Cuban ports. But our ships were inspected. The Americans wanted to know how many missiles the ships contained . . . and we had to do what we were told to do.” Fidel listened to this account impassively.

Then an American delegate, retired Air Force General William Y. Smith, who had been directly involved in the crisis, asked Gribkov exactly how many Soviet warheads had been sent to Cuba and where they had been deployed. When and by what means, Smith also asked, were the warheads removed? He noted that the American side had watched carefully to see whether warheads arrived or departed.

Gribkov replied by saying that midrange missile launchers (as distinct from warheads), whose presence he had just noted, had been deployed in San Cristóbal and other parts of western Cuba. The ships to take them home arrived on November 1st, he said, and by November 20th everything had gone.

This comment didn’t answer Smith’s question about warheads, and he repeated it. Gribkov said that the warheads, too, had been withdrawn, but he offered very little detail. Another American delegate tried and failed to get more information, and at that point McNamara, referring to the discussion as “confusing,” suggested that a couple of the American and Soviet delegates meet privately to sort out the warhead question. Fidel intervened at once to ask why a Cuban general could not be present for that conversation. He noted “a certain persistence to keep this a two-party affair.”

Curiously, Gribkov then warned against the possibility of a “polemic,” adding that no one had asked Fidel’s opinion about the withdrawal of the missiles, although he had been consulted about their introduction. “Khrushchev and Kennedy decided that,” he said of the withdrawal of the missiles. “And I can well understand Fidel’s position and how he felt offended.” Gribkov then observed that again Fidel had not been consulted when Gorbachev and Baker announced jointly last fall that Soviet aid to Cuba would be halted. “This was wrong and unfair to Fidel Castro,” he said. “We cannot solve such issues unilaterally.” He had strayed well away from the point.

Castro then returned matters to the warhead issue, repeating his suggestion for a three-party meeting. But Gribkov said he was ready to answer the American questions. He would like to repeat, he said, that there had been thirty-six midrange missiles, with a warhead for each of them, plus six short-range (tactical) missiles, with a warhead for each, along with three spares—nine in all. But Gribkov wasn’t repeating himself, since he hadn’t made such a statement before—at least, not that anyone could understand.

Fidel said that Gribkov’s statement

was clear and precise, adding that he, too, had wanted to know the answer, and appreciated Gribkov's courage in providing it.

McNamara then noted the C.I.A.'s position on the presence of warheads, the Poltava's uncompleted journey, and the statement made in Moscow that only twenty warheads had reached Cuba. He asked for more clarification.

Gribkov replied—who knows why?—that he recalled McNamara as "a young and energetic minister," and said, "We thought you were a good choice for Secretary of Defense." As for what the Americans had heard about warheads from General Volkogonov in Moscow, it was something that someone not well informed would have said, Gribkov explained. He added that he himself had been responsible for loading the ships. Without mentioning Volkogonov's name, he spoke of him derisively as someone who held a doctorate in philosophy, and had even written books in that field—twenty or so. Gribkov asked how someone like that could be taken seriously. Volkogonov is actually well known for one book, a bitingly negative biography of Stalin, written in the late eighties, which was *mal vu* within the Soviet establishment; more important, he was an early and enthusiastic supporter of Boris Yeltsin, and is now part of his entourage. At various times, elements of the Soviet Army tried to purge Volkogonov.

McNamara, pronouncing himself satisfied on the warhead question, then asked about command and control of the Soviet nuclear weapons in Cuba. An exchange ensued in which Gribkov said, in effect, that the authority to launch the midrange SS-4 missiles rested with Khrushchev, but that Soviet commanders in Cuba had been granted discretionary authority to launch the nuclear-armed short-range missiles if they were confronted by an American invasion force. Of all the new data and insights produced by these five conferences, none were as remarkable, or approached in shock value, the disclosure (if that's what it was) that a Soviet field commander, acting on his own authority, could have set off a nuclear war. Had he launched any one of his six nuclear-armed tactical missiles, there would almost certainly have been such a war.

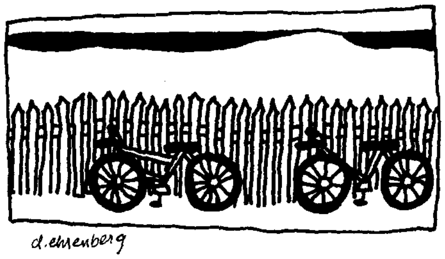
The questions arise: Is Gribkov believable? Was the situation as he described it? Or is there room for doubt? Most of the American delegation seemed to conclude that Gribkov had described sombre reality—a view that led to numerous page-one newspaper articles about how close to Armageddon the world had come. Another view held that Gribkov's credibility was suspect. Even though he was, as he said, directly involved in the affair, and actually commanded a part of the military-operations directorate that was responsible for moving the hardware to Cuba, he left a few of us, including me, feeling suspicious and very skeptical.

One wondered, first, about the huge discrepancy between what Volkogonov had said in Moscow and what Gribkov said in Havana. Whereas Volkogonov had said that twenty medium-range missile warheads had arrived, Gribkov gave the number as thirty-six. More important, in contrast to Gribkov's chilling testimony in Havana about tactical nuclear weapons, Volkogonov told Raymond Garthoff, a Russian-speaking American delegate in Moscow, that no such weapons were ever dispatched to Cuba. At the time of the Moscow conference, Volkogonov was directing the Moscow military-archives institute. Besides consulting those archives, he had interviewed two Soviet generals who had served in Cuba.

Second, one wondered about Gribkov's highly personal attack on Volkogonov, who stood accused of getting everything wrong because he wrote books. Gribkov himself appeared to be an unreconstructed hard-liner—one who no doubt regards Volkogonov as a traitor to the Soviet state.

Third, Gribkov remained evasive about the site of the missile warheads. His replies to most of the questions about the warheads were prolix and cagey.

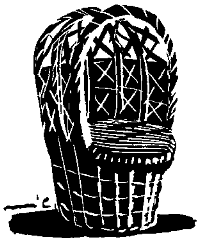
Fourth, during further questioning American veterans of the crisis heard Gribkov make two factual errors that someone with the operational responsibilities he had held should not have made. His most important misstatement concerned the deployment of Ilyushin-28 light bombers to Cuba in October of 1962. According to Gribkov, forty-two of these aircraft should have gone but only nine actually arrived. Yet American intelligence did spot all forty-two IL-28s being unloaded in Cuba. The second mistake involved the number of short-range missiles assigned to Soviet Army regiments in Cuba. Perhaps Gribkov was having a memory lapse, or lapses. Yet he seemed to have prepared carefully for the conference.



Fifth, the balance of forces, nuclear as well as non-nuclear, was heavily weighted against the Soviet Union. The American estimate in 1962 was five thousand nuclear weapons on the American side and only seventy-five on the Soviet side. Actually, Volkogonov said in Moscow, the Soviets had just twenty strategic-missile systems targeted against the United States at that time. With America holding all the high cards, why would Khrushchev have added greatly to the risk of nuclear war—a prospect he feared at least as much as the Americans did—by giving Soviet commanders in Cuba the authority to use a few nuclear weapons?

Finally, Khrushchev worried about Castro, whom he described in his recently released correspondence with Kennedy as "an impetuous hothead." It took Khrushchev's entourage several years to convince him that it was not Castro but a Soviet air-defense unit that shot down a high-altitude American reconnaissance plane, the U-2, during the crisis. On both sides, the destruction of the U-2 raised the anxiety to an almost unbearable level. At the conference, Castro recalled receiving letters from Khrushchev complaining about the U-2 incident. Again, the question arises: If Khrushchev could become so upset, as we know he did, by the shooting down of an American U-2, why would he have been so reckless as to delegate to local Soviet commanders authority to use nuclear weapons?

The explanation for Gribkov's possible falsifying of the facts isn't obvious. He may have had a political agenda. What he said during the conference gratified Fidel and perfectly suited his purposes. Establishing not merely the presence of many warheads in Cuba but also Soviet willingness and authority to use some of them would enhance this brief retrieval of the nuclear age's most fearful hour. For thirty years, Cubans were told that the warheads had been present, along with the missiles. Fidel recalled during the conference that he had been assured that the Soviet short-range-missile units, like the non-nuclear units, were ready for combat. At the Moscow conference, Sergei Khrushchev, Nikita's son and a member of the Soviet delegation, was reported as saying that Fidel had asked his father during the crisis to launch a preëmptive nuclear strike against the United States. Both Cuban and Soviet authorities denied this report, and Castro, after saying, "It did not happen like that," released an exchange of letters between him and Khrushchev during the crisis. But these did reveal a request for a Soviet nuclear strike in the event of an American invasion of Cuba. In his letter Castro described such a response as "most legitimate self-defense." And "however harsh and terrible the solution," he wrote, "there would be no other." (He voiced similar thoughts during the Havana conference.) Khrushchev's reply showed him to have been extremely cautious, and wholly lacking Fidel's appetite for nuclear war. He called Fidel's message "very alarming," and advised him to "show patience." This letter, together with Khrushchev's messages to Kennedy, provides a further reason to conclude that General Gribkov's version of events was unreliable.



In a conversation with McNamara in Washington about a month after the conference, I cited what appeared to be flaws in Gribkov's position, and he replied, "I agree about ninety per cent with the skeptical view, but I find it hard to believe that Gribkov made up the tactical-nuclear situation out of whole cloth."

When I asked about the discrepancy between the Volkogonov and the Gribkov versions, he said, "I don't know. I can't reconcile Moscow and Havana."

The Soviet military officers at the conference, and especially Gribkov, were determined to express solidarity with Fidel, the fraternal socialist leader who had been badly let down by their own new leadership. They seemed to care more about pleasing, or appeasing, him than about falling in with the spirit of the occasion, let alone warming up to the Americans. After one of the sessions, a Russian-speaking American found himself being told by two Soviet military delegates that the United States should help Cuba now that their own country was standing down. The American remarked that after his government finished helping Russia and other countries there might not be anything left over for Cuba, at which point one of the Russians snapped, "Don't help us, you've helped us enough already," and went on to suggest that the United States had played a large and sinister role in the collapse of the Soviet Union. These old soldiers were clearly still angry about how the missile crisis had ended, and about what they saw as the equally ignominious conclusion of the Cold War. They are disappointed people with pasts but, unlike Volkogonov, with no current or future prospects. Gribkov complained at the conference about Soviet military commanders' not having been informed of the secret Kennedy-Khrushchev negotiations that ended the crisis. "There were many things we and the Cubans didn't know," he grumbled. And he once even disdained to board a conference shuttle bus because the passengers were mostly Americans; instead, he and a colleague awaited the next bus, which they had to themselves.

Gribkov sounded like an echo of Fidel, who at an earlier point had described the settlement as having caused "great indignation" in Cuba, which, he said, "felt like a bargaining chip." There was no consultation, he complained, adding, "I heard about it on the radio. We endured such humiliation." The population remained "calm and serene," he said, and most people didn't want the missiles to be withdrawn. "The truth is, we had been preparing for this day since the Sierra Maestra," he claimed. "People were saying goodbye to their children."

At first, Fidel said, he hadn't wanted the missiles. His concern was that they would "damage the image of the revolution in Latin America," because the island would begin to look like a Soviet military base. He added, quite plausibly, that he had agreed to the deployment in order to improve the balance of power and strengthen the socialist camp. "Khrushchev would never have

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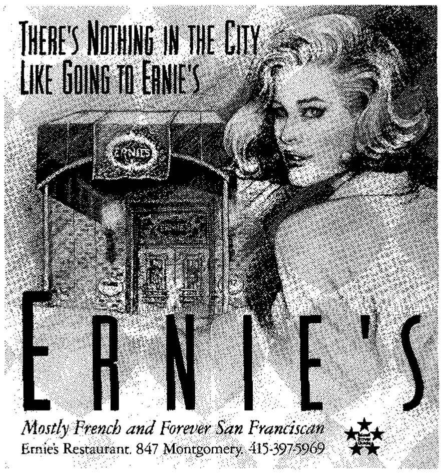
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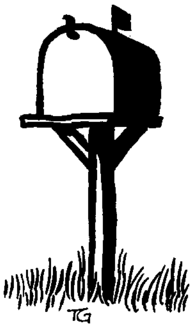
launched a first strike,” he said. “He wanted negotiation and peace. . . . We paid a high price. I saw Soviet commanders cry when they heard the news of the missiles’ being withdrawn. We couldn’t seize them. We didn’t know how to use them. We hoped to learn something after they were deployed.”

Fidel said that he had pressed to have the missiles deployed openly, not secretly. The secrecy, he said, caused political and practical problems. He had wanted to publish a joint statement with Khrushchev, who, he said, always had Kennedy’s November 6th congressional elections in mind. Twice during the conference, Fidel recalled Khrushchev’s conviction that the missiles wouldn’t be detected, and he also cited twice Khrushchev’s unwillingness to jeopardize Kennedy’s political fortunes by revealing the deployment before November 6th. According to Gribkov, Khrushchev’s plan had been to go to Havana after November 6th. He and Fidel would then jointly tell the world about the missile deployment, and if anyone objected Khrushchev would say that the Americans, by deploying offensive-missile systems in Turkey, were doing no less.

Fidel was most interesting to me when he talked about Kennedy and Khrushchev. He paid tribute to each, and said he had great respect for both. Kennedy, he said, was not to blame for the Bay of Pigs, because he had inherited the operation and, in the early days of his Administration, did not yet have the “moral or political authority” to cancel it.

A few Cuban delegates were surprised to see Fidel turn up for the Friday-afternoon session. He had been expected to deliver a funeral oration at a 3 P.M. ceremony for the three guards who had been slain by the family that had tried to escape Cuba by boat. Instead, Raúl spoke—even more harshly and menacingly than Carlos Aldana had two weeks earlier. The three had been martyred, Raúl said, “because they could not be bought, because they could not be silenced, because they could not be turned into accomplices.” The act that took their lives was “counterrevolutionary.” The responsibility for it and for similar acts lay with “splinter groups” in Cuba and the United States that adopted counterrevolutionary strategy. They would not, Raúl warned, “have better luck than that of their predecessors in the nineteen-sixties.” He underlined this warning, saying, “We will not hesitate to revive . . . the revolutionary tribunals,” which condemned many thousands of Cubans to death in the years just after Castro took power.

Neither the tone nor the chemistry of the conference was affected by the ugly background noise in Havana. On Saturday, the focus shifted from past traumas and controversies to current matters. Fidel went on trying to put his best foot forward without giving ground on points of principle. In no country of Latin America, he said, “including those countries which feed off the United States, are American citizens treated with more respect and friendliness than in Cuba.” (Any American who wanders about Havana would have to agree.) He alluded to issues that had helped to create the gulf between Washington and Havana—notably Cuba’s tendency to cause trouble in other countries. “If we are accused of intervening, we had great teachers,” he said. “If we are to be sent to the seventh circle of Hell, what circle is there for the U.S.?” Then he asked rhetorically whether this kind of activity continued to constitute Cuba’s policy, and answered the question with a flat no, saying that Latin America was a family of states, with each obliged to respect the sovereignty of the others. “Our policy now is to comply with international law and standards,” he said. “We wanted revolutionary change. We still do, but that doesn’t mean we will help. Today, we are walking down a different path.” Fidel was saying, in effect, that being a good neighbor had become his only foreign-policy option. “Times have changed,” he continued. “We have changed. . . . Our policy has changed. . . . Military aid outside our borders is a thing of the past.” In the same passage he said, “Our most important task is internal—assuring the survival of our revolution.”



That evening, Fidel gave his unscheduled buffet dinner for the conferees. The Soviet delegation, having apparently failed to make up for Khrushchev’s misdeeds, was obliged to wait outside the palace until every

American had gone through the receiving line, which, besides Fidel, included Raúl. According to one Cuban official I spoke with, Fidel and Raúl, for security reasons, had not previously been seen together in a public room for more than twenty years. (I checked this statement with two foreign diplomats, and they said they knew of only one other such occasion—a farewell party for an especially popular Soviet ambassador.) And Raúl, who is widely thought of as humorless and gray, turned out to be the life of the party. He was merry and full of jokes, one of them at the expense of the leadership styles of Khrushchev, Brezhnev, and Gorbachev. (Raúl obliged Gribkov to listen to this extended put-down of Soviet leadership. The cavalier treatment of him and other Russians recalled a sequence of events at the Moscow conference. First, the Americans and the Soviets held a long discussion on whether to allow the Cuban delegation to take a turn in chairing the meetings. Then, when Cubans were in the chair, they gavelled down Russian speakers, though not Americans, at the precise moment their time expired. Also, the Cubans gave a cocktail party and didn't even invite their Soviet hosts.)

As for Fidel, he was hospitality itself, standing for nearly three hours in the center of the room, not eating or drinking but remaining available for conversation with one and all, and particularly the Americans. Quite clearly, he was doing his best to make a success of the conference at every level.

It ended the following afternoon, with a short session in which Fidel and McNamara exchanged some thoughts on bilateral relations. McNamara led off, observing that old American fears of Cuba were no longer justified; that, while there were some remaining differences, he wasn't there to debate civil and political rights. He went on to praise Cuban accomplishments in meeting fundamental human rights, citing health care and education as notable examples. Cuba's infant-mortality rate, McNamara observed, was considerably lower than that of Washington, D.C.—he had the figures. "I spent thirteen years at the World Bank trying to make similar progress," he said. "And I did not." McNamara concluded with a recommendation that

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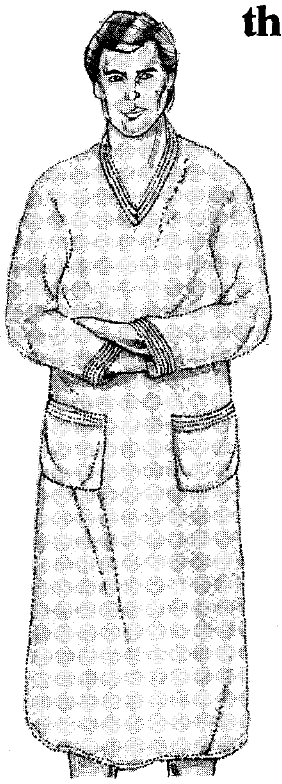

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Cuban-American problems should now be handled through normal bilateral relations.

Fidel, too, saw no point in having an argument. A debate on internal affairs, he warned, would necessarily include a discussion of China, "with which the U.S. has excellent relations." He was reminding Americans of their government's double standard—of its having normal relations with one Communist dictatorship (which has a blacker record on human rights than Cuba) while isolating another. After some windy comment on different social systems, he said, turning to the Soviet delegation, "And let us see what becomes of the former Soviet Union. I hope better than what happens in the Third World."

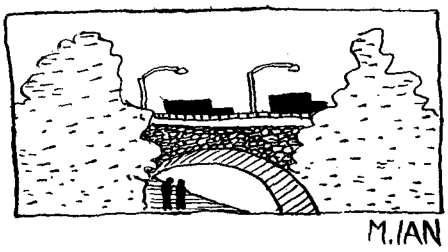
ON that curiously grim and sardonic note, Fidel ended the conference, leaving the rest of the attendees to ponder present difficulties, starting with Cuba's distress. Fidel told us that he had eliminated beggars and prostitutes. He appears to be right about the beggars, but prostitution is back, is conspicuous, and is certain to grow as the economy continues its free-fall and as dependence on tourism continues to increase. As for the American embargo, its effects are probably exaggerated by both sides. It mainly keeps out American tourists and American investment. True, it does discourage European companies with large interests in the United States from rocking their own boats by operating in Cuba. Also, a senior Bush Administration official told me that "so far we've kept Mexico from selling oil" to Cuba. And it appears that American pressure has discouraged Colombia and Mexico from sending any of their crude oil to Cuban refineries. But the embargo doesn't deny Cuba many of the American products it actually wants. Some companies in Latin America specialize in supplying these products; in Cuban hospitals, according to a foreign diplomat, "one sees cases upon cases of syringes that say 'Made in the U.S.A.' "

Americans who favor lifting the embargo often point with justice to the high-quality health care and universal education that put Cuba virtually in a class by itself in Latin America. Besides being well prepared at school, as everyone says they are, Cuban children all look well fed and well turned out. "Here you never see children without shoes," a European diplomat who deplores the regime says. "All are part of a system that works for children. None are neglected." I was reminded of a remark made by a friend who follows Cuban affairs closely and knows the country well. "Cuba is a great place for kids and a lousy place for people over sixteen," he said. "When you see the science plants and athletic facilities, you have to be impressed. Then you go to the Havana University bookstore and discover nothing of quality or interest."

The literacy rate is usually given as ninety-seven per cent—an impressive figure. But Cuba always was a highly literate society, with a large, accomplished middle class that seemed European in style and scale. There was also a sizable underclass that embodied serious racial and social injustice. Castro's revolution, besides boosting the already high literacy rate, all but did away with racial discrimination—a move that was helped by the departure of a substantial segment of the largely white middle class to live in the United States. But Cubans, although they are well educated, lack opportunity. Former diplomats work as waiters in hard-currency restaurants. I encountered a butler in one diplomatic residence who is a highly trained chemical engineer. There are a great many like him, I was told.

With so little hard currency coming in, the government is finding it difficult to buy the drugs and the medical equipment that are required to sustain the impressive health-care system. Children, I was told, are beginning to be denied the preventive health care that they were formerly getting. The government is now promoting something called "medical tourism"—treatment of foreigners who can pay for it with hard currency.

A predictable effect of the shortages of fuel and basic commodities is rising tension, and even violence—especially in Havana but also in the countryside. City people are stealing from farmers, who are being armed with shotguns and rifles to protect crops and livestock. The so-called ruralization program is unlikely to achieve much, given the acute shortages of fuel and fertilizer. The impoverished countryside in some parts of Cuba is beginning to resemble Haiti, one often hears, and this "Haitianization," which worries many Cubans, is seen as an inexorable process unless Fidel changes course or leaves the scene. He probably won't find tourism much of a prop, for Cubans are not as good at the care and feeding of tourists as they once were. "A tourist who comes more than once is a C.I.A. agent," some Cubans say derisively.



Arranging to see nonofficial people in Havana can be difficult, because many people's telephones rarely work. Some diplomats communicate by means of notes delivered by chauffeurs. I tried but failed to get through to a few Cubans whose names and phone numbers had been given me by people in Washington and Miami. One of them was Elizardo Sánchez Santacruz, the most prominent and most often jailed of Cuba's human-rights activists; Sánchez runs the Cuban Commission for Human Rights and National Reconciliation. He is on warm terms with some of the Cubanologists at the conference, and three of them took me along to a meeting with him at a small house that he shares with his mother. (His wife and their two children live in Miami.) The meeting, which lasted two and a half hours, took place on the morning after Raúl Castro's blustery funeral oration. "It was the most threatening speech in fifteen years," Sánchez observed. He had fallen into disfavor in 1968, when he denounced the Warsaw Pact's invasion of Czechoslovakia and was expelled from his teaching job at Havana University. In the more recent past, Sánchez spent eight and a half years in prison, much of it in solitary confinement. He is serious but relaxed, is seemingly without a trace of bitterness, and has a glint of humor in his eyes. He tends to be analytical rather than critical. After describing the increasingly repressive environment, Sánchez talked a bit about the political opposition; he said that it was weak and divided, but he added, "If the government did allow free elections in the near or middle term, the opposition would unite, as i has done in Nicaragua and Chile.' Sánchez said he did not "want t paint an infernal picture," and went on, "You don't see children neglected here. Only political and civil rights are denied. There is no torture except for psychological torture. It consists of long periods of solitary confinement in totally dark cells. Hygienic conditions there are terrible. One is there for various periods, lasting several months. One hour is serious punishment."

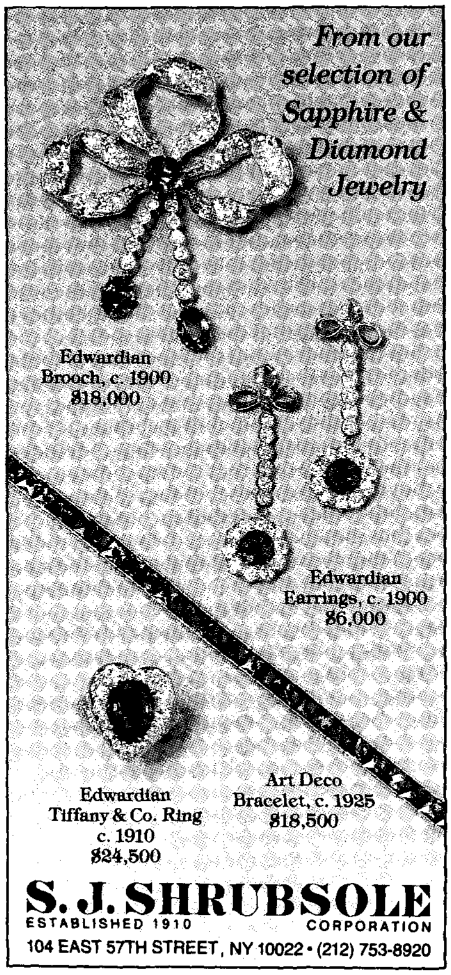
Later, Sánchez said, "The weight of repression is now shifting to the most moderate elements. People here like to say that the government needs an ultra-right inside Cuba and outside Cuba so as to strengthen itself. It has no tolerance for moderation. It deplores the attention paid to moderates by American academics and journalists." Castro and his regime, Sánchez said, become the alternative to people who want to have another star in the United States flag.

On January 16th, less than a week after our meeting with Sánchez, he was targeted for an *acto de repudio.* At 10 A.M., a mob armed with iron bars began a siege of his house that lasted for about fifteen hours. The mob, estimated to number between three hundred and five hundred, destroyed his garage, where he did his work, and the files and furniture inside. It tried to break down the back door of his house but couldn't, because the door was reinforced with steel bars. It broke the windows and threw pots of paint and bottles of ink at the walls. It called for Sánchez to come out and face his accusers. The mob was directed by police, and they called for Sánchez to come out so they could protect him. Sánchez had a tape recorder running and, according to a colleague in Miami, captured about two hours of this ordeal, during which the officer in charge of the police was heard instructing the mob to use its fists and feet when he came out, and not the iron bars. Four days later, *Granma* threatened death both to political dissidents and to human-rights activists.

Sánchez and the leaders of two other human-rights groups in Cuba want to see Washington open a dialogue with Castro. And Fidel, by prefacing his last exchange with McNamara at the conference with the promise of a new and nonintrusive foreign policy, was seen by some American specialists as making a rare but welcome overture to Washington. Others saw what he said as making virtue of dire necessity, and as of no real importance. The two perceptions may be equally accurate, but most moderates within the Cuban-American community doubt whether a dialogue with Castro could go anywhere. Fidel, they say, will refuse to make internal concessions, large or small.

Reality has never been a match for Fidel's megalomania, but he nonetheless appears to have no congenial way out of the current impasse. What he does have is the need to make some big decisions, and, with Cuba running out of fuel and basic foodstuffs, he may have to make them within the next few months.

IN the fall of 1989, with Communist regimes in Eastern Europe collapsing and the Soviet center shaky, many Cuban-Americans in Miami envisioned a speedy end to Castro, too; some of them even imagined spending Christmas in Havana. "*En el noventa Fidel revienta*" ("Fidel bursts in 1990"), they told themselves. For three decades, Cuban exiles had been opposing a Communist-Leninist model, and nothing had seemed more natural or more sacred than a struggle to the end against Fidel. But the East Europeans offered South Florida a different model: change from within, not from without. Although this is a difficult model for Cuban-Americans to accept, several among them now do favor a softer approach, and would like to engage Fidel in dialogue at some level. Such people are more concerned with easing Cuba's pain than with provoking a political crisis. But there is little for them to do directly, and they are a minority: though deeply hostile to Castro, they are nonetheless regarded as dangerous left-wingers by most of their fellow Cuban-Americans. The Cuban-American community is a febrile one, and, according to some of its more moderate leaders, wrongly thinks that Cubans in Cuba follow exile politics passionately, hanging on Miami's every word and deed. "Cuban-Americans need to acquire some perspective—a consensus view of their past, and the reason for the tragedy that has befallen Cuban society," one of their leaders said, adding, "Miami Cubans feel that Cuba was perfect in the pre-Castro age. And they don't understand that if Castro disappears Cuba will not once again become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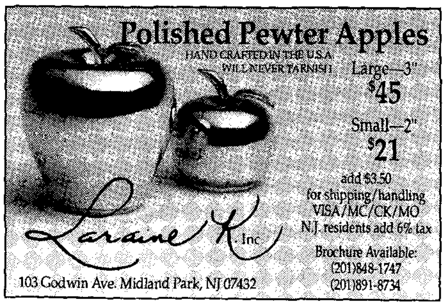
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an easygoing, carefree place. It never really was one.”

Although the spread of opinion within the Cuban-American community is fairly wide, the radical right gets most of the attention, and works hard at intimidating other elements. The leaders of the right-wing groups are, by and large, veterans of the Bay of Pigs, and until 1981 they devoted themselves mainly to terrorism and anti-Castro pamphleteering. By then, however, the entrepreneurial Cuban community in Miami was becoming affluent, and was registering Republican. A few of its key figures then began to talk about recasting the anti-Castro campaign on a familiar American model: fund-raising, and lobbying in Washington. This approach, by generating support from the federal government, could better promote Cuban-American goals than any quixotic paramilitary operations could. With the election of Ronald Reagan, a kindred spirit, the Washington-based political strategy was all but dictated. One of the exiles, a prominent banker turned farmer named Raúl Masvidal, recalls that Richard Allen, Reagan’s first national-security adviser, told them, “There will be a new opportunity for Cuban-Americans. I suggest you copy the Israeli lobby, and I will help you. You should lobby both branches of government.” The upshot was an operation that over the years has become one of the country’s most powerful political-action groups—and, many would argue, a sinister force. It functions through two organizations. One is a tax-exempt body called the Cuban American National Foundation, or C.A.N.F., which has a lobbying arm, the Cuban American Foundation, and the other is a political-action committee, or PAC, called Free Cuba.

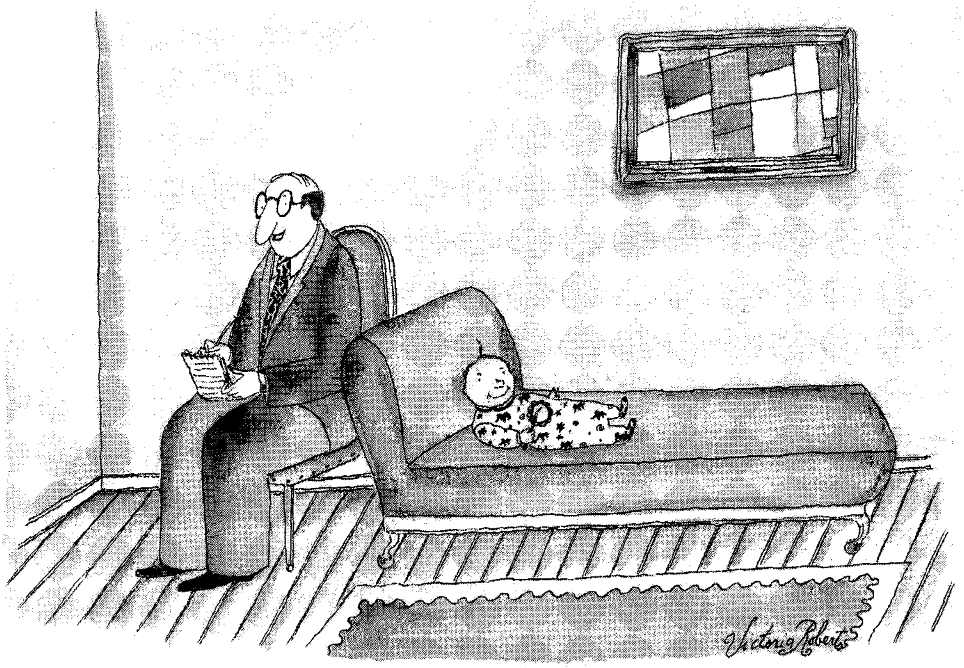
Shortly before Reagan’s Inauguration, two Miami exiles with views similar to Masvidal’s met with him in his living room; they were Carlos Salman, who then ran the Dade County Republican Committee, and Jorge Mas Canosa, a businessman, who ran (and still runs) a big construction company. Mas, who became chairman of the C.A.N.F., was then bent on creating a Cuban-directed radio station along the lines of Radio Free Europe. Help and advice of the sort that Allen had in mind were provided by the late Barney Barnett, a Washington lawyer who was an active member of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, or AIPAC, the highly effective pro-Israel lobby. He advised setting up the PAC and the lobbying body. AIPAC became the model for the C.A.N.F. “The C.A.N.F. took lessons from AIPAC and can now give them,” says Barry Sklar, who followed Cuban-exile politics closely from 1980 to 1990 as a member of the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

I recently talked to Tom Dine, AIPAC’s director, about the C.A.N.F. Dine is impressed by its clout. When I mentioned one of the C.A.N.F.’s programs that he hadn’t heard of, he said, “That’s power,” adding, “Most pols, Democrats and Republicans, chase after them—their PAC, and the imprimatur of Jorge Mas Canosa.”

In a telephone conversation, Mas told me that the C.A.N.F. had more than a hundred directors on its board, each of whom contributed ten thousand dollars annually. “That is the unique feature,” he said. “Instead of being paid for their time, they themselves pay.” There are two hundred thousand members, he added, and they all pay dues, which average about nine dollars. (This estimate of the C.A.N.F. membership is widely judged as exaggerated. In fact, a member of the organization’s own research staff puts the number at fifty thousand.)

Judith Shahn

The C.A.N.F., with its lobbying operation, and the PAC had, within a few years of their creation, become Mas’s fiefdom and power base. Masvidal resigned from the board in 1986, calling Mas “paternalistic and authoritarian,” and adding, “That’s what we have with Castro.” A year later, the C.A.N.F. executive director—Frank Calzon, whom Cubans of most political tendencies describe as both selfless and purposeful—also quit. “I always said the kiss of death would be [C.A.N.F.] involvement in local politics, which makes no sense,” he told me recently. “The Jewish organizations and the N.A.A.C.P. don’t do that. We were becoming part of the problem instead of being part of the solution. It was time to move on.” Calzon became the director of the Washington office of Freedom House, a human-rights organization. Earlier, Carlos Salman, too, had left the C.A.N.F.—or, many



"*I wish I'd started therapy at your age.*"

• •

Miami Cubans say, was eased out by Mas, who wanted to be its single channel to the White House.

Both in Miami and in Washington, Mas, at fifty-two, is taken seriously. He may be the most significant individual lobbyist in the country, in the sense that he is probably the only one who wants to be President of another country—Cuba—and uses the executive and legislative branches of the United States government to further his purpose. In Miami, he is widely thought to have used local political connections not only to advance his political aims but also to promote his business interests. At first, I wondered whether he might be just a shrewd businessman who was using political clout to become a rich establishment figure. (The Miami *Herald* estimates his wealth at nine million dollars.) But no Cuban-American I spoke with doubts his obsessive determination to take control of Cuba.

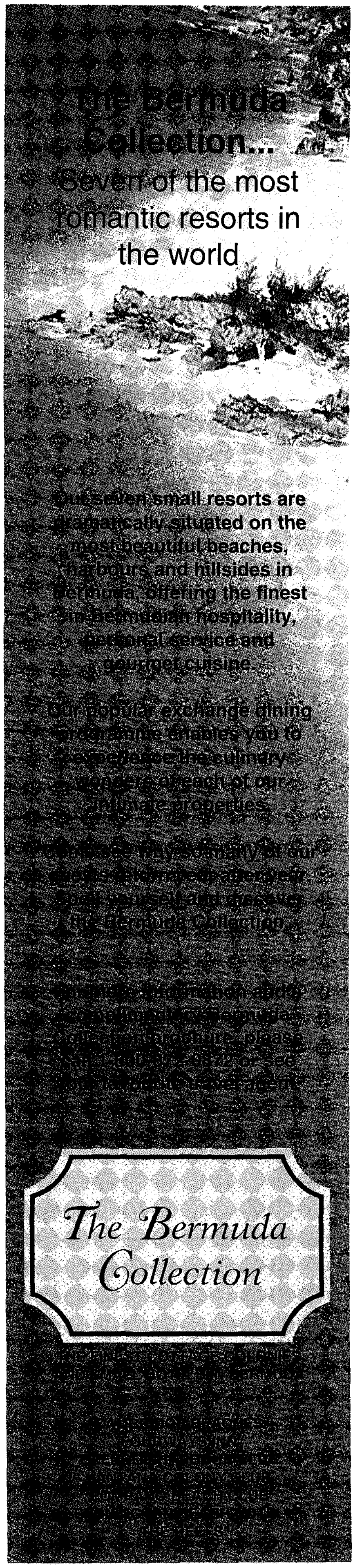
In Miami, the respect for Mas's machismo and his success is alloyed with fear. He couldn't win an election there, I'm told, but not many Cuban-Americans are willing to take him on. Some people, including assorted Washington bureaucrats who are obliged to deal with him, argue that the C.A.N.F. is basically a constructive anti-Castro force, and that Mas himself is more flamboyant than actually dangerous. He is betrayed, they say, by a tendency to speak, and even act, before he thinks. But others, in Washington as well as in Miami, see Mas as reckless, as a rogue who is out of control—a force, yes, but a destructive one.

In a high-level White House meeting in May of 1985, Reagan resolved an Administration conflict by deciding, over the objections of Secretary of State George Shultz, in favor of creating Radio Martí, a station whose programs would be beamed to Cuba on medium-wave and shortwave frequencies; it was to operate, like Radio Free Europe, under the direction of the Voice of America. Mas took credit for this rather controversial decision, according to a story in the Miami *Herald*, which quoted him as saying, "My role was to get that meeting and to make certain the President would side with us. . . . I gained the leadership of the Cuban community at that point." Mas was then appointed chairman of the President's Advisory Board on Radio Martí—a position that requires confirmation by the Senate, and that he still holds.

A bolder move by Mas was asking the White House to authorize the C.A.N.F. to take on responsibility for bringing Cuban exiles into the United States from third countries and, in some cases, from Cuba itself. He obtained a signed agreement between the United States government and the C.A.N.F. spelling out what is called the Private Sector Initiative, under which the C.A.N.F. arranges the exiles' air travel, which is usually paid for by relatives who are already here, along with their medical insurance—also bought by resident family members. The C.A.N.F. has carried on this work quite effectively, by most accounts, but some critics in Miami say that it has actually created a government-sanctioned immigration-and-naturalization service of its own. The charge is perhaps exaggerated, although the original intent was to have the C.A.N.F. merely raise money for a so-called Cuban-exodus program, and allow churches to handle the people. The current arrangement, critics say, allows the C.A.N.F. to bring in only those Cubans who it feels would be reliable politically, and screen out those it disapproves of. The United States government has close ties with other refugee organizations as well, but none of those are involved with the internal politics of this country or take positions on the politics of other countries. Just in the past year, the federal government has also begun to help the C.A.N.F. offset some of the costs of the program.

It was Mas who, in 1990, muscled the approval of the Bush Administration and Congress for TV Martí, which many, if not most, of those who know about it in Washington consider a fraud and a waste of federal funds. Unlike Radio Martí, TV Martí has zero impact on Cuba, since it broadcasts only in the small hours of the morning, and even then it is jammed.

Mas told me that there was no link between the C.A.N.F. and the Free Cuba PAC. Only six or seven of the C.A.N.F.'s directors are connected to the PAC, he said. But few, if any, government officials and bureaucrats in Washington would agree. "The C.A.N.F. and the PAC are considered one and the same," a diplomat who has dealt directly with Mas says. "We considered them Mas's creature." The Free Cuba PAC cuts a wide swath. It spent money on fifty-six congressional campaigns in 1988 and on forty-eight of them in 1990. In neither the Senate nor the House of Representatives does Mas usually encounter serious opposition. The House Foreign Affairs Committee is especially compliant. Its chair-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man, the Democrat Dante B. Fascell, represents a district in Miami that now has a large Republican-oriented Cuban minority, to which he must be attentive. Fascell was a major sponsor of both Radio Martí and TV Martí. Another committee Democrat, Robert Torricelli, of New Jersey, is sponsoring an amendment that is especially dear to the C.A.N.F. (where it was reportedly written): it is aimed at further tightening the United States embargo against Cuba. The legislation says that not more than twenty per cent of the content of products sold to Cuba by third countries can be American-made. Washington once adopted a similar restriction but, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, was obliged by various governments, mainly the Canadian, British, and Spanish, to drop it. Being now aware that Torricelli's amendment would be unenforceable, the Administration opposes it. In doing so, it is opposing Jorge Mas—a first, according to some Cuba watchers—but meanwhile is also searching for a workable compromise.

Mas operates in Washington at several levels—through senior Administration officials, members of Congress, congressional staffs, and lobbyists. He himself sees Bush from time to time but exaggerates the degree of his access to the Oval Office, according to those who know about that. And he exaggerates much else. "He has used a lot of smoke and mirrors to convince people that he is more powerful than he is," one diplomat says. Briefly, the extent of Mas's reach is unclear, although it is undeniably great. In trying to assess it, I asked two senior Administration officials this question: In the unlikely event that Castro agreed to some meaningful concessions in return for some on the American side, would the Administration be able to meet him halfway, or is American policy held captive by the C.A.N.F.? The first official said that, whatever Castro did, no change would be possible as long as Bush was in the White House. The second official disagreed strongly with that reply, and also said that Mas had no control over American policy.

In the past two years, Mas has freewheeled around Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. In an interview last December with a Spanish journalist, Isabel San Sebastián, he said, "Our organization is influential in Washington, and our voice has the ear of Congress. We have opened the first office representing a private American civilian organization in Moscow." A few weeks earlier, Mas had been in Moscow, and, according to one newspaper report from there, he offered Russia "huge shipments of sugar and medicines, which the organization itself would supply, on an exchange basis or on credit for a certain use." The report went on, "The foundation would take over the building of homes for Soviet soldiers brought back from Cuba." An Associated Press story that appeared in the Washington *Post* on December 27th reported a meeting between Mas and the Russian Foreign Minister, Andrei Kozyrev, who, it seems, provided assurances that Russian troops in Cuba would not side with Castro "if anything happens in Cuba." The story went on to report a State Department official's describing "the Russian assurances to Mas Canosa as 'significant.' " The story's dateline was Miami, not Moscow or Washington.

Numerous Cuban-Americans in Miami were angered by accounts of Mas's trip to Moscow. One of the leaders says, "Everyone in Cuba knew Jorge Mas was there. And that was the message everyone there got—not that Communism had collapsed and was a total failure but that Russians, thanks to the efforts of Jorge Mas, had been persuaded to cease their support of Cuba." These Cuban-Americans suspect that Washington ran interference for Mas in Moscow. They worry that Mas's C.A.N.F. is being seen in Cuba and elsewhere as a kind of government-in-exile and, hence, a puppet of the United States. Washington, they say, simply doesn't understand the degree to which Mas is viewed by Cuban-Americans as resembling Fidel. Cubans in Miami have a saying: "*Fidel y Mas Canosa la misma cosa.*" ("Fidel and Mas Canosa are the same thing.") "Each has an instinct and a passion for power," one prominent Cuban-American says. Mas is described by this man and others as resembling Fidel in being charismatic, extreme, and given to fantasies and wild exaggeration, and in being undeterred by uncongenial realities and having a low tolerance for opposing views. "Jorge

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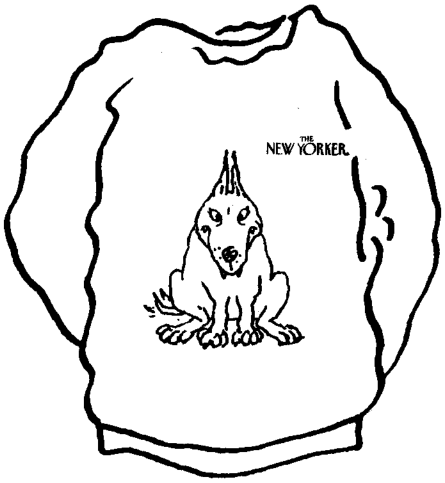

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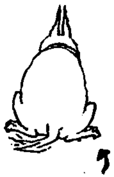

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hasn't learned to disagree without being disagreeable," one of his early political associates says. Those who openly disagree with him are in many cases denounced as being close to Castro, or even as being agents of Castro.

An American diplomat who has dealt directly with Mas says, "The test for our government should be: Does he have a clear commitment to democracy and human rights? His commitment to a free-market system is clear. We tied these principles to aid to the Soviet Union. To what extent will they apply to post-Castro Cuba?" He and others point to a campaign that Mas has conducted against the Miami *Herald* as one of several signs that he has nothing but contempt for a free press. In January, Mas stated in a broadcast on a Spanish-language radio station that the *Herald's* sister publication, *El Nuevo Herald*, was "manipulating information just like *Granma*." Then, in an interview with the *Wall Street Journal*, he said, "We have fifty alternatives before us, and at this point we are considering all of them," adding that his campaign would continue "until the Miami *Herald* respects the ideals and values of the Cuban-American community and the cause of freedom for Cuba."

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, Mas is angry because the *Herald* opposes the Torricelli amendment, because the paper has run page-one pieces about a Hispanic bank "that is being investigated for alleged money laundering and whose chairman is a foundation director," and because another page-one story described the financial difficulties of "a socially prominent Cuban-American businessman."

Ramón Mestre, a member of the *Herald's* editorial board, who is among the most widely respected Cuban-American figures, said, "We have been accused of being an instrument of the Castro regime. It's the mirror image of what the Cuban government does when it accuses us of being C.I.A. agents."

The *Herald's* publisher, David Lawrence, who is a former reporter and editor, defended the paper's coverage in a column in which he noted how far the *Herald* had gone in accepting contributions from Mas attacking the paper itself, but he asserted, addressing Mas, that the paper could "promise neither you nor anyone else that we will stop printing certain opinions or certain stories." He pointed out, "Were we to print that kind of newspaper

Mr. Mas, we might as well be in a totalitarian society. That is the way of Fidel Castro.” Lawrence also accused Mas of trying to “destroy” the paper.

In the next several days, Lawrence and two of the *Herald’s* other executives received death threats by mail, written in both Spanish and English. There was also a telephoned bomb threat. According to Lawrence, distributors of the *Herald* were called Communists by extremist thugs, and newspaper vending machines were vandalized. Mas expressed doubt whether his campaign against the paper had contributed to this kind of behavior. “To say that the Miami *Herald* resembles *Granma* does not motivate anyone around here to throw any bombs,” he said. In March, however, Mas escalated the quarrel by threatening an advertising-and-subscription boycott of the *Herald*. Signs attacking the newspaper’s credibility appeared on sixty city buses. Mas told a TV-talk-show host that besides adding two hundred more buses to the anti-*Herald* campaign he was “going national,” and said, “We’re preparing some television ads.” Lawrence replied in a column that “all the billboards in the Americas, all the national TV that he can buy . . . all the huffing and bluster that he can muster” would not intimidate the newspaper. Five days later, Mas was granted his say in a stormy piece that took up close to half of the *Herald’s* op-ed page; he attacked Lawrence’s column as “incendiary and defamatory” and as promoting “hate [and] disinformation.”

“Jorge Mas has declared war on the Miami *Herald*,” Mestre said. “But most Cubans who don’t like the *Herald* like him even less. The base of his support is a group of Cuban millionaires who don’t believe in a free press anyway.” Still, within and beyond the Cuban-American community in Miami, there is concern that Mas has made his point. The thinking is that Lawrence’s measured firmness conceals the reality: his newspaper has been intimidated, and will forgo serious reporting on the affairs of Mas and the C.A.N.F.

Many Cuban-Americans and at least one American official feel that Mas “is trying to whip up the far right into hysteria,” as this official put it. Mas has done so before. In April of 1988, he focussed on Miami’s Cuban Museum of Arts and Culture, which his adherents see as a tool of those who favor dialogue and a nonviolent solution to Cuba’s problems. The museum’s key director, Ramón Cernuda, who is a publisher and art collector, is closely associated with Elizardo Sánchez and his human-rights work. That April, the museum had just started to show a hundred and sixty-three works, seven of which were done by artists living in Cuba itself; all seven pieces were apolitical in nature. During the show, one of the seven was bought by some agent provocateur and then burned on the sidewalk outside the museum, and a number of people danced around the flames. Immediately after the show closed, the museum was bombed, its entrance destroyed. In June of 1990, it was bombed again. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, Cernuda told me, has yet to identify a single suspect in the bombings. He went on to say that over a four-year period there have been nineteen terrorist incidents aimed at “moderate and liberal members of the Cuban-American community,” and that he feels that Mas contributes greatly to the climate that provokes such events.

In May of 1989, a year after the museum was first bombed, Mas played a direct role in a hostile act against Cernuda. Without warning, Customs agents smashed down the door of Cernuda’s apartment and seized all the paintings that appeared to be Cuban, while other agents were confiscating the pictures in his office. Myra MacPherson, a Washington *Post* reporter, wrote from Miami, “As the art bust went down—snaring 259 works in all—U.S. Attorney Dexter Lehtinen was . . . holding a most irregular press conference to herald the seizure, as if he had just apprehended the leader of the Medellín coke cartel instead of a mass of multicolored canvases.” The government described the “apprehended” paintings as evidence in an investigation aimed at determining whether Cernuda was violating the Trading with the Enemy Act by conspiring to sell Cuban art in the United States. But, as MacPherson pointed out, “Tony auction houses like Sotheby’s and Christie’s, as well as hundreds of art dealers in the United States, have bought and sold the same sort of Cuban art works for years. The Museum of Modern Art has acquired them.”

Cernuda and his wife sued the federal government, claiming that their

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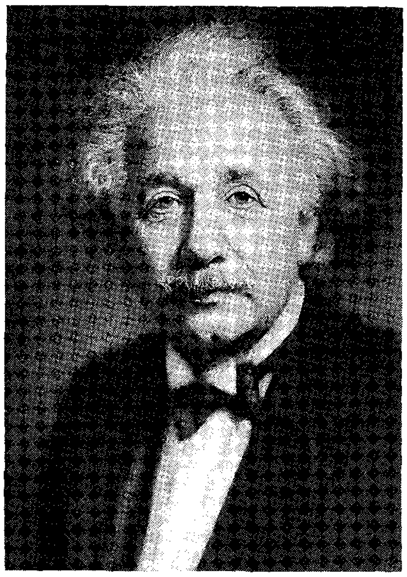

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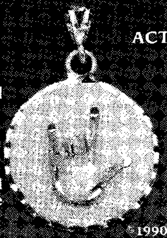

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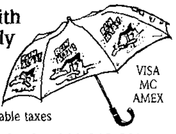

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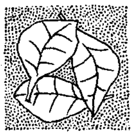
civil rights had been violated. Cernuda noted that he had been a collector, not a dealer, for twenty years, and had sold only one painting in this time. Federal Judge Kenneth Ryscamp, a Republican and a Reagan appointee, upheld the Cernudas in a twenty-five-page ruling, in which he reproached the government for "arbitrary and capricious action."

Cernuda blamed Mas and his associates for the affair; Mas, he said, had vowed to "destroy" him in the community. And three days after the seizure of the paintings Mas said during a talk show on Radio Mambi, a Hispanic radio station, that he was indeed responsible for the action against Cernuda, and that he had urged many such investigations on committees of Congress and on the Treasury Department. He stated that he would be meeting in Washington the following day with the Secretary of State and also with the director of the United States Information Agency.



Cernuda feels that his link with Elizardo Sánchez is what agitates Mas. A federal official who agrees says, "What Mas most fears is the rise of a Cuban leader like Václav Havel or Lech Walesa. And that's his problem with Elizardo." Largely because of Mas's influence, Sánchez has virtually been ignored by Radio Martí over the years, and for a time the station's leadership privately took the line that Sánchez was a Cuban agent, even though he spent eight and a half of the last twelve years in prison. The C.I.A. and other government agencies have looked carefully at Sánchez and found nothing to suggest that he is other than what he seems to be. But Radio Martí's unwillingness to mention Sánchez in its broadcasts has meant that most of the Cuban people are unaware of the fairly extensive work in human rights going on around them.

Although it's unlikely that Mas will ever hold power in Cuba, he is certain to become a legend in Miami and in lobbying annals; he may even have a place in Cuban folklore, mothers perhaps using his name to frighten any child with a tendency to be wild. For years, Cuban-Americans dined out on stories about Mas's volcanic relationship with his brother, Ricardo, who in late 1990 was awarded a judgment of a million two hundred thousand dollars against him; Ricardo Mas had accused Jorge of libel and of undermining his business—a competing construction company. Ricardo had requested nine hundred thousand dollars, but the jury awarded him the larger amount. Six years earlier, Ricardo had charged Jorge with beating him up, and had settled out of court then for two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. People in Miami still talk about a 1986 attack by Jorge Mas on a city commissioner named Joe Carollo, who vetoed a large development project that Mas's company had set its sights on. Mas went on radio and challenged Carollo to a duel—guns or swords. "I am going to prove to the Cubans that you are a clown and a coward," Mas pledged on the air. "Your bullying in Miami has ended because you have encountered a man, with a capital 'M,' a very big 'M.'" Carollo counterproposed a duel with water pistols, as a way of cooling things off. Two years later, Mas told the F.B.I. that a certain Cuban-exile group was plotting to kill him. The charge was denied by the group's leader, Hubert Matos, a moderate and a former *comandante* in the Sierra Maestra, who just after the revolution was arrested by Castro and spent twenty years in prison. Matos asked for and passed an F.B.I. polygraph test, according to a story in the *Wall Street Journal*, which quoted him as saying that Mas "had no reason to go to the F.B.I. It's a way of hurting a person's reputation. All he had to do was to call me on the telephone."

"Mas has been the most effective lobbyist for Cuban-American interests in this whole period," Raúl Masvidal says. "But he belongs to the breed of Latin-American caudillos. The C.A.N.F. still favors a military solution, whatever it may say. But is it worth sacrificing a hundred thousand Cuban lives to overthrow Castro? I've been part of every military effort against Castro, including the Bay of Pigs. I've been in prison in Cuba. I've spent most of my life trying to overthrow Castro. But after thirty-one years the world has changed. The time for a peaceful solution has come. Mas is like Fidel, who has one enemy—the United States. Whenever Fidel wants to arouse Cubans, he attacks the Americans. When Mas wants to arouse Cuban-Americans, he attacks the *Herald* or other media."

Another Cuban-American leader says, “Mas has made it his business to understand American politics but not the Cuban psyche. He could return to Cuba only in a proconsular role. Otherwise, that dog won’t hunt.”

Elizardo Sánchez and Cuban-American moderates are far from agreeing on all points, but they do agree strongly on one: the futility and danger of a made-in-America solution to the Cuban problem. “In Miami, there is a radical right that gives [Cuba’s] leadership the model it vitally needs,” Sánchez says. An external enemy, he maintains, is the totalitarian regime’s internal prop.

Cuban-American moderates are divided on whether Washington should lift the embargo and reach out to Castro, but a good many of them feel that American policy should amount to benign neglect. Cuba, they think, needs time in which to acquire what one Cuban-American calls “dignity and a normal relationship with the United States.” He and others are confused about Mas’s reach and potential. Some of them see Washington’s indifference to Mas’s ambition and his seigneurial approach to Cuban-American affairs as raising a question about how far he might take American policy. “The Administration likes things as they are,” one Cuban-American moderate says, “but Jorge wants to tighten the noose.”

Cuba’s crisis is economic, not yet political, and some moderates worry that Washington, whether consciously or not, wants to deepen the economic troubles in order to precipitate a political crisis. Washington, they argue, is looking at the wrong question—how Castro will be overthrown—instead of thinking about what is likely to happen in Cuba. The chances are that Castro will not be overthrown, these moderates think; rather, he will stay on as long as his health holds up. They expect to see turmoil, and even some violence, but not on a scale large enough to bring down the government. The opposition to Fidel in Cuba is neither strong nor coherent but consists mainly of groups that expend most of their energy fighting among themselves. Also, Cuba is not Romania; it is an island, and Fidel has had thirty-three years of experience in controlling it. Those of its unhappy people who insist on a better life have only the option of finding something that may float them to Florida. (Twenty-four hundred and seventeen of them did so in 1991, compared with four hundred and sixty-seven in 1990. Last year, one hardy soul windsurfed the dangerous ninety-mile stretch of water.)

In Miami, moderates accuse hard-liners of being blind to reality—of assuming that Fidel can be removed in a surgical coup that clears the way for a free and democratic election. Any attempted coup, the moderates feel, would produce a bloodbath without affecting Fidel’s position. According to some Cuban-Americans, Fidel can survive isolation but not exposure. Lifting the embargo, especially on American tourism, they think, would create more pressure than he could handle, and force him to loosen up. Their argument has logic, but other Cuban-Americans say that it is not persuasive. Fidel, they argue, would insist on an end to the embargo, but strictly on his terms, and when his terms were met he would say, “You see, we have beaten the United States embargo, just as we beat its military at the Bay of Pigs.” It is judged unlikely that even if Washington lifted the restrictions on American tourists Fidel would remove his restrictions on visits by Cuban-Americans. They are required to have visas for entry into the country of their birth, and these are hard to obtain. They must also obtain Cuban passports—which are very expensive—even if they are now American citizens. The annual quota is small. Those who do go are invariably loaded down with goods and gadgets for family members and friends, and by making ordinary Cubans even more acutely aware of how thin a time they are having these visitors are a pernicious influence.

Boxing the compass leads some Cuban-Americans to an outright dilemma. One of them says, “Either continue as we have and choke the people, or put the interests of the people first and ignore the regime. The first option condemns the Cuban people to a slow death à la Haiti. If you care about them—if you put their interests first—you open up, and let people and goods drift in. Suppose Fidel does live to an old age and keeps his marbles: Are the Cuban people better off or less well off under Option Two? Free medical care without food, aspirin, or antibiotics amounts to very little.”

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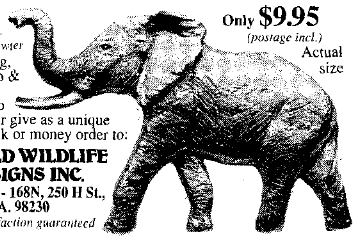

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Reunion

HAVING seen the original, 1950 production of Frank Loesser's "Guys and Dolls" at least half a dozen times, and having arrived at the Martin Beck with the original company in my head, I am happy to report that the show in its current revival, under the dynamic direction of Jerry Zaks, is almost as great a treat now as it was then. Its every aspect pleases. Were there ever funnier lines or a brighter, firmer libretto than those by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling? Is there a better young actor in the theatre today than Nathan Lane? His dedicated Nathan Detroit (dedicated to gambling, that is) is a total success and all his own, though as a bonus he has added a few dollops of Sam Levene, the original Nathan Detroit, to his characterization. As for Faith Prince as Miss Adelaide, one of the most gratifying aspects of an evening filled with gratification is seeing the birth of stardom for this marvellous performer. Her every number stops the breath in the throat of the beholder as her beautiful eyes and face and voice sparkle with life and humor. (This particular guy and doll would make a neat Petruchio and Katharine, in case anyone decides to revive "Kiss Me, Kate.") Josie de Guzman, a charmer, is exactly right as Sarah Brown, serious and loving as the Salvation Army girl who would ring like a bell or swing like a gate, and will know when her love comes along, in duet with Peter Gallagher, as Sky Masterson. Mr. Gallagher is a good choice for masterful Sky, and his "Luck Be a Lady" and "My Time of Day" are as romantic as anything you'll hear on Broadway. (Note: there will be only one Robert Alda, now and forever. I murmured to the person on my right that perhaps the show was sexier the first time out, and then realized that perhaps I was.) The rest of the casting is all that one could wish, and Walter Bobbie, as Nicely-Nicely, rates a special mention for his "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat."

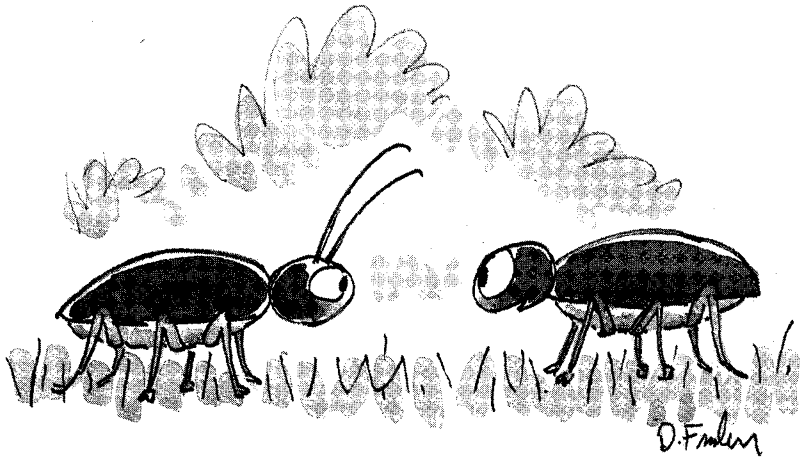
If the foregoing sounds more inventory than review, so be it. The evening is, as I say, a treat, compounded of many treats, as it evokes the mythic, raffish New York of Damon Runyon. Mr. Loesser, of course, is the principal dispenser of treats, as number follows wonderful number—not a dud in the lot, from the opening "Fugue for Tinhorns" to the final "Guys and Dolls"—but he's not the only one. There are gasps aplenty for Tony Walton's inspired settings, as lighted by Paul Gallo—the deepest gasp for the suddenly appearing sewer, the home of that permanent floating crap game. William Ivey Long's costumes—brilliant in every sense of the word—and Christopher Chadman's dances could only have been designed by men who are humorists as well as artists (under the aegis, of course, of Mr. Zaks). What a rollicking revival this is! How we cherish our old favorites! Now for "Pal Joey."

MY only personal news on "Metro" is that I enjoyed it more than I expected to. A monster rock musical with a cast of thousands at the *Minskoff*—what could sound more dire? Dire it is not. "Metro" is a Polish import about a group of youngsters in a post-Cold War Eastern European city, who audition for jobs at a theatre, get turned down, and stage their own show on a subway platform. But the libretto is the least of it, and it is submerged, anyway, in amplified sound; in thrilling lighting effects of laser beams crisscrossing above and around us and of a subway train that appears and disappears; and, to move to a more human level, in thrilling dancing and risky acrobatics by a Polish company, most of whose members are in their teens and early twenties. That these talented young people took the trouble to learn English gives those lines and lyrics which I could make out (my hands half over my ears in response to the damnable amplification) a special poignance. That a girl saying "Silas Marner" with an accent as she holds up the book should bring tears to my eyes is something I'd never have expected. Not to be too patronizing, I thought that some of the performances were beguiling, and the music sounded O.K. (I'm not competent to judge rock music, and can say only that I sort of liked what I heard.) Scenery by Janusz Sosnowski, costumes by Juliet Polcsa and Marie Anne Chiment, lighting by Ken Billington. —EDITH OLIVER

Unmanned

THE production of "A Streetcar Named Desire" that opened last week at the Ethel Barrymore is a big disappointment. It has a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a set (by Ben Edwards) that seems to locate Tennessee Williams' French Quarter firmly in the world of Charles Addams. It also has a lot of embarrassing staging, and a number of performances that seem to have nothing to do with each other or with the play. In fact, just about the only things the revival has going for it are the courage and the intelligence of Jessica Lange, whose dignity in the role of Blanche DuBois is all the more remarkable in view of how little experience she's had performing onstage.

The prospect of a dignified Blanche DuBois—one with no temperament, no penchant for histrionics, who isn't contemptible, hypocritical, or a disguised homosexual—was always in-



"I don't need my antennae anymore. I have cable."

teresting. And who better to reinterpret Williams' shopworn heroine than Miss Lange, who has spent so much of her career projecting images of womanhood and reinterpreting American icons—Faye Wray, Lana Turner, Ma Joad, Patsy Cline (the list goes on)—not through any conscious choice, one senses, but because her gift is for commenting without making a statement. Unfortunately, in the current production all her acting is "for the camera." Her speeches are unbearably, killingly slow—and they get slower as the evening wears on. (The show came down at ten past eleven the night I attended.) No one seems to have explained to her that stage time and screen time are two different things, that in a theatre there's no lens to focus the audience's attention, no editing to control the pace. From the moment she walks onstage, you feel that you know what Miss Lange is about—trying to rescue the role from decades' worth of assumptions, trying to play the character from her own point of view rather than from the outside. You only wish that the director, Gregory Mosher, had been able to help her work out what this means in specific terms.

Actually, though, her greatest problems have to do with what's going on around her—particularly with Mr. Baldwin, who is playing some sort of cross between Nicely-Nicely Johnson and the husband on "Married with Children." He's a boob, this Stanley—comical, harmless, and a little pathetic. There's no meanness in him, no contempt for Blanche, no wounded masculinity. There's no masculinity at all. Baldwin slouches about the stage, stomach protruding, arms dangling uselessly at his sides, as though he wouldn't know what to do with his hands if someone were to take a poke at him (he often seems to be on the verge of tears)—no menace, no sense of stalking a trapped animal, and, above all, no irony.

But Stanley's irony is precisely what makes him so threatening to Blanche. Her tragedy consists almost entirely in the fact that Stanley thinks he's so smart. Mr. Baldwin's Stanley doesn't think he's smart. He just wants to get into the bathroom. Still, the inefficacy of Mr. Baldwin's Stanley is nothing compared to the almost transcendent awfulness of Amy Madigan. She is like a dry stick of wood. What with her shrill, brassy, unmodulated voice and her phony trailer-trash accent—"see-is" for "serious," "tehbul" for "terrible," "ma-ehd" for "married," and "baiby" and "Ah suttenly wee-il"—you don't know where to look. Even Kevin Rigdon's lighting, hurrying us out of scene after scene, seems embarrassed.

It's too bad about the casting and the direction, because you get a sense of how good Lange could be from the scenes with Mitch (Timothy Carhart) and the paperboy (Matt McGrath)—scenes in which she has someone to play to. Mr. Carhart is terrific, but, like Mr. McGrath (who's charmingly unaffected, though you never really understand what Blanche wants with the paperboy), he doesn't appear to be on quite the same wavelength as Miss Lange. Still, the acting is so honest and on-the-ball that it seems on the verge of some lovely truth. You want to stop the performers and ask if there's a director in the house.

THERE'S nothing honest about the performances that Lloyd Richards has elicited from the actors in August Wilson's new play, "Two Trains Running," which opened last week at the Walter Kerr. The fifth in Wilson's steadily emerging cycle of dramas about black life in twentieth-century industrial America (he sets each one in a different decade), this installment takes place in 1969 and is remarkable for containing nothing in the way of verbiage, action, or event that is not freighted with Meaning.

The setting is a luncheonette where characters seem to congregate chiefly for the purpose of making speeches and even the condiments have symbolic content. Memphis (Al White), who owns the luncheonette and the building it's in and is trying to figure out how to keep the white man from cheating him, represents the Old South, while Sterling (Larry Fishburne), just out of prison and having a hard time making a go of things, represents the new generation of urban youth. Wolf (Anthony Chisolm), a numbers runner who shares with Sterling an interest in Risa (Cynthia Martells), the young woman who works the lunch counter, represents the black man's unwitting complicity in cheating his brothers. Risa herself, whose legs are covered with razor scars—self-inflicted, to make sure that men appreciate her for something other than beauty or sex—represents the problem of self-esteem that black women are faced with. There's also Holloway (Roscoe Lee Brown), the retired housepainter who seems to spend most of his time at Memphis's restaurant, and the undertaker West (Chuck Patterson), whose funeral parlor is just across the way. I guess they represent life and death, respectively—according to a press release, these are the "two trains" of Wilson's title—while Hambone (Sullivan Walker), one of those mentally handicapped prophets that Wilson has a weakness for, represents an unwillingness to accept whatever gets thrown one's way.

Nine and a half years ago, Hambone painted a white man's fence on the understanding that he would get a ham in return. He was given a chicken, and he's never forgotten it. Some people think Hambone's crazy, but Risa thinks he's probably got "more sense than any of us," even though, until he learns from Sterling how to say "Black is beautiful!"—before expiring of terminal symbolism—the only two phrases he ever utters are "He gonna give me my ham" and "I want my ham."

There's something awe-inspiring about a play in which absolutely nothing happens that doesn't have to do with race relations or doesn't underline some aspect of the black character. All the same, I like my August Wilson a little subtler, with *action* as well as symbolism—as in "Joe Turner's Come and Gone," the only one of Wilson's plays I haven't found it a chore to sit through. This sort of in-your-face allegory is exhausting, as is the attention-getting kind of performance it fosters. It's the Courtney Vance school of acting: to indicate that you're angry or afraid, you stand very still and tremble. In the current play, the worst offenders are Miss Martells, who makes a running gag of moving very slowly—like a camel through water—and wears a perpetual expression of pained bafflement, to show how much, and how unjustly, she has suffered, and Mr. Walker, who plays Hambone like a down-home Smike. For the most part, the play is a chance to watch characters rant and speechify themselves out of existence, while Roscoe Lee Brown looks on, smiling indulgently, and trying to seem attentive. —MIMI KRAMER

MUSICAL EVENTS

Melpomene and Thalia

THE final new production of the Met season was an “Elektra,” which opened last month. What one thinks of the opera—and, for that matter, of “Salome” and “Der Rosenkavalier”—tends to vary from performance to performance. Stock revivals and productions sensational or coarse seem to confirm Joseph Kerman’s hard judgment in “Opera as Drama”:

> The decline of Strauss as an opera composer after “Salome,” “Elektra,” and “Der Rosenkavalier” is generally conceded. . . . But even the three popular earlier ones are hard to take today: how can we accept “Salome” as a study in psychopathy after “Wozzeck”?. . . No one who understood “The Marriage of Figaro” could ever have taken “Der Rosenkavalier” seriously. . . . Anything [Strauss] touched he soiled as pervasively as the waltz soils the texture of his music.

“Elektra” ends with a slow waltz. But when an Erich Kleiber or Rudolf Kempe conducts, when a Birgit Nilsson sings, the opera can exert a power before which critical reservations, however well founded, seem unimportant.

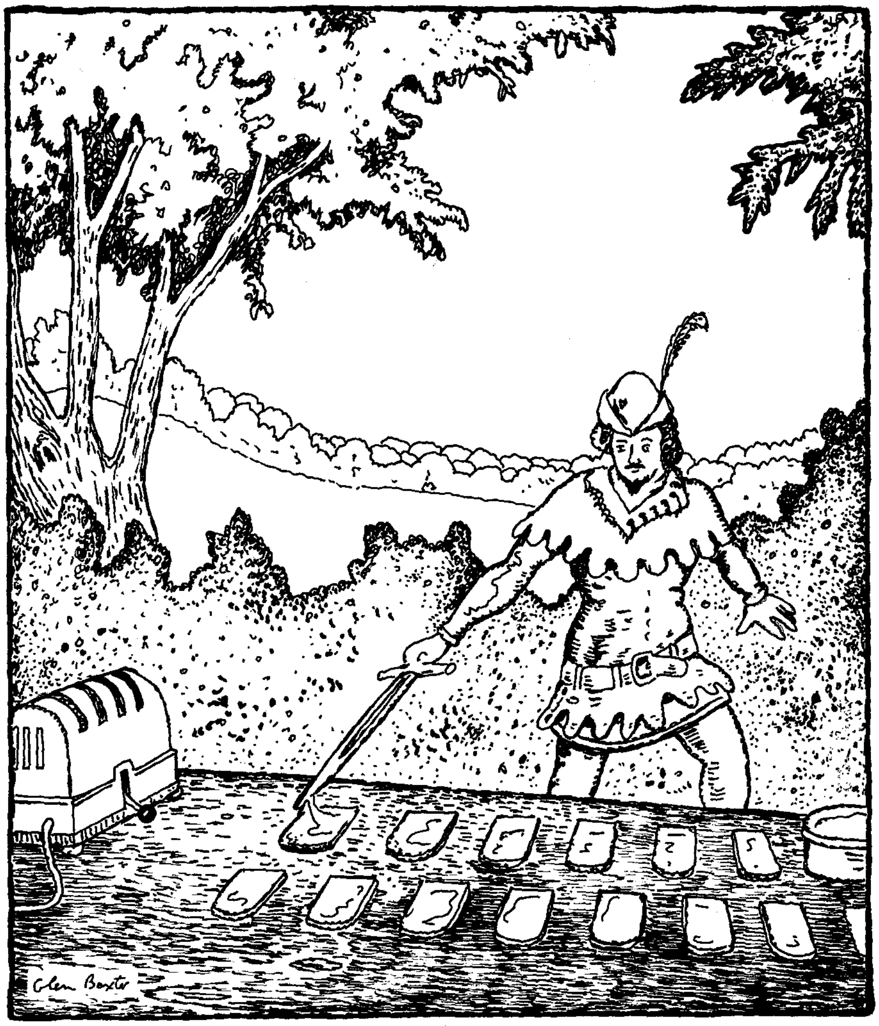
Even the same performance can give rise to opposed judgments. An essay in the program book of the Met production quotes Ernest Newman’s *Nation* review of the London première, in 1910: “One would hardly venture to prophesy more than a few short years of life for ‘Elektra.’ ” And it quotes Bernard Shaw’s declaration, in remonstrance, that in “Elektra” Strauss “has said for us, with an utterly satisfying force, what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilization; and this is the highest achievement of the highest art.” The full exchange—Newman’s review, three Shaw letters, four Newman replies—takes thirty pages of “Shaw’s Music.” Newman’s tone is heavy, as in argument it was wont to be, but he is sensible. Shaw is emotional and extravagant. That remark of his is preceded by:

> I have often said, when asked to state the case against the fools and money changers who are trying to drive us into a war with Germany, that the case consists of the single word, Beethoven. Today, I should say with equal confidence, Strauss. That we should make war on Strauss and the heroic warfare and aspiration that he represents is treason to humanity.

Newman was dismayed by the unevenness of musical quality. His sentence closes a paragraph including:

> What saves the opera is, first of all, the wonderful beauty of parts of the scene between Elektra and Orestes. . . . There is grandeur again—spasmodic, of course, but none the less unescapable—at a hundred points in the score. . . . When Strauss puts forth his whole mental strength, it is indeed overwhelming. . . . You cannot be in doubt that you are listening to a man who is head and shoulders above all other living composers.

The Met production, which was staged by Otto Schenk, had no coherent or consistent character. It left me feeling that “Elektra” is a dated and dislikable opera—more precisely, an opera not worth reviving or attending except when a fiery creative team that believes in its greatness and a cast of exceptional singers have been assembled. On the first night, Hildegard Behrens, the heroine, began on notes so unsteady and effortful that one feared she might not last out the evening. However—by sheer will, it seemed—she did marshal the ingredients of a shattered voice to create a striking and potent study of (in Gilbert Murray’s words) “a woman shattered in childhood by the shock of an experience too terrible for a girl to bear; a poisoned and a hunted woman eating her heart out in ceaseless broodings of hate and love, alike unsatisfied—hate against her mother and stepfather, love for her dead father and her brother in exile.” Although her singing was strained and uncertain—Norman Del Mar in his big Strauss study calls the role of Electra “the most severe and the most cruelly taxing in the history of opera”—it was colorful and arresting. She wore a becoming little black dress, looked slim and vital, moved well. Deborah



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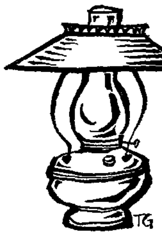
Voigt was the Chrysothemis. A large woman, she was heavily draped, in the Jessye Norman manner, and did not move with ease. Her merit was an ability to project loud, shining, steady high notes above a loud orchestra. Leonie Rysanek, a Met Chrysothemis thirty years ago, was the Clytemnestra—commanding, histrionically energetic, but unable to control her pitches. Bernd Weikl was a stodgy, mature Orestes, and James King walked through the small role of Aegisthus as if for the five-hundredth routine time.



Mr. Schenk, a director much used by the Met, seems to limit himself nowadays to blocking; in this "Elektra," as in the "Ring" and the "Parsifal" from his hand, the singers gave disparate, uncoördinated—apparently undirected—performances. The Electra-Chrysothemis encounters were clumsy; the Electra-Orestes encounter was almost comic in the contrast of Miss Behrens's fierce ardor and Mr. Weikl's phlegm.

The new setting, designed by Jürgen Rose, is a shallow, roofed-over courtyard, entered on the right by a narrow slot, through which light can stream. (The other main light sources are follow spots switched onto principals as they enter.) It is a high, wide set; as a dramatic space it looked diffuse, without focal points. A steep flight of steps at the back leads to a tall double door, which gives onto a vestibule crossed by a diagonal staircase. The architecture is puzzling: cyclopean blocks are pierced by long strips of decorative Jugendstil fenestration. The walls stand square, but an earthquake has thrown the steps and a terrace to the right of them out of true. The statue of a giant horse, cast down and broken in two, fills the left of the stage. It serves as Electra's Agamemnon figure: she addresses it, spread-eagles Chrysothemis across it in the "seduction" scene, fondles a fetlock while recalling her father, scrabbles for the axe within it.

James Levine conducted. The orchestral playing he drew was often of exceptional beauty, but sometimes his handling of climaxes was brutal, even vulgar. Legend has it that at the dress rehearsal for the première, in 1909, the composer called out, "Louder! Louder! I can still hear Frau Heink." (Ernestine Schumann-Heink was the first Clytemnestra.) But the third of Strauss's Ten Golden Rules for a Young Conductor is "Conduct 'Salome' and 'Elektra' as if they were by Mendelssohn: *Elfenmusik*." In 1910, Shaw had remarked that under the gallant Beecham "sometimes the music sounded like a concerto for six drums." It did so again. Mr. Levine conducted "Elektra" with gusto, but he ignored Strauss's fourth and eighth rules as well: "Never look encouragingly at the brass" and "Always accompany a singer in such a way that he can sing without effort."

"Elektra" is technically and orchestrally the most advanced of all Strauss's scores, his most highly developed tone poem. It is an important museum piece. It is an early Freudian art document. Breuer and Freud's "Studies in Hysteria"—the shaky, but artistically fruitful, foundation on which psychoanalysis was built—appeared in 1895. There is no hard evidence that Hofmannsthal had read it before he wrote his play "Elektra," from which Strauss's libretto is drawn, but the content suggests that he had. (In another program-book essay, however, Michael Kennedy—a man of sense, a critic in the Newman mold—points out that the hysterical Electra, far from having repressed her childhood trauma, relives and recounts it daily, in detail.) The Met is professedly an opera museum. "Elektra" is an early-twentieth-century museum piece that should from time to time be on display there. On this occasion, it was shown in a patchy light.

ROSSINI, who was once kept before the public by little more than the "Barber" and the "William Tell" overture, has become a composer who is taken as seriously as Strauss. Rightly so: he had the inherent stuff of music in him. On his two-hundredth birthday, February 29th, the Tulsa Opera presented the American première of "Armida," the opera seria that Maria Callas sang in Florence in 1952. That was at a Maggio Musicale, during which "Tancredi" and "Le Comte Ory" also received their first modern revivals; with "Armida" and "Tancredi," serious reassessment and revaluation of serious Rossini began. Later this year, there is to be a "Tell" and a concert "Ermione" in San Francisco, a staged "Ermione" in Omaha, an "Otello" in Chicago, a "Semiramide" in Dallas—all performed from the scholarly editions prepared and published by the Fondazione Rossini, in Pesaro. On the birthday itself, in New York, the Met played the "Barber," and in Avery Fisher Hall a galaxy of American Rossini singers—among them Marilyn Horne, Frederica von Stade, Kathleen Kuhlmann, Chris Merritt, Rockwell Blake, Thomas Hampson, and Samuel Ramey—gathered for a gala celebration. The bill mixed familiar fare with rarer items. A highlight was the most familiar aria of all, "Largo al factotum," which Mr. Hampson delivered with uncommon invention, brio, and beauty of tone. It became newly fresh and captivating. A discovery for me was a lovely, unflorid duettino from "Zelmira," accompanied by only harp and English horn; it was sung by Miss Voigt and Miss Kuhlmann. The religious Rossini was not neglected: Miss Voigt was passionate in the "Inflammatus" of the Stabat Mater, Miss Kuhlmann serene in the Agnus of the Petite Messe Solennelle. As a finale, fourteen singers joined in the *gran pezzo concertato* of "Il Viaggio a Reims," an astonishing tour de force, spun on libretto tags of a kind that Rossini had often set before:

> A tal colpo inaspettato,
> Palpitando va il mio core . . .
> Cruda sorte! Il tuo rigore
> Troppo oh Dio! penar mi fa.

Roger Norrington and the Orchestra of St. Luke's were lively accompanists.

Before the gala concert, there was in Alice Tully Hall "A Gift from Marilyn Horne," an admission-free recital at which Miss Horne, accompanied by Martin Katz, sang delectable groups of Rossini songs, early and late—sang them with feeling, with dedication, and with virtuoso command of color and line. In the thirties, the mezzo-soprano Conchita Supervia brought neglected Rossini comedies ("L'Italiana in Algeri," "Cenerentola") back into the repertory. From the mid-sixties, Miss Horne has been the mezzo-soprano heroine or (in "Tancredi," "La Donna del Lago," "Semiramide," "Le Siège de Corinthe") hero of many notable opera-seria revivals. A few days before Miss Horne's handsome gift, the latest Rossini mezzo-soprano, Cecilia Bartoli, gave a Tully recital devoted to Rossini. I missed it but heard her sing much the same program a few days later in Los Angeles, at the Ambassador Auditorium. Karajan before his death was coaching Miss

Bartoli for the B-minor Mass; in Rossini and Mozart, however, she has made her name (having recorded a "Barber," three Rossini recitals, and roles in "Lucio Silla," "Figaro," and "Cosi"). She is twenty-five, engaging, gifted. Her voice runs freely through nearly three octaves, with an attractive, individual quality—glinting, dusky, protean. It takes on the colors suggested by the words. She is a candid, fearlessly direct performer—not perfect, for sometimes exuberance leads to a blasted high note, but ever winning.

IN 1812-13, Rossini brought out four sparkling one-act comedies at the Teatro San Moisè, in Venice: "L'Inganno Felice," "La Scala di Seta," "L'Occasione Fa il Ladro," and "Il Signor Bruschino." (During the twelve-month between "L'Inganno" and "Bruschino," he also brought out the opera seria "Ciro in Babilonia," in Ferrara, and the full-length comedy "La Pietra del Paragone," at La Scala.) In 1932, the Met used to play "Il Signor Bruschino," with De Luca and Pinza, as a jolly curtain-raiser to "Elektra." This month, the Manhattan School presented a double bill of "L'Occasione" and "La Scala di Seta." All four operas—and their predecessor, the 1810 "Cambiale di Matrimonio"—are built, with variations, to a basic pattern: six characters (soprano and tenor lovers, with obstacles to overcome; a seconda donna; three buffos); an overture and then eight musical numbers (the introduzione, an ensemble as No. 4, and a finale involving all the characters frame arias and duets); a duration of about an hour and a half. In these comedies the composer practiced the command of form, contrast, vocal gesture, and instrumental deftness which flowered in the serious "Tancredi" and the comic "L'Italiana," full-length operas, and brought him international fame, at the age of twenty-one. In 1815, he was engaged by Naples, became principally a composer of opera seria, and embarked on the "reforms" that made him at once controversial and a world conqueror.

I hoped to be able to write of a Rossini Year inaugurated in New York, after the "Barber," with intoxicating accounts of two youthful masterworks, performed by youthful casts guided by Rossini-drunk, Rossini-versed mentors. In recent years, the Manhattan School has given New York some of its most rewarding opera. (Stravinsky's "Nightingale" and "Rake's Progress," Siegfried Matthus's "Cornet Rilke," Alexander Goehr's "Triptych" come first to mind.) But the evening began badly. One fears the worst when an overture becomes—as the overture to "L'Occasione" became—the accompaniment to a stage pantomime. It portends an unmusical director, unresponsive to the way that the art of opera works, unwilling to handle a piece on its own terms. The portent is sometimes contradicted, but in this bill it was not: Johnathon Pape staged the comedies in loutish fashion, with recourse to crude, non-specific comic business and little appreciation of individual character. The operas were performed in Italian, not English; the laughs came from the surtitles or from stage clowning. When so much was coarse, it seems a needless refinement of criticism to complain of added scene changes that broke up the formal numbers of "L'Occasione." The musical direction, by Christopher Larkin, was neat but leaden. No phrases were animated. The orchestra—despite Rossini's marvellous inventions—sounded dead. The Fondazione furnished the musical materials; Philip Gossett, the editor-in-chief of the critical edition, was given special thanks in the program; but the student singers sang shoals of wrong notes in the form of unrealized appoggiaturas.

Students brought before the public uninstructed, uninspired, misdirected should incur no public blame. Those who manage all the same to come across deserve praise. There were alternate casts for the production. Among the singers I heard, Tamara Hardesty, the prima donna of "La Scala di Seta," gave pleasure in many gentle, fluent, well-shaped passages, and Matthew Chellis, the tenor of "La Scala di Seta," is someone I look forward to hearing again. Both his sound and his words were bright and forward, out on the lips; his voice ran easily, in a heroic-coloratura fashion. He sounded like a future Arnold (the tenor of "William Tell"), and he was a decent actor, with good eyes. If he can increase his resources—add to the firmness and brightness of voice some dulcet, "pouting" tones, be lyrically melting and charming as well as bravely heroic—he should go far. Perhaps he and Miss Bartoli should get together.

—ANDREW PORTER

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DANCING

Happy Hooligan

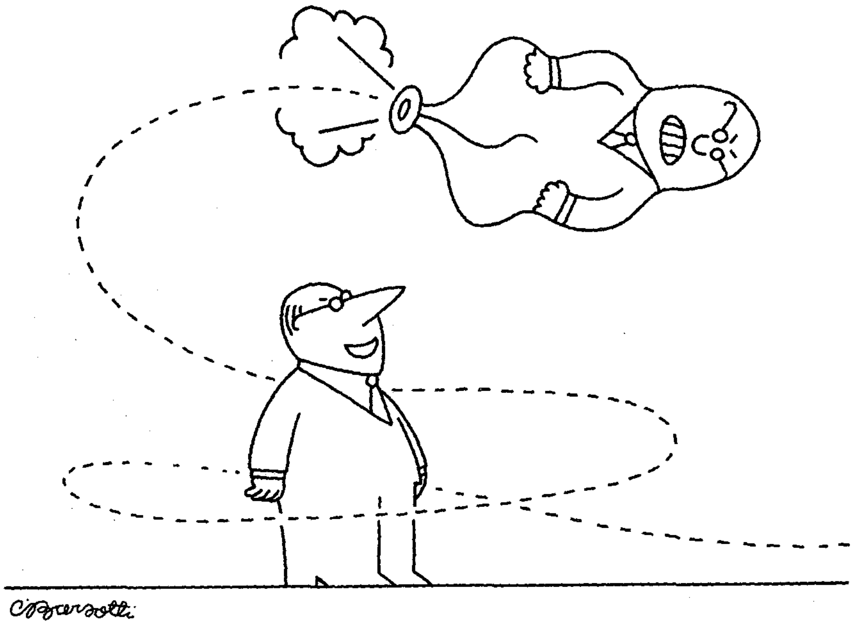
As soon as a Merce Cunningham dancer enters an unoccupied stage, our sense of space and time changes. It's like a shift in the light, and it's as if notes had suddenly fallen out of silence. Empty space itself can be beautiful in Cunningham, and the way that a dancer invades or absorbs that big box of stage space counts for so much. In "Neighbors," it is Alan Good, frank and noble, who's first on. He comes leaping diagonally, down and across the stage, in three big jumps, all different. In "Pictures," the seraphic Victoria Finlayson comes slowly and softly into the pearly-white air, treading her way on half-toe along the same diagonal. A Cunningham entrance is momentous because it makes rhythm out of thin air. This matters, because his dances are not choreographed to music, and because the sounds that accompany them are not adjusted to fit the dancers' steps.

That first dancer establishes no regular beat that will mark the rhythm of the whole dance. The phrases that follow are of uneven length, and you can't tell in advance when or how a phrase will end. Allegro and adagio may coexist onstage, independent of each other. The dynamics—very precise—involve peculiar and striking admixtures of marcato, staccato, and legato. Dancegoers who avoid Cunningham's dances sometimes explain that the sound accompaniment by John Cage and his disciples puts them off; and they have a point. But I suspect that their resistance goes deeper: that some of them wouldn't enjoy Cunningham even if they wore earplugs or used a Walkman to play other music; that the musical qualities they enjoy in other dance just aren't there in Cunningham. And they'd be right to think so. How does one reconcile this with the view, often expressed by Cunningham devotees, that his dances are, in several ways, musical? The answer lies in Cunningham's type of music and musicality. In 1943, the year before he gave his first solo recital, with John Cage as his accompanist, Virgil Thomson wrote one of his most illuminating pieces for the *Herald Tribune*. It's called "French Rhythm":

> German musicians and Italian musicians tend to consider rhythm as a series of pulsations. French musicians consider pulsations as a special effect appropriate only to dance music, and they train their musical young most carefully to avoid them in other connections. . . .
>
> The French conceive rhythm as a duality of meter and accent. Meter is a pattern of quantities, of note lengths. Its minimum unit in execution is the phrase. Accent is a stress that may occur . . . on the first note of a measure, but in well-written music it will usually appear more frequently in other positions, since any regular marking off of metrical units tends to produce a hypnotic effect. French music, unless it is written for the dance or unless it aims to evoke the dance, has no dynamic propulsion at all. It proceeds at an even rate, unrolls itself phrase by phrase rather like Gregorian chant.

Thomson goes on to say that this French approach to rhythm is really the mainstream of world music—"as ancient as Hellas, as far-flung as China, Marrakesh, and New Orleans, as up-to-date as boogie-woogie or the percussion music of John Cage." He attended Cunningham's early solo recitals, and told his *Herald Tribune* colleague Edwin Denby that Cunningham reminded him of the old-time comic-strip cartoon character Happy Hooligan. It is hard to know now if his writing influenced the young dancer, or made points Cunningham already knew. What is clear is that French non-dance rhythm, as Thomson defined it, is the basis of Cunningham's and Cage's. It is only natural that they long ago showed an affinity with the music of Erik Satie. "Septet," the only surviving piece of several that Cunningham made to Satie music, is also the only surviving work in which he responds to the rhythm and structure of a score. And yet it is not so unlike the many he has made that are independent of their accompaniment.

In the beginning, Cunningham was eccentric in that he, a dancer in Martha Graham's company, crossed over to study also at Balanchine's School of American Ballet. To this day, his works show how deep he drank from those rival founts. Since the fifties, hundreds of choreographers have done what was in the forties unprecedented: to take from George *and* Martha. No one, however, has diverged so thoroughly from both sources as he; and nothing about his work has been more radical than its rhythm. Give him an academy and, like Satie, he will stand with one foot inside and the other outside; give him an ordinary code of practice and he will question it. In 1947, when Lincoln Kirstein asked him to choreograph for Ballet Society, Cunningham asked what kind of work he wanted. Well, Kirstein said, it should have beginning, a middle, and an end. No much of a requirement, but Cunningham, that White Knight, was, as he p it, "more interested in the Joycean Indian idea of life as being cyclical



"That's right, C.J., enjoy your last fling."

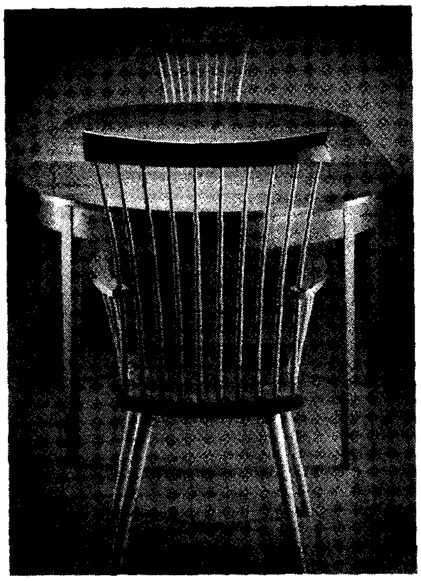
And so he came to choreograph a work called "The Seasons."

ALL this happened before I was born. I interest myself in it because it helps explain to me the facts of Cunningham's dance theatre. His recent two-week season at the City Center marked his fiftieth anniversary as a choreographer—he gave his first work, co-choreographed with Jean Erdman, on August 1, 1942, at Bennington College—and it contained the wide array of things that are ordinary with him and still extraordinary anywhere else, although he is himself an academy now. His rhythm, though it's even further from today's rock music than it is from the Italo-German tradition of which Thomson wrote in '43, is the air his dances breathe. And there is his appetite for Asian dance elements, which is far easier to accept today than it must have been in the forties and fifties. (Cunningham has long been as conscious a multiculturalist as Mark Morris.) Most of this season's repertory consisted of works he has made in the last four years, and the three older works included weren't very old. His choreography continues to develop, but its essence has remained constant.

Little about his 1989 "August Pace," for example, is especially new. Still, there is no work of his today that makes me happier or gives me more to see. Its series of seven male-female duets sings out against the occasional intrusions of other dancers—also, but only just, against the considerable distraction of the truly silly designs by Afrika (Sergei Bugaev). As in Cunningham's 1980 "Duets," each pair has its individual character; but here in each duet man and woman are plainly contrasted. Whereas the "Duets" double-work keeps each pair close together, "August Pace" gives man and woman time and space to be apart; and then, when they come together for partnering, they issue challenges and make demands. The partnering is dramatic. What makes the greatest impact on me, however, is the way he has the man and woman of each couple dance separately and simultaneously, in dissimilar movements, often without addressing each other. Gorgeous details abound, as when Victoria Finlayson, amid a series of lyrical pirouettes, raises an arm and lets her hand flourish up and out of a formal third position—while the brooding Robert Swinston busies himself elsewhere in staccato moves. As David Kulick stretches into various attitudes around the stage, Carol Teitelbaum, in one of the choreography's Indian motifs, holds a wide and deep plié in second and sways her upper body from side to side. Larissa McGoldrick, luscious and eccentric, moves in extreme adagio while Michael Cole gambols powerfully in side-tilting jumps. The score, by Michael Pugliese, is the most appealing and distinguished new music that the Cunningham company has presented in many years. Called "Peace Talks," it's a polyethnic array of percussion music, both live and taped, exquisitely selected, and reproduced through multiple speakers to amazing effect.

Metre, accent, and phrasing are different in each Cunningham work, and are the most vital factors in deciding its particular character. (This hasn't been widely recognized, because nobody else uses them his way.) The bright effusion of "Native Green" is unusual in that it has a certain dynamic propulsion. I sense, not just because of the bongo sounds that are part of its score ("Gliss in Sighs," by John King), that its rhythms are partly African, festive, ever so faintly Dionysiac. Body language, too, is different. The upper torso is loose and rippling, and there are a number of startling lifts: in some, women pedal the air with parted legs; in others, they sail powerfully forward; and there is even a great forward wheel lift, in which the woman, her limbs like spokes, is turned full circle. It's refreshing to have this 1985 work back in rep; it really is like nothing else.

No Cunningham work builds up to a climax or winds down from one. Most, however, give some sense of sequence, though this isn't always immediately apparent. When the 1989 "Inventions" begins, with its extensive amount of short, staccato phrasing, it looks mechanical; then it develops longer units. Likewise, the wild and jerky accentuation of Cunningham's latest work, "Change of Address," had me bewildered, until gradually I felt a connecting thread, an animal rhythm, emerge. "Beach Birds," a 1991 work that was shown for the first time in New York, is fairly thin and, by



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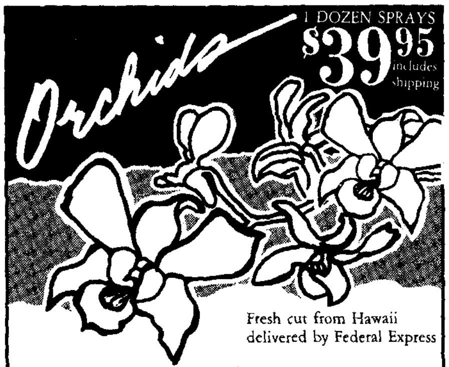

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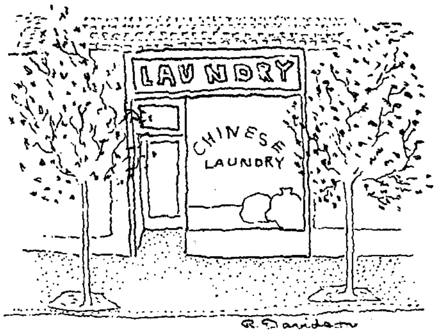
Cunningham's standards, a surprisingly literal realization of its title; but it is a work I relax to from the first, because its pace is one I know from watching birds on an estuary. The most impressive display of sequential structure in current repertory is the 1978 "Exchange." Here the leading male dancer opens with a group of seven; he returns with another group of the same size and dances with it in an entirely new range of steps; finally, the two groups merge. Sound formulaic? In the theatre, its grand plan unfolds like pages of history. To the role Cunningham once danced himself, Alan Good now brings his own manly beauty and the wisdom of having served this repertory devoutly for fourteen years. He plays a figure of authority, who leads each group either as first dancer or as chief partner. The poignance of the work is that by the end he's virtually superfluous. He rules two separate kingdoms, unites them, and then abdicates.

The man who resisted the convention of giving a beginning, a middle, and an end to each work adopted the same attitude toward stage space. How often in his repertory we see dancing that continues into the wings, creating the illusion that the stage is not the consecrated ground for a special event but simply a slice of something much larger. It's as if the proscenium frame were just the moving camera lens of a wildlife documentary, sometimes closing in and fixing on one spot, sometimes travelling from group to group. Such idylls as "Beach Birds" and "Loosestrife" run like films made in one audaciously long take, and they contain passages of motionlessness or minimal activity that another artist would have cut. Other Cunningham works, however, are obviously the products of intense editing—notably "Channels/Inserts," which was originally made, with some very fancy split-screen editing, for the camera. "Channels/Inserts" onstage is all bits and pieces, and the illusion that the stage is just part of some larger landscape is often punctured here. While a series of male solos occurs front stage, several women enter and arrange themselves in two rows in one corner, like an onstage audience. They watch carefully; then, before the solos are finished, they all get up quietly and walk out. (This always wins a laugh.) Cunningham, like Cage and like Robert Rauschenberg, has long employed the collage principle, but "Channels/Inserts" is such a crazy quilt that it wouldn't hold me at all if its separate patches were not so excellent. This choreography is extraordinarily fertile. I think of "Channels/Inserts" as an explosive work, but it is also studded with sequences of slow supported adagio, most memorably in the three duets for Good and Finlayson. He turns her, lowers her, holds her, supports her; and she is true and unchanging through all of it, repeatedly gazing steadily into his eyes. Then, suddenly—bang! From a supported backbend, one leg extended before her, she pounces forward into penchée arabesque, and is at once unpredictable.

THE young Cunningham thought seriously about becoming an actor, and an actorly sense has always informed his appearances. Today—he turned seventy-three last week—his dance powers have receded to the point where acting is almost all he has to offer. (In his 1978 solo "Tango"—alongside a Cage score called "Letter to Erik Satie"—he was still a virtuoso of rhythm. Today, he is simply a master of timing.) It has been customary for some years now to compare his performances to various characters from world drama, and to characters in Shakespeare and Chekhov in particular. But the most interesting vehicles for that kind of Cunningham drama were mid-eighties works like "Quartet" and "Fabrications." The contrast between his age and the others' youth, between his frailness and their strength (*"Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait"*), is no longer vital. He appears currently in just two works, "Trackers" and "Loosestrife." Both are given as the final items of a program, and in both the curtain rises to show him onstage (a little off center, of course) and facing front. For a moment, it's just like the times when, in the seventies and eighties, the curtain would rise after an evening of Graham to reveal Graham herself, the motionless dominatrix: "I am Duchess of Malfi still." And at the sight of Cunningham the New York audience bursts into hearty applause. But then he starts to move; he is not a figurehead but a doer. In "Loosestrife," he slices through the applause with a furious gesture, big and strong from the torso, like a deep spasm. And we're off. Yet, in the event, his role is not of major importance to the work. With him there are no small roles, but, these days, no large roles, either. And this is touching. He effaces himself. Whereas he used to remind me of Lear or Prospero or Chebutykin or Firs, this season he reminded me, more than once or twice, of Jeeves. Even when he went offstage, he'd stay in the back of your mind, wise and discreet, an inscrutable observer without whose supervision everything would fall apart.



So, despite that vehement opening, Cunningham himself is not an essential part of the luminous image that "Loosestrife" leaves in my head. This work—"loosestrife" is a kind of primrose—is one of his nature studies; and, as in others, he extends the sources of his rhythm to include the stillnesses, the sudden movements, and the lack of urgency of plant and animal life. The atmosphere of the work is created largely by those several dancers who simply pause for long periods ("They also serve who only stand and wait") and by their glowing and unfussed calm ("Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin"). The movement that does occur is often marvellous, such as a pirouette done first by Frédéric Gafner, then by Alan Good: heels together, knees bent, legs turned out, revolving on the quarter-point of one foot—first once, then again, then a not-quite-double revolution. Victoria Finlayson makes an entry across the stage in a stream of turns and little turning jumps; later, Robert Swinston enters down a diagonal, arms raised, in a hovering series of pas de chat and related steps. But these moments and others are isolated against the surrounding hush—to my mind, they bring out the pun buried in the title—and are rounded off with a silence. Emma Diamond, who for a long while keeps up a burst of gentle animation—moving from one group to another, leading various dancers into partnering her—suddenly falls, and, corpselike, is pulled off into the wings. Michael Pugliese's score ("Mixed Signals") does much to maintain the peacefulness of this work, and the designer, Carl Kielblock, has provided lighting of exceptional beauty, as if daylight were filtering down through gaps in a thunder-laden sky.

The over-all decline in both the sound and design departments of the House of Cunningham is no news. But there have been good deeds in recent seasons, as "Loosestrife" proves. I also find Cage's "Four^3" a perfect accompaniment to "Beach Birds"; it's an extremely quiet overlaying of three types of sound—single piano notes; some long mechanical bleeps like birdcalls; the rustling made by a rainstick, like a wave retreating over a pebbled beach—set against a surrounding silence. And most of the current repertory has superb lighting, which changes throughout and helps to give each work its specific aura. In "Beach Birds" Marsha Skinner has the dancers at first silhouetted against a deep-blue sky; dawn light slowly rises; finally, they dance against a warm orange.

The first program that Cunningham ever presented without performing in it himself—in 1989, in London—consisted of three of his toughest and least poetic compositions. As one of the dancers said, "It's as if Merce were saying 'See? Without me, no drama.' " This season, however, Cunningham was absent from three New York programs. Without him, there was still drama, juice, brilliance, and wit. In fourteen years of watching Cunningham, I don't remember his presenting an assembly of dancers as fresh and attractive as the one he now has. Everyone dances from a core of belief and understanding unsurpassed among dance companies today. And you feel that the space not only between dancers but also high above their heads is animated. Sometimes it's as if whole blocks of air are being held and moved around the stage. Most of these dancers have been with Cunningham for several years. (Only the oldest, the once bold and witty Chris Komar, is now too dry in tone to be supremely watchable.) It is they who give me my reason for watching "Trackers," which—like "Beach Birds"—Cunningham made last year with the help of a 3-D human-animation computer system. Cunningham uses a computer in the same way that he has used the I Ching and other methods—to help make a recognizably Merce Cunningham work. A few things are new—I hear that the dancers now talk about "computer arms"—and no doubt for Cunningham that justifies the experiment. What justifies it for me is a performance like Jenifer Weaver's powerhouse series of complex jumps or Carol Teitelbaum's intense fixity of purpose as she folds and unfolds one raised leg in unsupported adagio.

It is because I love to watch these dancers that the works I enjoy most are those which offer them extended individual opportunities. "August Pace" is one such. Another is "Neighbors," which was new last year. For six of Cunningham's most appealing and experienced dancers (Alan Good and Patricia Lent, Robert Swinston and Victoria Finlayson, David Kulick and Larissa McGoldrick), it seems to contain every jump in the book, and not only half the turns in the book but several that aren't. It's really a collection of scenes that reveal the intimacies and colloquies between six friends, and it has a very winning kind of social ease. You see how these characters are less eccentric when there's company; how couples are more daring in private; how bonds suddenly appear among certain members of a group. Cunningham's perennial subject is the variety of life, and here he has found it among ordinary married folk. Like all great choreographers, he isn't given to saying much about individual works. However, when he was asked what "Neighbors" was about he said, "It's about three couples, probably from the suburbs." "Is that all?" the friend asked. Cunningham replied, "Isn't that enough?"

—Alastair Macaulay

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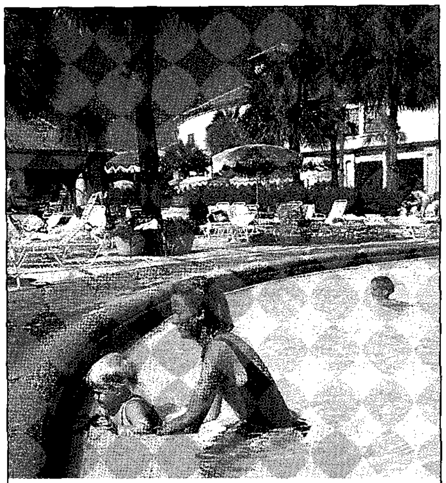

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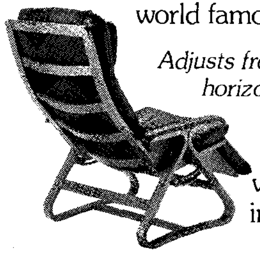

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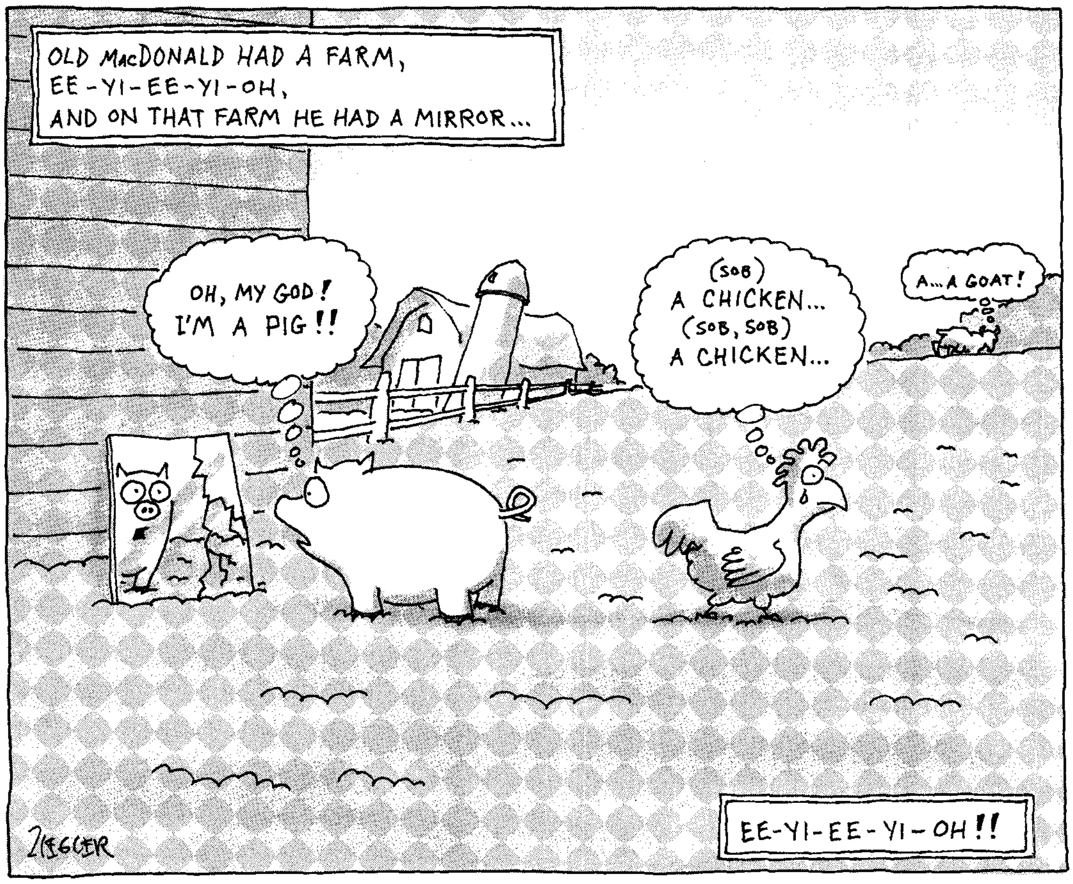
AN exhibition of avant-garde European and American architecture opened sixty years ago at the fledgling Museum of Modern Art, which then occupied temporary quarters on an upper floor of the Heckscher Building, at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. The show was called "Modern Architecture—International Exhibition," and in retrospect the double-barrelled, if not quite evenly balanced, title appears to hint at a last-minute attempt to be all-embracing. To my mind, it is the only aspect of the exhibition that betrays the inexperience of the three ambitious young men who assembled it: Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Philip Johnson, and Alfred Barr. At that moment in February, 1932, in the darkest days of the Great Depression, each of these men was standing at the threshold of a career that would make him preëminent—Hitchcock as an architectural historian, Johnson as an architect, and Barr as a museum director. All three had given proof from an early age of possessing exceptional intellect, charm, and energy. Having invented an opportunity to manifest these powers through an architectural exhibition—itself something of a novelty at the time, *especially in a museum*—they displayed a superb confidence in the nature of the message that they intended the exhibition to convey. Their confidence did not bear the taint, usual in the young, of bravado; their convictions—expressed silently in the act of choosing one architect over another, and openly in the texts prepared for the exhibition catalogue and for the book by Hitchcock and Johnson that was published that same year—appeared as little open to challenge as a papal bull.

The exhibition has since come to be seen as a turning point in the history of American architecture. But perhaps it should be seen less as a turning point than as an unmendable fracture, after which the then prevalent douce tyrannies of the Beaux-Arts tradition could no longer be unthinkingly accepted. Under the scrupulous curatorship of Terence Riley, that exhibition has been faithfully re-created in the Arthur Ross Architecture Gallery of the Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation, where it will be on display until May 2nd. (Riley was the director of the gallery from 1989 to 1991. He is now curator in the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art.)

And what an exhibition it is, not in the least diminished in significance after sixty years! If it was instructive then, opening the door to an exhilarating variety of new architectural means and ends, it remains scarcely less instructive today, though for a reason at the opposite pole from exhilarating. For the door that it opened so promisingly in 1932 has long since swung shut; many gifted American architects passed through it and, for a considerable period, gained inspiration from the aesthetic and intellectual principles to be found on its far side, but little by little they lost heart, and drew back in disarray. Having abandoned modernism, they sought inspiration elsewhere—even in some of those dusty culs-de-sac of history from which the 1932 exhibition had encouraged them to emerge.

Not that the fire lit by Hitchcock, Barr, and Johnson can be said to have been forgotten simply because (on American soil if not in Europe and elsewhere throughout the world), having flamed up and attained the tribute of widespread imitation, it then ignominiously consumed itself. One sees that something of value has survived—and not so small a something, at that. In remarks made at the Arthur Ross Gallery this past March, on the show's opening night, Johnson, who, at eighty-five, is the only surviving member of the triumvirate (Barr died in 1981, Hitchcock in 1987), suggested, with his usual breezy wit, that at least an ember of the fire was still giving off a vestigial glow. Otherwise, he asked, how explain that the Museum of Modern Art show had been deemed worthy of resurrection! How else explain the attention of the very audience he was addressing? He could as-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AND ON THAT FARM HE HAD A MIRROR...
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sure them, Johnson went on, that in 1932 no student or practitioner of architecture would have considered it worthwhile to cast a backward glance at the architectural innovations of 1872; nor was it likely that students and practitioners of architecture in the year 2052 would take the trouble to glance back at the architectural innovations of the present day.

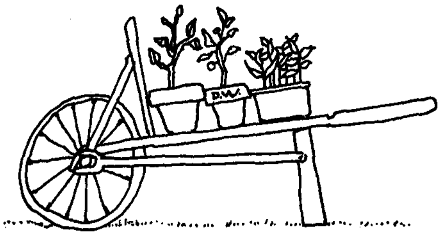
In a foreword to the catalogue that accompanies the re-created show, Johnson writes:

> My memory of the event [the opening of the original exhibition] *should* be the determining factor in any discussion of the revival of the show. But "history is written by the victors," they say. In this case, the new history is written by the "victors" of the next generation. Terence Riley, almost fifty years my junior, has supplanted in this document my memories as the "true" story of the early days at the Museum. How skewed my memory is! And naturally in my favor.
>
> It is good to have it straight, to have my mistakes so boldly pointed out and some of my more petty victories, my judgments of 1930-1931, reconfirmed. . . .
>
> The International Style, as we dubbed the movement which lasted at least a generation or two, is still dimly around.

The word "dimly" leaps oddly off the page in such a context. For, although the vogue of the International Style has indeed passed, the works of architecture that gave rise to the name continue to convey in the current exhibition (with the aid of newly printed photographs and newly fashioned models, most of the original photographs and models having long since vanished) what they conveyed in the earlier one: a presence of seemingly inextinguishable freshness and vigor. Here are the modernist structures that Hitchcock and Johnson sought out and visited in this country and abroad, including the handiwork, then comparatively little known to the American public, of such architects as Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, and Le Corbusier. They were thrilling then, those pioneering, sharp-edged, intensely thought-through structures, and they are no less thrilling today. The principles embodied in them are sound—none sounder. Why, then, given that it is in the nature of vogues to pass, did those principles not remain robustly pertinent after the vogue had passed? Why are they not thought pertinent today?

IN the course of preparing the authoritative catalogue of the revival, which has been handsomely published by Rizzoli, Riley examined more than twenty-five hundred documents in the archives of the museum, and hundreds of other primary and secondary sources as well. Especially valuable to him have been Johnson's letters written from Europe in 1930 to his mother, in Ohio. (Johnson had just graduated cum laude from Harvard, with a degree in philosophy. His degree in architecture, also from Harvard, was many years in the future.) In the hold of the ship on which he had sailed to Europe, Johnson had taken care to stow a Cord convertible—one of the best-designed and costliest cars of its day—and as Hitchcock and he tooled about the Continent passing judgment on a miscellaneous assortment of buildings, what gilded specimens of American youth they must have seemed to their European contemporaries, who were beginning to encounter some of the harsh effects of what was to become a worldwide depression! (Johnson's father was a rich lawyer in Cleveland, and both father and son helped to finance the 1932 exhibition.)

Appearances deceive. Far from being mere happy-go-lucky American trippers, Hitchcock and Johnson represented a radically different American type: the hardworking puritan overachiever successfully concealed behind the pagan partygiver and partygoer. At twenty-seven, Hitchcock had already published a big and rather solemn book called "Modern Architecture," which, as it happened, had been given high praise by Alfred Barr in a recent issue of the magazine *Hound and Horn*. Barr had complained in his review only that Hitchcock's style was "too erudite for the ordinary reader" and that the number of illustrations was parsimonious. Hitchcock and Johnson began to play with the notion of revising the book along the lines indicated by Barr. Soon Johnson was writing to his mother, "The book is coming along very well, though naturally Russell is doing the bigger share. I do the dirty work. But I am learning so much that I don't mind in the least." A few days later, he wrote, "The text is getting bigger and bigger in our minds but also more important. . . . We are discussing subjects which lie much nearer to my heart than most of the old ones, such as new materials, construction, functionalism, and the fundamental aesthetic, especially of the style." The style was one to which Hitchcock and Barr had already given a name: because it leaped over national boundaries and defied being dealt with chronologically and country by country in the traditional scholarly fashion, they called it the International Style.



In the autumn of 1930, Johnson, back in New York, set about renovating his apartment, on East Fifty-second Street, according to the designs of his new German friend Mies. He and Hitchcock had their book well in hand, so what could be more desirable than for them to prepare an exhibition, based largely on their research, at their friend Barr's thriving little Museum of Modern Art? In December, with Barr's encouragement, Johnson wrote a three-page memorandum to A. Conger Goodyear, president of the board of trustees of the museum, proposing such an exhibition. The memorandum read, in part:

> There exists today both here in America and abroad a marked activity in architecture. Technical advances, new methods and fresh thoughts are solving contemporary building problems in a manner that can truly be called modern. A progressive group of architects, who have put aside traditional forms and are striking out along new and vigorous lines, are at work. In America Frank Lloyd Wright has for decades built modern houses. Raymond Hood is building the first really modern skyscrapers. Neutra's sanatorium in California, and Samuel Insull's great housing project in Chicago show the extent in the United States. [Johnson now thinks that "Insull" was a slip of the pen and that the project he had in mind was one sponsored by Julius Rosenwald.] Modern architecture is most widely accepted in Germany. The city of Frankfurt has built tens of thousands of cheap houses. Mies van der Rohe, one of the leaders of the movement, has complete charge of the Berlin Building Exposition of 1931. The Bauhaus, a school founded by the architect Gropius, is identified with modern movements in the arts and crafts. . . . In Paris many mansions are modern, and Le Corbusier is now building a large Salvation Army base there. . . .
>
> American architecture finds itself in a chaos of conflicting and very often unintelligent building. An introduction to an integrated and decidedly rational mode of building is sorely needed. The stimulation and direction which an exhibition of this type can give to contemporary architectural thought is incalculable.

In his memorandum Johnson outlined an exhibition divided into three sections. In the first section, "nine of the most prominent architects of the world" would present scale models of buildings characteristic of the nature of their "genius" and representing "the forefront of development in their respective fields." Five of the nine were Americans—Raymond Hood, Frank Lloyd Wright, Norman Bel Geddes, the firm of Howe & Lescaze, and the firm of Bowman Brothers. Two were Germans, Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius; one a Frenchman, Le Corbusier; and one a Netherlander, J.J.P. Oud. Another section of the exhibition would represent the industrial side of architecture, including office buildings, factories, and subsidized housing. The third section would be devoted to the results of a worldwide competition, open to students and architects under thirty-five, for the design of a school. Johnson suggested that the exhibition should début in February, 1932, and he volunteered to contribute a year of his professional services free of charge.

The memorandum underwent several revisions before the museum's board of trustees adopted it, in the early winter of 1931. Bel Geddes, having fallen out of favor with Johnson—in a magazine article Johnson accused him of not fully understanding modern architecture—was dropped from the list of the world's most prominent architects. Added to the list was Richard Neutra, Vienna-born but a newly naturalized American citizen. (The far from prominent firm of Bowman Brothers remained on the list out of softheartedness. Johnson had seen photographs of projects by the two young Bowmans and had mistakenly assumed that they had a certain amount of built work to their credit. It turned out that the built work consisted of their office in Chicago.) To make matters clear to the ordinary museum visitor, the scale models were to be accompanied by elevations, explanatory floor plans, and large photographs. The so-called industrial section was reduced to a rather scanty display of subsidized housing, and the competition for the design of a school was abandoned, presumably because there was too little time in which to organize it. At a late moment, in order to heighten the propaganda value of the exhibition, it was decided to add a section called "The Extent of Modern Architecture," displaying photographs of buildings that emphasized the world-wide spread of the International Style rather than the talent of the individual designers. In the end, this section contained forty projects by thirty-seven modernist architects in fifteen countries.

After a year of feverish hard work by Johnson (the puritan overachiever all but obliterating the pagan partygoer), the exhibition opened and made a stir that, given the place in history it has since attained, was remarkable only for being so modest. Johnson is quoted by Riley as having written at the time that there wasn't "one really critical review of the Exhibition," and explained that "for the most part the critics make excerpts from the catalogue, or if they are constitutionally opposed to modern architecture, they merely remark that the Exhibition displeases them." Hitchcock later remarked that the exhibition was a "succès d'estime"—a characteristically Hitchcockian way of admitting that it had been a popular failure. According to Riley, during its six weeks' stay at the Heckscher Building the show was seen by only thirty-three thousand people; a few years earlier, a show at the Metropolitan Museum on "The Architect and the Industrial Arts" had drawn a hundred and eighty-six thousand.

Conservative architects mostly damned the show, and progressive architects mostly praised it. Yet even progressive architects found reason to quarrel with the concept that any style, "international" or not, was capable of being canonically defined by the materials it employed and the uses it made of them. Rudolph Schindler wrote from Los Angeles, "I am not a stylist, functionalist, nor any other sloganist. Each of my buildings deals with a different *architectural* problem, the existence of which has been entirely forgotten in this period of rational mechanization. The question of whether a house is really a house is more important to me than the fact that it is made of steel, glass, putty, or hot air." (Riley points out that the force of Schindler's argument was somewhat mitigated by the fact that he was pleading to be allowed to add his work to the exhibit when, in the course of its announced travels from coast to coast, it reached Los Angeles.)

In a trenchant afterword to the 1992 catalogue, Riley points out that the

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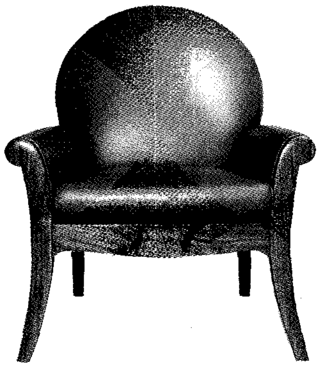

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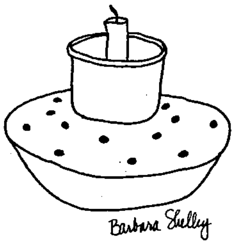
International Style as we have grown accustomed to speaking of it over the past several decades doesn't necessarily bear a close resemblance to the International Style that Hitchcock, Barr, and Johnson were championing in 1932. Riley quotes Vincent Scully as referring, in a description of the speculative office buildings derived from Mies's Seagram Building, to “the International Style slab in its empty plaza,” and comments, “This degraded building type, with its utter lack of formal character, is thus associated with a style that expressed, at best, a marked ambivalence about skyscrapers and was frequently criticized as overly concerned with aesthetics.”



What did those who gave the International Style its name mean by it? In a pamphlet published in 1931 Johnson wrote, “The style is characterized by flexibility, lightness, and simplicity. Ornament has no place, since hand-cut ornament is impracticable in the machine age. The beauty of the style rests in the free composition of volumes and surfaces, the adjustment of such elements as doors and windows, and the perfection of machined surfaces.” Well and good, as far as it goes: Johnson's definition is a circus tent ample enough to encompass elephants as well as monkeys, and it was certainly the case that the buildings the curators chose for display in the exhibition were radically diverse. As visitors to the exhibition at Columbia can observe, Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye, Mies's Tugendhat House, Gropius's own little director's cottage at the Bauhaus, and Frank Lloyd Wright's House on the Mesa express the principles of their designers in highly individual ways. What they have in common is what they have rejected. What is most intensely present is what is conspicuously absent—those attributes of traditional architectural styles which make it possible for academics, almost without taking thought, to place structures in their proper pigeonholes of time, place, and circumstance. The International Style was really not a style at all but, rather, an anti-style, heterogeneous—despite its preference for materials such as steel, glass, and concrete, which were best suited to the latest engineering technologies—and non-canonical.

An anti-style is by its nature ephemeral. But the principles that have brought an anti-style into existence may not deserve to be blown away. I return to my first question: If, as I believe, the principles embodied by the modernist architects of the thirties are sound, why have they not remained pertinent? Why, for example, have we had to put up with those glib parodies of architectural styles furnished us by the so-called postmodernists, who, like spoiled children in some night nursery of the mind, dressed themselves up in their parents' clothing and tottered about making a joke of the past? (By an irony that Johnson himself would not wish me to leave unremarked, it was often enough he who was to be seen playing the role of delinquent nanny in that nursery, urging his miscreant charges on.) To be sure, the postmodernists' day appears to be almost done, but why did they endure and try our patience for so long? And what style or anti-style is to succeed them? Is it possible that the dim glow of the long-despised modernists will be rekindled, here and abroad?

These are questions to which there are as yet no satisfactory answers, but Riley, in his afterword, strikes an optimistic note. Having written that “we find ourselves in a world bearing striking similarities to the cultural conditions of 1932: worldwide economic instability, a severe housing crisis, and an architectural culture obsessed with simulation,” he goes on to say, “Perhaps the least expected development in contemporary architecture is the emergence of a vibrant generation of architects working within the modernist tradition. . . . Their work can be considered a response, and necessarily a defensive one, to the architectural culture at large. While generally receptive to the more radical aspects of early modernism, most of their production is characterized by the ideological investigations possible in small projects.” Riley's polysyllabic last sentence may be translated into the vernacular as “It's always easier to take chances on low-budget jobs than on high-budget ones.” It can just as easily be set down in the form of a prayer, the oldest prayer known to the profession of architecture: “Lord, send us clients with open pockets, open minds.”

—Brendan Gill

BOOKS

A Lute Suspended

POE didn't even really look like Poe, though he is possibly the most recognizable of all American writers: his Shakespearean brow, large eyes, and trim mustache made him an irresistible subject for caricaturists and illustrators. On the jacket of Kenneth Silverman's recent biography, "Edgar A. Poe: Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance" (HarperCollins; $27.50), he broods at his desk, his fingers nervously gripping his arms. Generally, these atmospheric renderings of Poe feature a raven, but here the totemic animal is a black cat, sniffing a manuscript under the writer's elbow. This is the Poe of legend—neurasthenic and haunted. But the image derives from daguerreotypes taken during the last five years of his life—the years from about 1845 on, when he grew a mustache, started indulging his dipsomania full time, and apparently lost his mind.

The legendary Poe is epitomized in a daguerreotype he sat for in a Providence, Rhode Island, studio in November, 1848. He has the familiar mustache, clean cheeks, and longish hair. He's wearing a dark suit. His eyes are puffy, with heavy circles under them. He stares past the lens in unself-conscious agony, his mouth set but drooping, his gaze anguished. Four days before this image was taken, he had attempted suicide.

Silverman includes this picture in his book, but he also reprints, for the first time in a modern biography, a daguerreotype of Poe as he looked around 1842—that is, as he probably looked for most of his adult life. Approximately thirty-three years old, he's rather thick-faced, with well-grown side-whiskers reaching almost to his chin, and with his hair brushed back from his high forehead. He's staring slightly to his left, in the rigid way of daguerreotype sitters. We can see that the later mustache hid an almost lipless mouth. His eyes are startlingly asymmetrical, the right one noticeably lower than the left. A greatcoat drapes his sloping shoulders. With his neat dress and stern, thin mouth, he could be a minister. He is almost unrecognizable as "Poe."

Poe became "Poe" very early. He was unfortunate—or perverse, or crazy—enough to name as his literary executor a man who hated him. This was Rufus W. Griswold, the anthologist of "Poets and Poetry of America" and Poe's successor (after Poe quit, in one of his fits of dudgeon) as editor of *Graham's Magazine*. Griswold was only one of a number of literary people Poe squabbled with and insulted, but Griswold's position as a national arbiter of literary taste made him a particularly large and frequent target, and Poe, after originally praising "Poets and Poetry of America," needled him continually in print and attacked him in a series of lectures as a tasteless boob. The two men were not, as Griswold wrote to a colleague, "on the best terms."

When Poe died, Griswold fulfilled his duties as executor and brought out a collection of Poe's works. Though he refused a salary, in his fashion he took his pay. He appended to the edition a memoir enlarged from his already unfriendly obituary ("Edgar Allan Poe is dead. . . . This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it"), presenting Poe as a sleaze who had made sexual advances to his stepmother, a no-account who had been expelled from the university and had deserted from the Army, and a man wont to mutter to himself and flail his arms on the street. (The last may have been true.) Since for the next twenty years this was the only edition of Poe's works, Griswold's version of him became the official one, and, despite subsequent scholarship, it retains its influence in the vague popular impression of Poe as some sort of wild man—a drunk and a lunatic.

Every Poe biographer has had to deal with the insidious vitality of Griswold's memoir. It didn't help that, as James Russell Lowell noted, Poe lacked "that element of manhood which, for want of a better name, we call character." In fact, Lowell's propriety really doesn't do Poe justice. Poe was immensely disagreeable. Reading his correspondence is a depressing experience. His earliest extant letters, to his foster father, John Allan, are by turns hysterical, self-dramatizing, bullying, whining, and grovelling—masterpieces of shaking the fist while crawling on the knees. He never lost

"Can't you create a flap in the media, or something?"

this skill, or several other distasteful ones.

To his friend J. E. Snodgrass, on compliments from Washington Irving that he may or may not have received:

> I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Washington Irving has addressed me 2 letters, abounding in high passages of compliment in regard to my Tales—passages which he desires me to make public—if I think benefit may be derived. It is needless to say that I shall do it—it is a duty I owe myself—and which it would be wilful folly to neglect, through a false sense of modesty.

To William E. Burton, his soon to be ex-boss at *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine:*

> Your attempts to bully me excite in my mind scarcely any other sentiment than mirth. When you address me again preserve if you can, the dignity of a gentleman. If by accident you have taken it into your head that I am to be insulted with impunity I can only assume that you are an ass.

On the book that he reviewed favorably when it came out: "Have you seen Griswold's Book of Poetry? It is a most outrageous humbug."

To an author whose book he had anonymously panned: "The article to which you refer had never been seen by me until you pointed it out. It has the air of having been written by Mr. Benjamin."

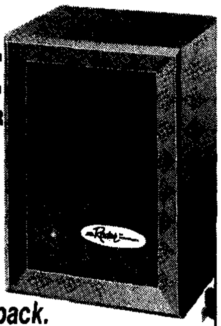
Poe's histrionic, difficult personality was encased in a sad and lurid life. When he was almost three, he watched his mother die—probably of tuberculosis. John Allan never formally adopted him, and they were later estranged. At twenty-seven, he married his thirteen-year-old cousin Virginia; eleven years later, she died, also of tuberculosis, having spent the last five years in a steady, terrible decline. After her death, Poe experienced episodes of paranoia of the strangers-are-trying-to-murder-me variety, and, having failed to commit suicide with laudanum, successfully killed himself with drink. On October 3, 1849, he was found incapacitated in a Baltimore tavern; four days later, after a long delirium, he died, at Washington Medical College Hospital, of causes unknown, possibly encephalitis. He was forty years old.

Though Poe's tales and poems were admired during his life—to no writer could the cliché of the unappreciated genius be less applicable—writers' fees in the eighteen-thirties and forties were so low that it was impossible to make any sort of free-lance living. Poe managed to become editor, in fact if not always in title, of several magazines, but he never—for various reasons: drinking, temperament, mysterious takings of offense—was able to keep any of these positions. Still, he became one of the most famous men of letters of his day, partly because of his brilliance and scope, and partly because of the pugnacious glee with which he launched into vicious literary wars. ("I am just in the humor for a fight," he wrote to one friend.)

Criticism was the day-in, day-out work with which Poe supported himself, and he brought to it a ferocious intensity of theory and of attack. (In a contemporary caricature, he is silhouetted with a tomahawk in his hand.) His very decided views on art, set forth in his voluminous critical writings, look forward, like so much of his other work, to the aesthetics of this century: he was a formalist, to whom the text existed as an object independent of—indeed, unrelated to—philosophy, morality, or biography. He also held that the highest artistry consisted of carefully designing each sentence and each word so that a piece of writing evoked only a single effect.

It's easy to see Poe's ideas at work in his own writing—most purely in the tales of horror, with their hysterically prolonged tone of dread. Applied to his contemporaries, his theories generally had no place to settle. Poe was a journalist reviewer, not an academic critic, and most of the material he wrote about was second- or third-rate. He tore into it nonetheless. The outcome is often alarming—as if he'd blown up a chicken with a howitzer. Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and Allen Tate all dismissed Poe's criticism as essentially provincial, but Edmund Wilson declared, "There is no other such critical survey in our literature," and found it, taken as a whole, impressive. Wilson also pointed out that Poe's impact as a theorist came not from his criticism but from his example: he inspired Baudelaire and the symbolist movement, with its search for non-naturalistic methods of conveying effect. Baudelaire also adored Poe's twisted romanticism—his renderings of the individual psyche at its most perverse, self-destructive, and helpless.

All this sounds strangely contemporary. Poe is often "modern" in a way that, as one runs across more examples of it, begins to seem eerie and a little



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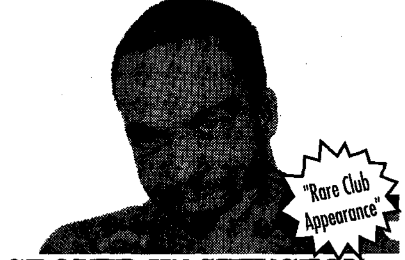

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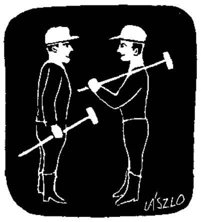
ACTUAL SIZE

sad. His influence on the symbolists was direct and immediate, but as a rule his precognitive artistic instincts isolated him. His foreshadowings are literally shadowy—unrealized, not quite solid. A case in point is his novella "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." Poe wrote it in his late twenties, apparently in an effort to get some prose between hard covers. (Publishers were reluctant to reissue his magazine work.) The financial rewards proved minimal, and there are indications that he never finished the story, which ends with Pym's vision—as he plunges into a cataract—of a monstrous, snow-white human figure. In "Pym" Poe gets out of the dim mansion corridors of so much of his fiction and onto the open sea. His hero stows away on a voyage that—after mutiny, murder, and cannibalism—takes him toward the Antarctic, where, paradoxically, the weather grows hotter, and the dark-skinned "natives" he encounters resemble Africans.

Leslie Fiedler made an impassioned argument for "Pym" as "the archetypal American story, which would be recast in 'Moby Dick' and 'Huckleberry Finn,'" claiming that the reason it has never been popular is that it's "an anti-Western," in that it mocks every "sentimental platitude" of fellowship, adventure, and rebirth to which Melville and Twain would later give such literary vividness and moral weight. Fiedler sidestepped the question of whether "Pym" as a piece of literature is much good. It isn't. Poe was a master of the short narrative, but when he wrote at any length his strengths crumbled into flaws. The taut mood of horror is unsustainable through "Pym," and Poe's single effect becomes dull and wearying. You begin to miss, as you don't in the tales, such basic elements as characters, humor, and variety of style. "Pym" contains some classic Poe touches: a coffinlike stowaway crate, putrescent corpses, a horrific encounter with a ship of the dead. It also features absurdities, such as Pym's suddenly having a bright idea about how to get food only after he and his companions have engaged in cannibalism. Poe's almost pre-moral sensibility—part of what makes the stories so disturbing—can't give shape or meaning (or even meaninglessness) to Pym's journey. The plotting is arbitrary and slapdash; the psychological level remains at obsession, fantasy, nightmare. Fiedler is right: all the elements of the nineteenth-century American masterpiece—the journey by water, the blood "other," racial guilt, the approach to a moral and geographical frontier—are present in "Pym," but they're inert in the narrative, stillborn.



So much of the future was in Poe. "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Black Cat" look forward to Dostoyevski. His "tales of ratiocination" lead from Sherlock Holmes to Nabokov (on whom he also had—specifically, in "Lolita"—a stylistic influence). "The Fall of the House of Usher" is a Jungian fable, and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" a Freudian one. And for the absurdists there's "The Imp of the Perverse," presenting evil as an antirational psychological state. Yet while Poe was alive these influences were far in the future, a generation or more away. (Even Baudelaire discovered him only three years before his death.) There's something uncanny and cursed about Poe's genius, as if he were a clairvoyant dreaming of a future he would not live to see.

Even Poe's most accessible work, the horror tales, is opaque, not revealing him so much as sealing him off. For all their tantalizing symbolism, the tales won't reduce to anything coherent; there are always shadowed corners, locked doors. At the start of "The Fall of the House of Usher" are two lines of French poetry that translate as "His heart was a lute suspended/When touched, it at once responded." The brooding house is described as having "eye-like windows." Its inhabitants are twins—the nervous, sensitive Roderick Usher (who, with his "large, liquid and luminous" eyes, thin lips, and high forehead, resembles Poe) and his mysteriously ill sister, Madeline. She appears to die and is sealed in her crypt, but Roderick, whose hearing is preternaturally keen, discerns her movements there. Though he does nothing to rescue her, he realizes, as he finally shrieks to the tale's narrator, "*We have put her living in the tomb!*" At this confession, Madeline (having somehow broken out of the crypt) rushes on him with an embrace that kills them both. The house cracks apart and

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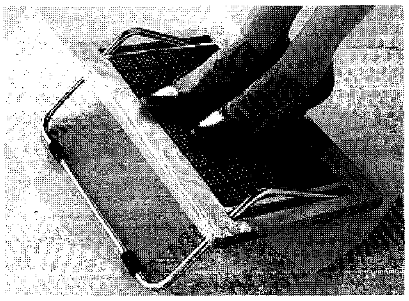

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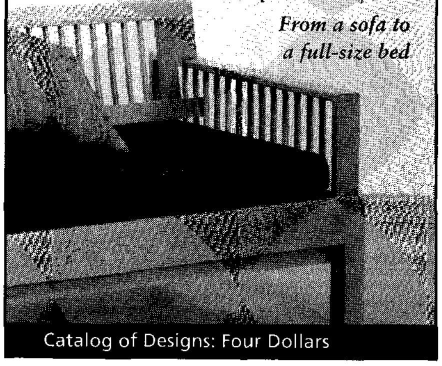

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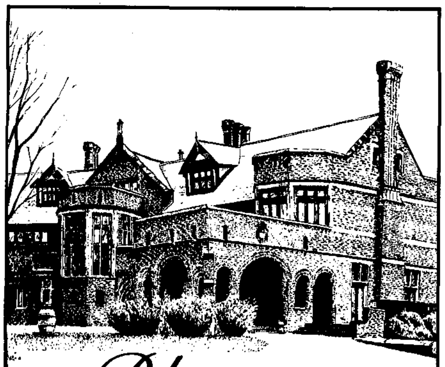

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collapses. The narrator alone has escaped to tell us.

Interpretations of the story abound: Roderick as the conscious mind, Madeline as the unconscious; the physical house as Roderick's body, its interior as his mind; and so on. None of these deal with the reader's unsophisticated immediate question: If he knew she was alive, why didn't he get her out of that tomb? Or, since it makes sense to talk about such a tale in psychological terms when it so clearly stages some obscure psychic drama of its author, what did Roderick want to suppress even at the cost of his own destruction? Some commentators—as well as Arthur Yorinks, the librettist for the Philip Glass opera "The Fall of the House of Usher"—have suggested guilt over incest as an explanation. The result is the tabloid-style story line "MAN SLEEPS WITH SISTER THEN BURIES HER ALIVE!" (Movie adaptations of Poe's stories usually reduce them to this ludicrous level.) Roderick's passivity in the face of the coming retribution makes the tale not merely horrible but haunting. Yet what his apparent guilt may mean in terms of Poe's self-destructiveness or his marriage to a woman he called Sissy won't come clear.

And what did Poe himself think of what he wrote? One of his earlier stories, "Berenice," concerns a young man who in an amnesiac fit visits his betrothed as she lies seemingly dead in her tomb, and, as he later discovers, extracts all her teeth: "With a shriek I bounded to the table, and grasped the box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open; and in my tremor, it slipped from my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces; and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with thirty-two small, white and ivory-looking substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor." End of story. "Berenice" was published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1835, and Poe later wrote to the editor, Thomas W. White:

> The subject is by far too horrible, and I confess that I hesitated in sending it you especially as a specimen of my capabilities. . . . The history of all Magazines shows plainly that those which have attained celebrity were indebted for it to articles *similar in nature—to Berenice*. . . . In the ludicrous heightened into the grotesque: the fearful coloured into the horrible: the witty exaggerated into the burlesque: the singular wrought out into the strange and mystical. You may say all this is bad taste. Nobody is more aware than I am that simplicity is the cant of the day—but take my word for it no one cares anything about simplicity in their hearts.

This is charmingly practical. Poe presents himself as a professional, coolly choosing which options will lead to the greatest success. However, there is no way of knowing whether he actually believed what he wrote to White—he was good at telling people what they wanted to hear. On the other hand, he may have believed it; the notion that he was only doing what he had to in order to succeed may have helped him hide from himself.

It is not clear exactly what was wrong with Poe. It seems pretty definite that he was an alcoholic. Alcoholism combined with his alternating fits of lethargy and energy suggests manic-depression, and so does the paranoia he shifted in and out of during the last year of his life. On top of this psychosis, if it existed, he was wildly neurotic: dependent, childish, needy, emotionally overwrought. There are also hints of a purely medical problem. Like the protagonists of "Usher" and "Heart," Poe apparently had a painful sensitivity to sound. (His agonized response to the ringing of church bells was the poem "The Bells.") This could indicate temporal-lobe epilepsy, or possibly migraine. He complains in a letter of having had head pains for two weeks—and certainly on one level "The Fall of the House of Usher" is an account of the world's worst headache, an attack so severe that the skull splits open.

FOR Poe's earliest biographers, questions of ambiguity or of health weren't an issue. The main nineteenth-century accounts of his life and character were concerned with rebuking Griswold, and the effort to reclaim Poe for the angels persisted into this century—notably in Hervey Allen's romantic "Israfel," in 1926, and Arthur Hobson Quinn's ponderous, sympathetic "Edgar Allen Poe: A Critical Biography," in 1941. Quinn's book didn't make much sense of Poe's life, but it was meticulously researched, and its earnest factualness seemed definitive. Since Quinn, the most impressive scholarship on Poe's life has resulted in four non-interpretative works: John Ward Ostrom's "Letters" (1948), Thomas Ollive Mabbott's editions of the "Poems" (1969) and "Tales and Sketches" (1978), and Dwight Thomas and David K. Jackson's documentary chronology "The Poe Log" (1987).

Mabbott's notes include odd, arresting little biographical details, such as an account of Poe playing cards with some neighbors' children when he lived at Fordham Cottage in the late eighteen-forties, or notes on the interest he took in mundane activities like street paving. If the image of Poe playing with children or watching men lay paving stones is rather startling, so is the information, in another Mabbott note, that he gardened at Fordham: it's nearly impossible to imagine him out in the sun. Yet he was athletic as a young man (he once swam six miles down the James River against the tide), and later in life he delighted in long rambles through the forests of the Bronx. That this strolling and domestic fellow seems almost absurdly incompatible with "Poe" is testimony to the strength of his legend. The house in Philadelphia where he lived in 1843 and 1844 is now a museum, and one of its rooms is furnished according to his essay "The Philosophy of Furniture": "The carpet, of Saxony material, is quite half an inch thick. . . . But one mirror, and this not a very large one, is visible. . . . An octagonal table formed altogether of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near one of the sofas." Visitors gaze politely at this Victorian sitting room, but what impresses them is the cellar, with its bricked-up false chimney: the set, in a manner of speaking, for "The Black Cat." "Ah!" a group of Japanese tourists once exclaimed when they got to it. "*This* is Poe!"

In the past, Poe has always brought out the florid in his biographers—traces of romantic self-identification, the vanity of understanding the outcast genius, the temptation to make literature and legend of the unhappy life. Silverman opens a window to let light fall on the gloomy, murky myth, and briskly knocks away the cobwebs. Almost austerely, he refuses to interpret in excess of the facts. On the matter of Poe's sexuality, to deal with one touchy subject, some writers have decided that he was impotent, citing his marriage to a thirteen-year-old and also the ethereal idealization of women in his writings. Virginia's age may not strike us today as a necessarily insurmountable obstacle, though Poe himself apparently felt some qualms about it, as he both lied about how old she was and laimed that he demanded no marital

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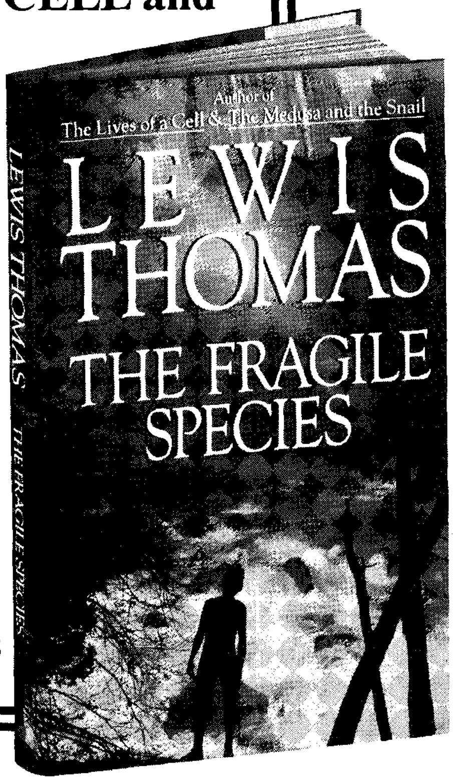
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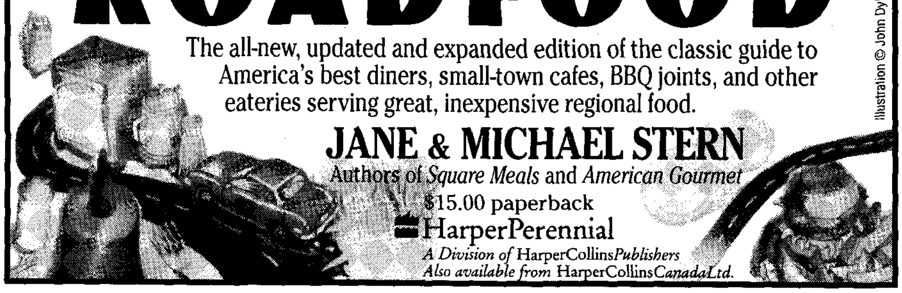

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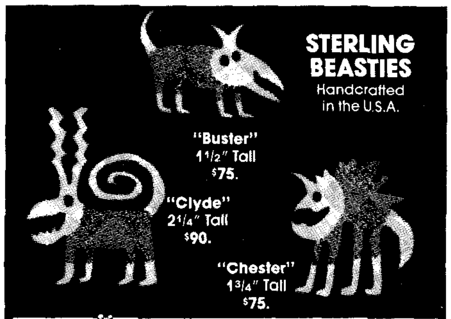
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responsibilities from her for the first two years of their marriage. The latter implies that eventually they did have sexual relations—which, as is always the case with Poe, may or may not be true. Silverman is cautious on the matter. Noting the rumor that Poe fathered a child by the poet Fanny Osgood, he writes, "This is possible but most unlikely. The air of dangerous fascination that attached to Poe at the salons arose in large part from his burning need to be taken care of. His moral primness and complex aversion to at least undomesticated sexual feeling led him to deny passion a place in poetry and to most often depict women as far-off statues, fearful revenants, or pimply hags."

This tactfulness of Silverman's is sometimes frustrating. You *want* speculation on Poe's dismemberment fantasy about his aunt (which he had during a paranoid episode), or some comment on the fact that the women brutally slain by an ape in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" are daughter and mother. In some places Silverman holds back from an obvious conclusion, supplying an ambiguity that simply isn't there. Of the wife-murder in "The Black Cat" he writes, "In attempting to kill [the cat] with an ax, he instead cleaves through the head of his wife." The story actually reads, "I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain." Poe, so dependent on the little female family he had put together from his wife and mother-in-law, and so loving in his letters to them, clearly had some unexpressed difficulties with the situation.

After a hundred years of overheated response to Poe, however, Silverman's prudence is a relief, and his scrupulosity gives weight to the analysis he does engage in. He tracks and presents recurring motifs in the writings: the teeth and biting, with their fearful devouring aspect; the corollary dread of suffocation, mostly presented in images of being buried alive; the return of that which was thought safely buried—often a discovered murder victim, sometimes a ghastly resurrection. None of this is new, but Silverman lays it out with such clarity that you can follow the evolution of Poe's obsessions, the (presumably unconscious) development of his fantasies—the progression of his dead/not-dead women, for instance. Berenice, whose story was written between 1833 and 1835, isn't really dead. The heroine of "Morella," published in 1835, returns and immediately dies. In "Ligeia," published in 1838, the title character returns in the very last line, and the consequences aren't revealed. And by the time of "The Raven," in 1845, the lost Lenore won't return—indeed, will not be encountered again in this world or the next. Nevermore.

Despite insights like this, Silverman's literary analyses tend to be more workmanlike than inspired. The value of his biography is the dispassion, thoroughness, and intelligence he brings to the life. With no fuss, he clears up a number of minor puzzles that have baffled or eluded Poe's previous biographers—his being taken in by the Allans, for example. How did they even know that an indigent actress had died and left three children in need of a home? A wide class gap was crossed here, and Silverman is the first to explain how: Allan and his wife, Fanny, were theatregoers, and when Mrs. Allan heard of Eliza Poe's illness she made visits of aid to her. Regarding Poe's appending his name to a book on conchology actually written by the Englishman Thomas Wyatt—an action described by several biographers as either plagiarism or "a paraphrase"—Silverman explains that Poe "allowed his name to be used as the book's author through two editions, probably to resolve a copyright problem for Wyatt" (who remained friendly with Poe all his life). About the onset of Virginia's illness, where others have merely repeated Poe's own words—that "in singing, she ruptured a blood vessel"—Silverman adds, "More accurately, she was hemorrhaging from her lungs," and he goes on to demonstrate Poe's inability to accept the fact that his wife was fatally ill. As to the much pondered question of why Poe made Griswold his executor, Silverman is impatiently dismissive: "Poe did nothing surprising in choosing Griswold, who acted as a literary agent for several writers. . . . Around May, too, Griswold had invited him to contribute some new poems to 'Poets and Poetry of America,' soon to appear in its tenth edition."

The accounts of Poe's death have generally been a muddle. Some writers have Poe discovered drunk in the gutter, some outside a polling place, some in a tavern. In his dying delirium, it is reported, he repeatedly called out the name Reynolds. Biographers have speculated that this was Jeremiah Reynolds, the author of reports on polar exploration which had inspired Poe in his writing of "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." Some have even suggested that Poe's final vision was straight out of the last lines of his story:

> And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

What a deathbed vision! How poetically appropriate! How frightful! And how refreshingly deflating to read Silverman's down-to-earth account: "[On] Saturday evening, October 6 . . . he began repeatedly calling out someone's name. It may have been that of a Baltimore family named Reynolds or, more likely, the name of his uncle-in-law Henry Herring." Herring, who lived in Baltimore, was summoned when Poe was found incapacitated, but refused to take him into his home, proposing a hospital instead.

Silverman approaches the people in Poe's life the same way he approaches facts—with curiosity and respect. Not surprisingly, Poe seems less peculiar when he is set among complex personalities rather than "friends" or "enemies." Silverman is particularly even-handed in his treatment of the literary ladies among whom Poe sought comfort and, later, marriage. Instead of presenting them as ridiculous poetesses, he shows by illustration that Sarah Anna Lewis was indeed a pain, Fanny Osgood childish but genuinely good-hearted, and Sarah Helen Whitman, whom Poe nearly married, troubled and complicated. He provides a superb sketch of a heavyweight literary brawler in the character of the New York editor Thomas Dunn English (who once knocked Poe down), and his portrayals of the various egotisms, uncertainties, and talents of the several editors who employed Poe are immediately recognizable to anyone who has ever worked in the magazine world.

Silverman is especially fascinating on Griswold, who takes on the unnerving aspect of a Poeian double. He not only succeeded Poe at *Graham's* (at a higher salary) and challenged him as a literary tastemaker but was also in love with Fanny Osgood. And here is Griswold's reaction to the death of his first wife: "He sat near and embraced her dead body for thirty hours. 'I speak to her but she does not hear me,' he wrote after midnight, 'I kiss her cold lips, but their fervor is gone.'" This has a weird perfection to it that Silverman doesn't have to push facts around to achieve. (He may go too far in implying that Griswold spent his last days in a room containing portraits of himself, Poe, and Fanny Osgood. Griswold did own the paintings; they were by Fanny's husband, Samuel, who was a well-known artist, and Griswold had a small collection of his work. But at the time he died these portraits were apparently being kept for him by the poets Alice and Phoebe Cary, and were hanging in their parlor.)

From the dying mother, through the dying wife, to the female poets who fluttered admiringly around him, Poe's life was woman-dominated. With men he tended mostly to fight, and even those who were fond of him found him difficult. Yet for Silverman the most inescapable figure in Poe's life was John Allan. Poe's father had vanished, through desertion or death, when the boy was an infant. Allan, a strict, self-made man, was the first father he knew. Silverman focusses on evidence that the young Poe desperately wanted Allan's approval, and a great deal of his exasperating behavior comes to look like a high-strung adolescent's testing of a parent's love. But Allan wasn't a man to be tested. He wasn't a despot, either. Poe was simply too much for him, as he was to be for so many others. Poe reënacted his drama of estrangement from John Allan with male authority figures throughout his life. And Poe the amateur cryptographer created his own little alphabet-ghost of his foster father. Silverman points out that he continually thought up titles and names containing near-anagrams of Allan: Al Aaraaf, Hans Phaall, Amontillado, et cetera. Pub-

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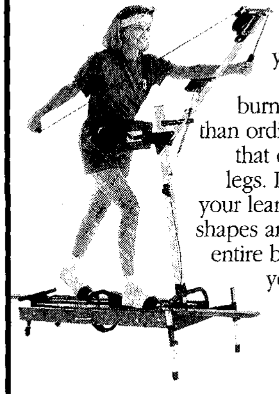

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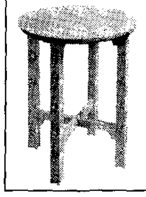

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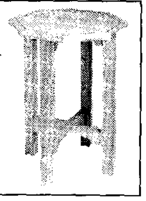

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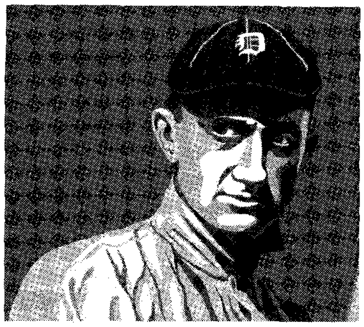

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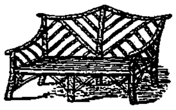

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licly, however, the Poe we know as Edgar Allan signed his name Edgar A.

Instead of seizing on Poe's inconsistencies and trying to shape them into a neat package, Silverman accepts his oddnesses, his unliterary but human ability to hold two contradictory opinions at once. Of Poe's marriage plans with Sarah Helen Whitman he observes, "Poe probably thought all would go well, and also probably did not think so." This biographer who isn't afraid of facts isn't spooked by ambiguity, either.

Silverman's Poe can be seen not as spurting madly through life but, rather, as degenerating from a disturbed and brilliant young man into a defeated, self-destructive paranoiac. It's possible to sort out where life let him down and where he ruined his own chances, and also to see how—rather wonderfully—his very self-destructiveness was a crazy kind of control. Poe kept himself a dependent outsider, managing to marry a girl who not only died, as if she were one of his creations, but also supplied him with her supportive, housekeeping mother; and managing also to turn every man with any power over him into John Allan. He remained a marvellous boy. And by doing so he established a psychological world in which, at least for a time, he could write. It was a triumph of sorts. Silverman writes that the tone of Poe's mad narrators "arouses . . . the reader's fear and pity." In its own way, and for far different reasons, so does this biography. —LLOYD ROSE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WISE CHILDREN, by Angela Carter (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $21). The author, who died in February, was a part-time magic realist and a full-time rare bird, always energetic in her oddness. Her last book is a gala production, theatrical in both subject and tone: a story about British theatre people—from the distinguished Shakespearean actor Melchior Hazard to his illegitimate dance-hall twin daughters, Nora and Dora Chance—told with extravagant humor, on the day of Melchior Hazard's hundredth birthday. Nora and Dora have always been tearfully mesmerized by his Learish presence, and they dress in Lycra tube skirts—at seventy-five, they still have legs up to their ears—to attend his centennial, which is the climax of this comic spectacular. But the pre-party briefing on the Hazard-Chance saga is more satisfying than the birthday bash itself. We care less for the last-minute revelations than for the incidental details of a life that's not our own: the way Nora and Dora's "Grandma" liked to roam the boarding house naked and drink crème-de-menthe frappés; the deflowering of one twin by the unsuspecting tenor boyfriend of the other; their first gramophone, which played "I can't give you anything but love, baby" on a Bakelite disk.

A CLOSED EYE, by Anita Brookner (Random House; $21). The world of Anita Brookner is neatly divided between the complacent selfish, who know how to get what they want, and the scrupulous unselfish, who don't. Harriet Lytton enters on a marriage of convenience with a former Army buddy of her shell-shocked father's; lusts after her best friend's glamorous husband; and falls in love at last, with her baby daughter. This child is beautiful and selfish. Harriet's best friend has the daughter you'd expect to be Harriet's: bookish, withdrawn, unlovable. In an inevitably gimpy gavotte, the have-nots yearn for the haves, and the haves are uninterested. It sometimes seems that novelists, the professionals we depend upon for a portrayal of all that is most meaningful and most ordinary in life, are just the ones we should distrust, leading, as they do, narrow lives of isolation and forced inactivity. The meaty topics that Brookner here assays—wifehood, motherhood, and lust—are a pleasure to follow as far as she takes them but are etiolated in the end by her principal character's extreme alienation and passivity.

VERY OLD BONES, by William Kennedy (Viking; $22). The fifth installment in Mr. Kennedy's cycle o novels about the Phelans of Albany—a family that in its histor of madness and incest and genera dysfunction makes the House o Atreus seem a model of health. Th narrator, Orson Purcell, is a fourth generation, illegitimate member o the clan and a sometime writer (h does the obligatory Joyce imitatio on more than one occasion), an he extends the family saga backward to its nineteenth-century beginnings—in an episode of Hawthornean shame and creepiness—and forward to the nineteen-fifties, when his own efforts to escape the past result in a pair of nervous breakdowns. The plot, such as it is, keeps returning to the family seat, a big, gloomy house on Colonie Street, where the Phelans repair to get things off their chest—to air grievances and reveal secrets. The reader, listening to them all, may feel that he is at a particularly emotional Irish wake—one that is by turns maudlin, funny, boring, pretentious, and genuinely affecting.

GENERAL

Two Nations: Black and White, Separate, Hostile, Unequal, by Andrew Hacker (Scribners; $24.95). This exceptional book, which explores the rejection of black Americans by white Americans, is not a political study, nor, despite a concluding section that offers all the statistical tables anyone could want, is it particularly scientific. Mr. Hacker, who is white, teaches at Queens College, and he tells us that he sometimes asks white students to imagine themselves suddenly transformed into blacks, and to estimate a fair monetary compensation for their disadvantages; it's only an exercise, but they get the point. Whites of assorted ethnic backgrounds have been assimilated, and immigrant Hispanics and Asians are working their way into the mainstream "white" category, but for people of African descent the barriers to full acceptance remain. Mr. Hacker ranges over such topics as schooling, employment, housing, and family structure, and he finds that although many so-called black patterns are not specific to blacks but reflect the ups and downs of the economy or shifts in the behavior of the entire population, white Americans often perceive the explanation for such patterns as racial. The author's tone is calm and reasonable; he does not plead or shout, yet what comes through his lucid prose is tragedy.

Eleanor Roosevelt: Volume I, 1884-1933, by Blanche Wiesen Cook (Viking; $27.50). A detailed, knowledgeable account of Eleanor Roosevelt as a politician. As a young woman, Eleanor joined the Junior League and the Consumers' League, and volunteered at a New York settlement house; during the First World War, she worked for the Red Cross. By the nineteen-twenties, when women had the vote, she had organizational experience to match her social conscience, and became an activist. Her mentors, allies, and protégées made up a team of impressive women, and Ms. Cook re-creates an admirable milieu, of citizens both concerned and savvy. The biographer believes that although Mrs. Roosevelt often protested that she was just standing in for her husband while he struggled to overcome his disability, her increasing political leadership fulfilled her own sense of duty and her own ambitions. Unfortunately, to a certain extent the book seems designed to tailor the great woman's life to the demands of contemporary feminism, explaining and apologizing for opinions held by a woman who died thirty years ago.

Migrations to Solitude, by Sue Halpern (Pantheon; $20). A book of narrative essays, written with a light touch, about aloneness and privacy and the satisfactions people can find in being by themselves. The stories are loosely related, and are not necessarily out to prove anything. Among the people encountered are a couple who for forty years have been happily doing without the amenities of the twentieth century in a cabin in the Adirondacks; a man who is spending time, not happily and not voluntarily but, in his way, philosophically, in solitary confinement; a spirited, formerly homeless woman who has made a virtue of her solitude; and a poor woman from Guatemala who cooks delicious meals for her son, who is dying in an AIDS hospice and cannot eat. Other stories deal with a retreat into the forest by the author, and some investigations she made of people who spy on others, invading their privacy for money.

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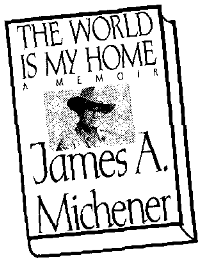

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